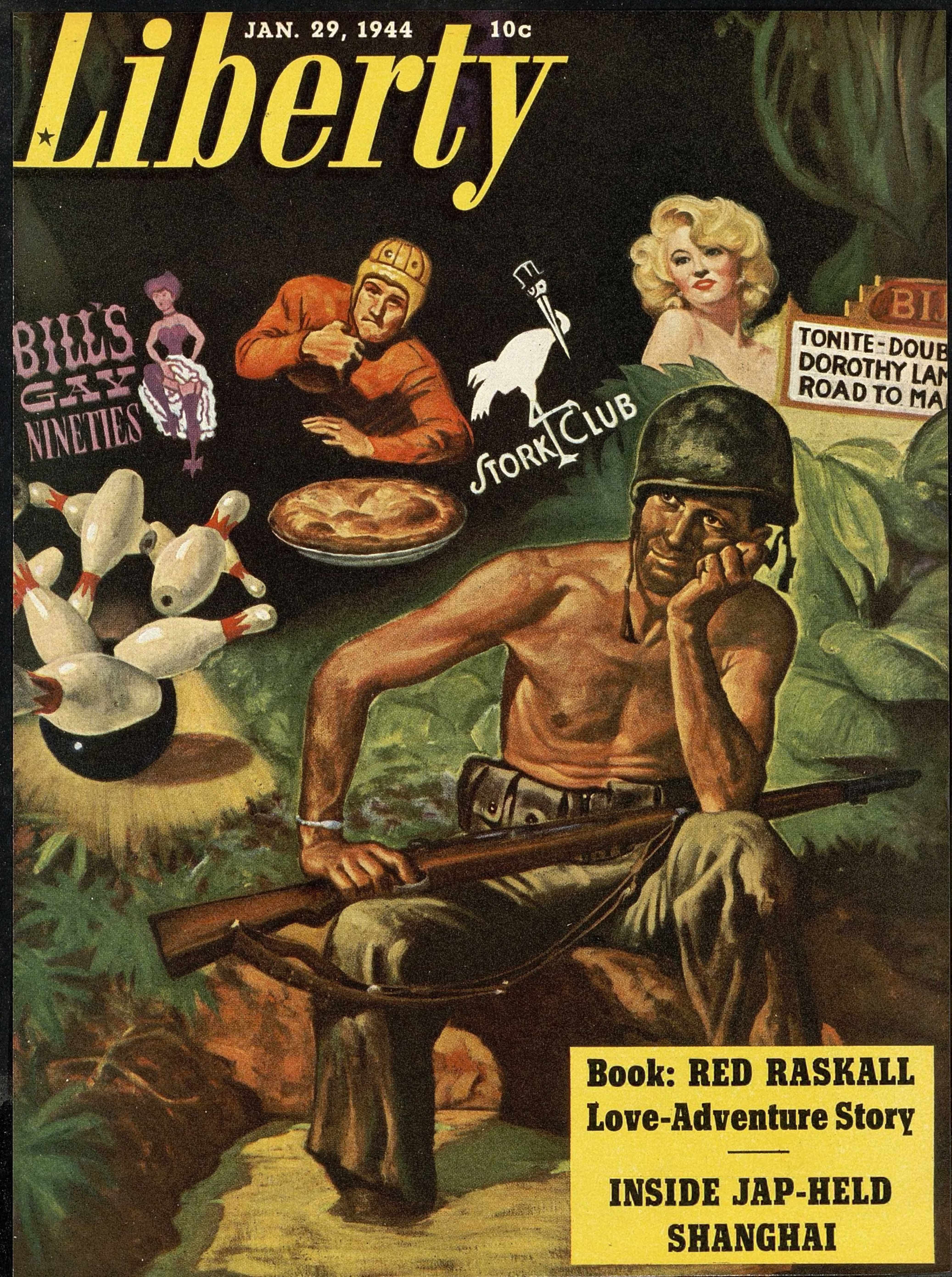
Liberty

JAN. 29, 1944 10c


BILL'S GAY NINETIES
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INSIDE JAP-HELD SHANGHAI

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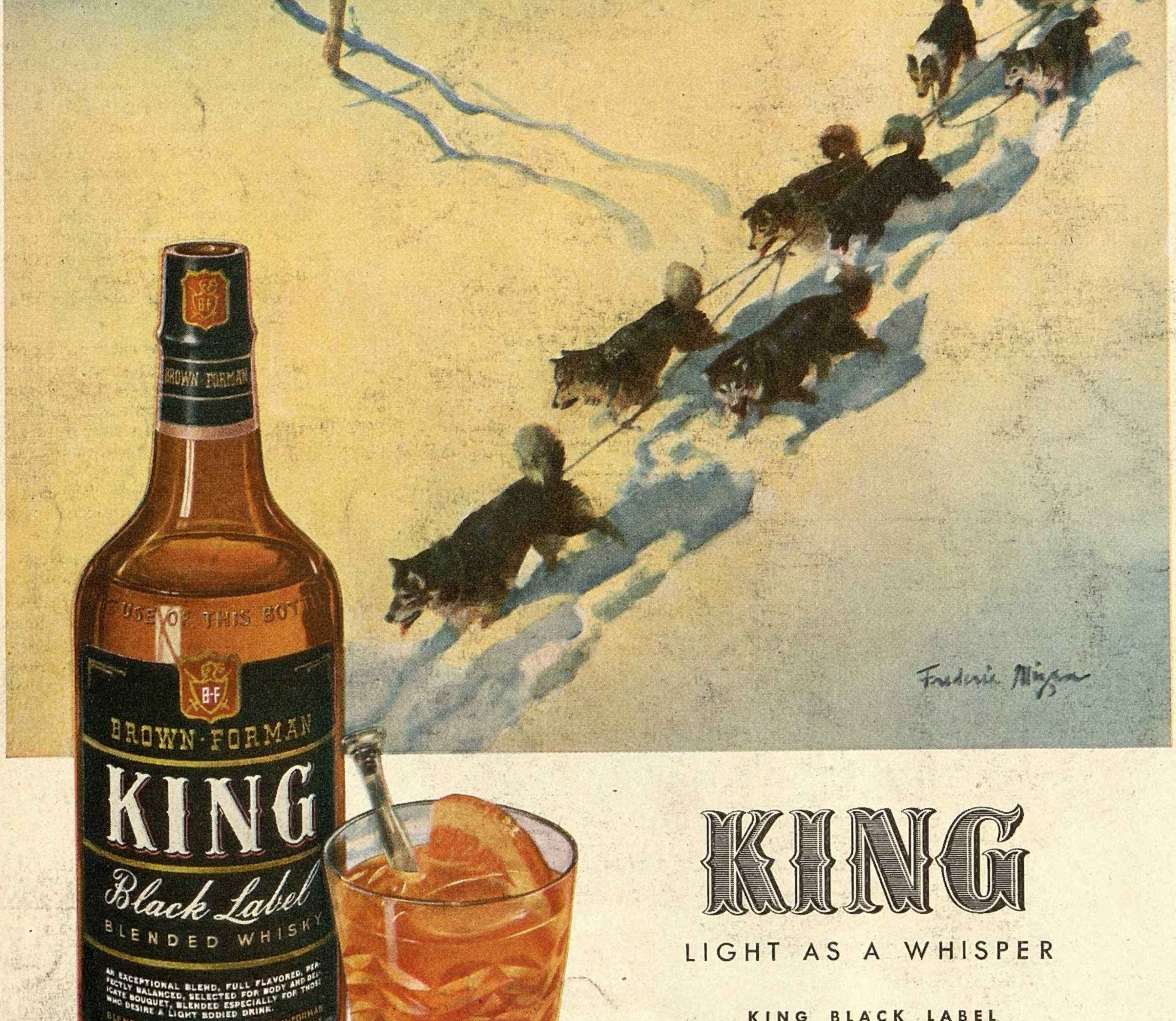
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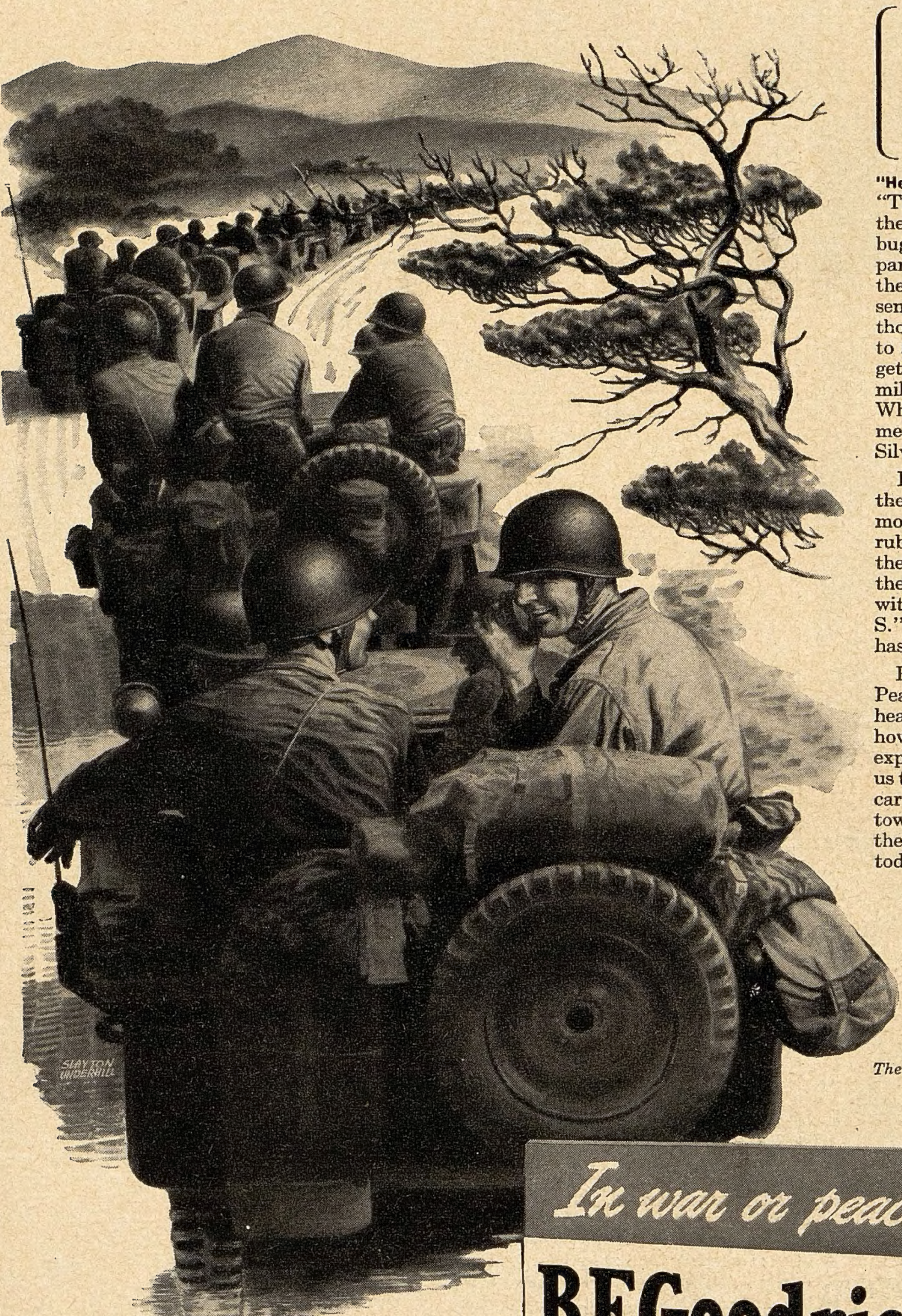

"It all began back home before the war, with a road test that totaled 80,000,000 miles"

"Here's what I mean," said the P.F.C. "The tires I drove in the test were the *ancestors* of the ones on this buggy. The B. F. Goodrich Company wanted to prove that synthetic rubber would work in passenger tires. So they sold several thousand tires, and asked people to send in mileage reports. All together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles, and that's a lot of miles. When this thing's over—and I get me a new car—it's going to have Silvertowns all around!"

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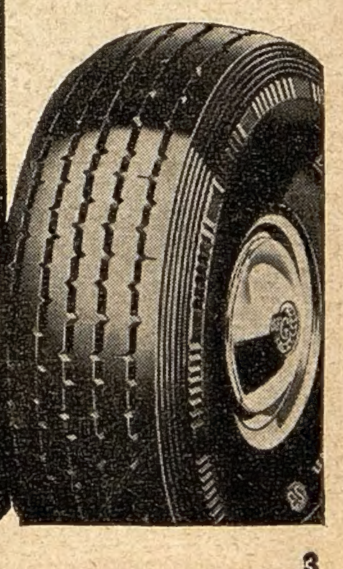

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

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DR. WILFRED FUNK

is the well-known author and lexicographer, for 16 years President of the famous dictionary-making firm of Funk and Wagnalls. His collaborator, Mr. Norman Lewis, is a well-known author of textbooks and teacher of English.

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Perhaps the best outline of what this new book will do for you is given in an interesting review written for the *Springfield (Mass.) Union* by Mr. A. L. S. Wood. "This book," writes Mr. Wood, "is really something. It goes at the business of giving you a better command of English in something of a novel way. You'll master not only a number of words, but use them properly, and improve not only your speech but your thinking.

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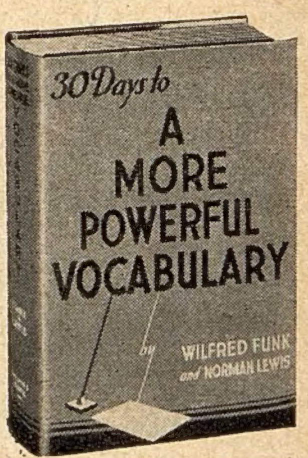
If you will enjoy yourself with this unique volume for just 15 minutes a day and for just 30 days—you will (as proven by tests) add more new and *useful* words to your vocabulary than the average adult acquires in 25 years.



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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

MORE ON THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER AND THE NAPLES RAID

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—I am writing concerning an error in December 11 Liberty. In the article Seeing the Bombs Home, by Lieutenant James Bray as told to Keith Ayling, the story of the April 11 raid on Naples by the plane Arkansas Traveler is related.

Having returned home, the Sergeant Baker mentioned had been replaced by Lefty Leftwich as radio operator at the time of the raid. The crew on the Arkansas Traveler April 11 was:

Pilot, Lieutenant Groff; Co-Pilot, Lieutenant Elliott; Navigator, Lieutenant Morton; Bombardier, Mosley; Radio Operator and Top Turret Gunner, Leftwich (replaced Sergeant Baker); Tunnel Gunner, Mike Trick; Waist Gunner, Jim Bray; Waist Gunner, Louis McNamara; Tail Gunner, Chuck Pile; Engineer, John Asher.

That was a very tough time we had that day, and the reason I remember the crew is that it was my first mission. Several times my gun froze and Jim Bray reached over and charged it for me. In the thick of things Jim tapped me on the shoulder, and looking out his waist window I saw a pursuit he had bagged spinning down. We were certainly a happy bunch when we finally made Malta, and none of us will ever forget the way Lieutenant Groff handled that ship.

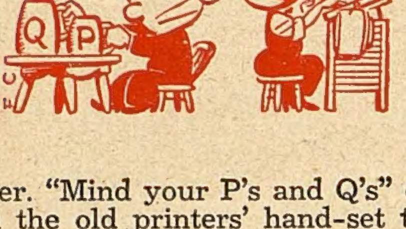
After completing 321 combat hours and thirty-seven missions I have returned home. On August 1 our outfit bombed the Rumanian oil fields, and among the missing was good old Mike Trick, tunnel gunner on the Naples raid. Jim could have had a time with his camera on this one.

It is good to hear about Lieutenant Jim Bray, and I am sending his article to the old outfit, because Jim was a mighty popular boy with them.—*T/Sgt. Louis J. McNamara.*

TAKE YOUR CHOICE—EITHER IS GOOD

APO, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I note with some ire on page 57 of December 18 Liberty the little squib which states that the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" came from some ancient matter of pints and quarts.

I beg to make a correction in this matter. "Mind your P's and Q's" comes from the old printers' hand-set type—wherein the lower-case p's and q's are very, very much alike, thus: p q.



This sounds much better than pints and quarts, and, if fiction, is even better fiction.—*Cpl. W. H. Shepherd.*

NOTHING CAN BE TOO GOOD

ARMY AIR BASE, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—I was deeply impressed with the condensation of the book God Is My Co-Pilot, by Colonel Robert L. Scott (November 6 Liberty). Any one reading this story will understand more fully just what our pilots are doing every day, and what it means to them to have equipment of the best.—*D. E. Boggs.*

WE HANG OUT OUR SHINGLE—LIBERTY, M. D.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Thanks so much for the article about sulfa drugs as treatment for the common cold (December 4 Liberty), and especially for the accompanying editor's note. Ever since I came out here last summer I've had sinus trouble and it was steadily getting worse. I bought a spray and Sulmefrin (after reading your article) and now it appears to be almost cured. It is also doing wonders for my husband's catarrh.—*Theodora Parker.*

Rx
"THANGS A LOD!"

THE ORCHID GARDEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I read Excuse My Dust, by Bellamy Partridge (December 11 Liberty), aloud to my wife, and we enjoyed it immensely.

Let us have some more stories like it.—*Robert Boyd, M. D.*

MILES, IA.—I enclose a check for $3.50 for a year's subscription. I can't think of anything nicer, made of paper, than Liberty. We have taken it since the first copy.—*Will Householder.*

FITCHBURG, MASS.—I just have to thank those who put out Liberty.

I read it from cover to cover and enjoy every bit of it. I especially like Vox Pop and Margaret Fishback's Woman-Talk.—*Mrs. Y. G. S.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Please give us stories like The Folks Back Home (November 27 Liberty) and Little David, Play on Your Harp (November 13 issue). Such stories are good for all.—*Mae M. Brown.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Hurrah for the November 20 Liberty!

I simply had to tell you how interesting, enlightening, and informative I found John Bull Is Willing, by Johan J. Smertenko.—*Le Roy Hinshaw.*

TYLER, TEX.—Liberty is a great publication, is published for a great people, and represents one of the greatest heritages we possess: LIBERTY.—*Ernest B. Ford.*

SO LIBERTY WILL GO TO THE DOGS

SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.—I just have to tell you that the picture of the puppies on Liberty's December 11 cover is the best thing you have had—world without end.

I love animals—why can't we have more of them on the covers of Liberty instead of naked (or nearly naked) girls? Isn't any one but myself getting tired of teeth and undressed girls? Let's have more nice clean animals—dogs, cats, horses, anything with four feet.—*Lilla M. Ryon.*

Why, Liberty hasn't had even a slightly undressed girl, much less a naked one on its cover in—well, world without end.

ARMY AIR BASE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—That milkmaid, Betty Doyle, on Liberty's December 4 cover is some peach.

Being the champion milk drinker of my barracks, I reserve the right to nominate her as "the girl I'd like to have bring the morning milk."—*J. V. S.*

THIS BOY GETS AROUND, FOR SURE

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC—After being overseas for twenty-three months, it sure gives me a pain to read that people at home are arguing about what part of the greatest country in the world is the best. I refer to the feud over the relative merits of Texas and Kentucky that has been cluttering up Vox Pop since August.

I was born in Georgia, raised in Florida, married in Baltimore, lived in New York City, and stationed in Texas, and I would be darn glad to get back to any of those places after the war. They are *all* good.—*George Coffee.*

And now let this soldier have the final word in this controversy that has raged far too long. We refuse to print any more about it.

O. K.! WE'LL HAND IT TO MAX

BELLEVILLE, ILL.—Bill Stern's Set 'Em Up in the Other Alley (December 18 Liberty) lists Tod Moskal of Michigan as all-events champion. He's definitely wrong. Max Stein of Belleville, Illinois, rolled 2,070 for the crown in New York in 1937.—*Edwin C. Weber.*

A MIGHTY PRACTICAL PLAN

HIGH POINT, N. C.—A simple and practical way to let all the soldiers vote

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ARMY E NAVY

HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW

CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

would be for Congress to create a new state, call it Navarmy and give it forty-eight electoral votes, and declare by resolution that all persons in the armed services, regardless of age, sex, color, or nationality, shall be legal and qualified voters in said state.

This law should remain in effect as long as we have armed forces on foreign soil. This would eliminate all arguments for or against the "poll-tax" qualification.

Our fighting men and women certainly should not be deprived of their vote.—*W. E. Thornbrough.*

WHAT, NO GRIPES IN THE ARMY?

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEX.—We can never be sure of victory as long as some stupid and senseless people keep griping over things that are none of their business.

If they want to do something worth while, let them buy war bonds. We need people like that.

Another thing. Quit harping on the way the President is doing things. You don't hear us fellows griping, do you?

Let's all stick together and get this darned war over. I want to be a civilian again, like all of you.—*Pvt. Ralph E. Carter.*

WE'RE ALL IN IT

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—If it makes any difference what a "mere" housewife (as we're often termed) thinks—then I say, continue the war stories; because too many men as well as women consider the war about won, so why should they help by buying war bonds and otherwise taking part?

Write these stories in the red, red ink of blood! Maybe they'll tire of them and buy a war bond or do something toward helping bring back the kind of story they like.—*A Subscriber.*

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

AFTER SPENDING five years in advertising, and reaching the conclusion that he didn't like it, Frank J. Taylor, whose Our Women Warbirds is in this issue, turned to the writing game and quickly made a go of it, to his delight. As a roving reporter, he covered revolutions in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Russia. Lately he's covered some of the present war activities as a special correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. If he didn't have to earn a living, nothing would suit him better than getting close to the soil and making things grow—two blades of grass for one, and all the rest of it.

BEING A MIXTURE of Russian, French Huguenot, Austrian, and English blood, Olga Rosmanith may be depended on for broad sympathies and lively imagination. No Password for Suspicion bears this out. While living in London, an article in one of the weeklies made her so mad at its ineptitude that she wrote the editor and told him she could do better in her sleep. "Go ahead," he said. And Olga did, though wide awake at it. Half in jest, she took him two of her "inspirations," and to her astonishment he accepted both! She now lives in New York and has discovered that downtown Sixth Avenue grocery stores have cats with wonderful "personalities."

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE to know that Edith Stern, who wrote Don't Let the Big Word Scare You, elsewhere in these pages, collaborated with Dr. Samuel W. Hamilton on a most helpful book, Mental Illness: A Guide for the Family, which is worth noting in these days of war neuroses. The book is published under the auspices of the Commonwealth Fund, in New York City.

THE EDITORS.

Liberty
Book: TO ALL HANDS
JUNGLE FIGHTING—YANKEE STYLE
by IRA WOLFERT

NEXT WEEK

✓ JUNGLE FIGHTING—YANKEE STYLE

By Ira Wolfert

The Japs are specially trained as jungle fighters, but our boys catch on fast and are showing them a lot of tricks that aren't in their rule books.

✓ GATEWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND

By Gretta Palmer

Cuba is just a stone's throw from the U. S. A., so thousands of refugees flock there—waiting and hoping. Read the story of how they've become the island's newest "trade."

✓ THE BRUMMELL PLAN

By John D. Weaver

Rocky Ford and his wife Kate expose their problem nephew to some civilizing influences—with results not quite in line with their expectations.

✓ ALASKA, THE LAND UP OVER

By Jean Potter

Alaska is slated to be the crossroads of the world in the coming aviation age. Here's what war has done to open up our most northern territory.

✓ SPIRITUALISM BOOMS IN ENGLAND

By H. E. Salisbury

Do the war dead live on? A lot of people in England think so, as a great revival of spiritualism sweeps the country.

✓ LITTLE WHEELS KEEP THE BIG ONES ROLLING

By Alfred Toombs

There's lots more to railroading than just running trains. A vast and complex machinery operates offstage. Come behind the scenes and watch.

✓ TO ALL HANDS

By John Mason Brown

Liberty's Book Condensation

An amphibious adventure—told in the language of the men who experienced it—of the action-packed play-by-play account of the invasion of Sicily.

Cleopatra caught a cold at the masquerade

So Antony got her to try a pack of KOOLS!

Later on, she said,

"If they felt so soothing

(when my throat was raw)

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

UNION MADE

"Why don't I smoke 'em all the time?"

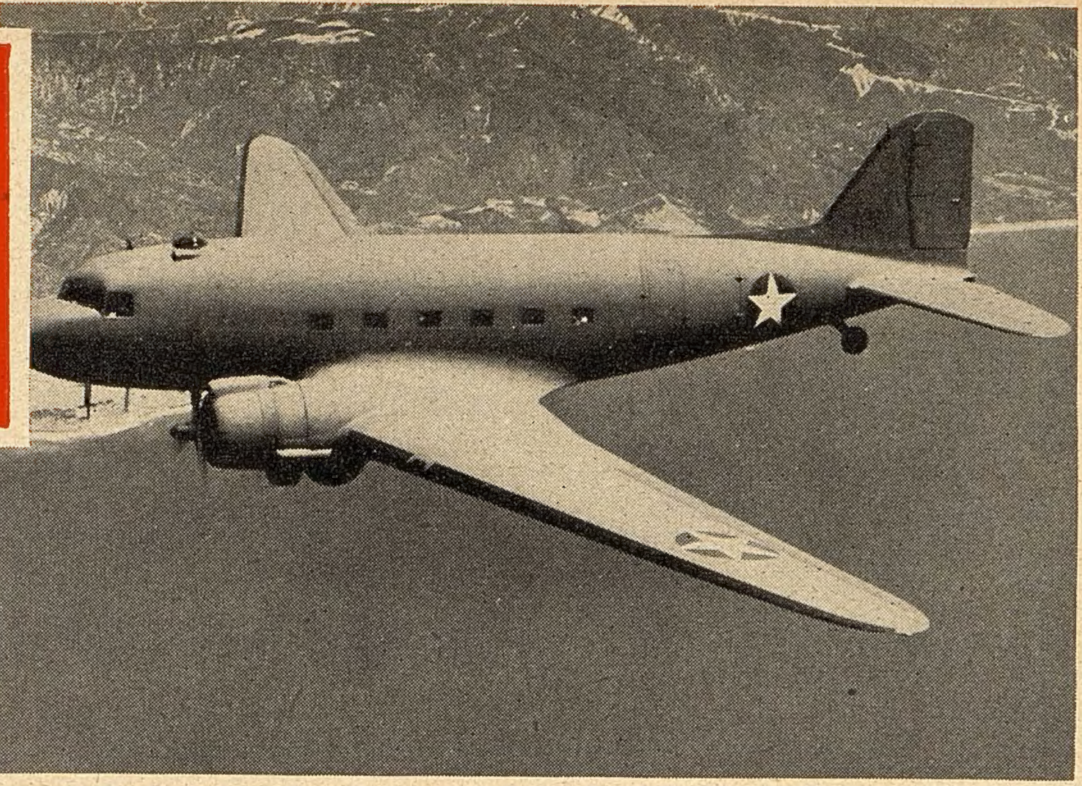
(and so she did)

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



The C-47 heavy cargo ship with a large loading door and reinforced flooring which made the epochal mass paratrooper flight from England to Tunisia.

Longest Air Freight Line

An air freight line 14,000 miles long, and without much doubt the longest single aerial cargo operation in the world, has been opened by the Air Service Command between Patterson Field, Ohio, and India, to deliver urgently needed supplies to the A. A. F. in the Far East.

Twenty years ago Ohio would hardly have been considered a world port by any stretch of the imagination. But in the air ocean it is connected directly with the other side of the world, and four-engined C-87 planes, cargo-carrying counterparts of the B-24 Liberator bombers, are flying back and forth on the 28,000-mile round trip on regular schedules.

Outbound, the first plane carried 8,300 pounds of airplane accessories such as fuel pumps, starters, and magnetos. On the return trip the cargo load was increased to 8,500 pounds of damaged parts to be repaired in this country. Pilot on the initial trip was Captain J. L. Okenfus of Bloomfield, New Jersey, accompanied by Captain Robert T. West of Portland, Oregon, and a crew of four.

Largest "air-line" operator in the world is the Air Transport Command of the A. A. F. which has a network of routes spanning all the continents and even into China. The A. T. C. thus flies farther than the new air freight line to India; but for a single direct operation for a specific purpose, Patterson Field claims to hold the record.

Self-Starting Plane Tires

When you have flown on the air lines, have you noticed the tendency of the airplane tires to screech when they hit the runway on landing? It's like putting on the brakes of your car full force to come to a sudden stop, except in reverse order. The plane's tires aren't rotating when they reach the runway, hence the intense but momentary friction. The heavier the airplanes, the faster the tires wear out, and some of the super-planes now in existence use double sets of tires to ease the strain.

Motors which would start the wheels rotating have been tried, but such equipment adds weight. Henry F. Schippel, tire engineer of the B. F. Goodrich Company, has developed a "self-starting" airplane tire that will attain high rolling speed before it touches ground and doesn't need a motor. The rolling is achieved simply by a unique arrangement of vanes, or fins, built into the side wall of the tire so that when the landing gear is lowered they catch the air and thus set the wheel spinning. The fins, made of rubber and fabric, are so constructed and placed that they spring back in position flush with the tire's side, on the "upper half" of each rotation of the wheel. Experiments by one of the air lines have been successful, and thus one of the knotty problems of heavy airplanes may be solved.

Raids and Attacks

Here are some angles on our bombing of Germany which may aid your understanding of what is going on.

1. When you read that a certain city in Germany has been bombed for the ninety-seventh time, and wonder why it hasn't been blown off the map long ago, distinguish between a "raid" and an "attack." Of the ninety-seven air missions, only two may have been large-scale attacks. The others may have been "raids" of a few airplanes seeking a specific target or merely performing nuisance functions.

2. If you are disturbed because a city like Cologne, which reportedly was devastated long ago, is receiving more air attention now, remember that the Germans have attempted to rebuild destroyed areas and factories. Reconnaissance planes photograph this rebuilding at frequent intervals, and when the Germans reach a certain stage of reconstruction, the bombers go over again and lay these efforts flat.

3. When you evaluate the bombing results, remember one of the most important dividends of bomb raids is invisible, *i. e.*, "the munitions that aren't made." By destroying arms plants, German production is proportionately reduced. It is one thing to destroy tanks and guns, but more important in the long run is the destruction of tanks and guns "that would have been made."

Airmen's Dream

Some more about bombing Germany.

Newspapermen and commentators have said in recent months that the R. A. F. and our own Eighth Air Force have been given "a green light" to determine whether air power can bring Germany to its knees within a certain period of time.

It is important to remember that there can be no full and adequate test of air power over Germany for the reason that neither the R. A. F. nor our own airmen have ever had sufficient aircraft available for a real all-out test. The two groups are merely doing their utmost with the equipment they have at hand.

A real test of air power over Germany would be the dispatching of several thousand heavy bombers within each twenty-four-hour period, part by day and part by night, for an intensive, concentrated, and consistent aerial campaign. Every major industrial and transportation center would be hit, not once every few months, but time after time in quick succession. This is the airman's dream. The present air attacks over Germany only represent the best that can be done with available planes and crews, and do not represent the potential of air power. Thus the current attacks cannot be considered a real test of the decisive nature of air power.

A. A. F. Independence

Bit by bit the Army Air Forces is gaining the autonomy which it has always wanted, which is another way of saying that airmen are gaining more and more independence from the ground organizations. In combat areas the A. A. F. has already become independent and on a par with the ground forces, and now General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, the popular and able commanding general of the A. A. F., has ordered the elimination of Arms and Service Branch designations within the Army Air Forces.

He called it "a most important milestone."

Up to now the various units of the A. A. F. have had their own distinctive insigne. But General Arnold said, "We can build a more completely integrated, more efficiently functioning, hard-hitting team—a team wherein members have but one loyalty, one purpose and one distinguishing insignia"—by eliminating the distinctions within the A. A. F. family.

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F 1912

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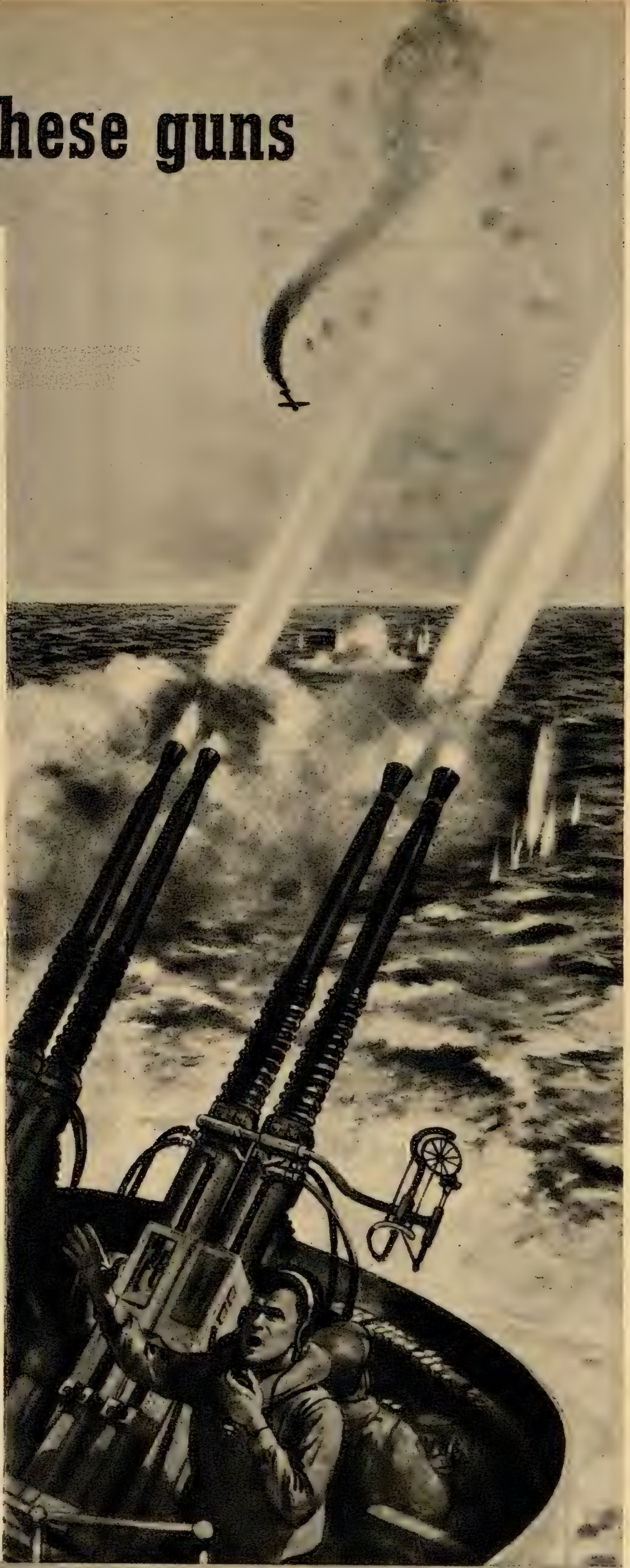
SEALED *and*
DELICIOUS

PLEASE BE PATIENT. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of **OLD TAYLOR** fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

aims these guns



QUEER THINGS come out of an engineer's head!

And when they're things like the amplidyne, something exciting usually happens.

When Japanese dive bombers pounce on one of our big battleships, a wall of steel flies up to blast them. The ship's deck bristles with anti-aircraft guns . . . and many of these guns leap to instant aim because the amplidyne transforms the gunner's slightest hand pressures to precise, controlled surges of power.

When—somewhere over Europe—a turret gunner in one of our big planes sees a Messerschmitt diving out of the sun, he twists a "handlebar" and the amplidyne-driven motor whips his guns around smoothly, even against the push of a 300-mile-an-hour wind.

When—on the home front—the flying shear slices the metal strip speeding from a steel mill's rolls, it's the amplidyne that makes the shear cut swift and true.

And it's the amplidyne that saves precious seconds in bringing the log to meet the whirling sawmill saw.

Already applied in hundreds of ways, tested and proved in battle and in industry, the amplidyne should have even greater accomplishments ahead of it. The amplidyne is another product of General Electric engineering and research—which today are devoted to the building of better war weapons, and which tomorrow will be devoted to better living in the peacetime world to follow.

The amplidyne, represented by this symbol, combines two electric generators in one device. By utilizing a short-circuit—the nuisance that blows fuses in your house—a small voltage is amplified so as to control precisely and almost instantaneously the speed and power output of electric motors. *General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.*

192,000 employees of the General Electric Company are on their jobs producing war goods and buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week to hasten victory.

952-496C

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday at 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

A truckload of Japs, all intent upon bringing "prosperity" to Shanghai.

Inside Jap-Held Shanghai

What sort of overlord is the Jap? An exchanged American correspondent tells of the Nips' methods with the lives and possessions of the people in a conquered city

BY BERNARD COVIT

I COVERED the war for the United Press in the Philippines during that never-to-be-forgotten month of December, 1941. When the Japs came into Manila, I was picked up on January 6 and interned in the Santo Tomas Camp along with some 3,500 Americans and British.

I had been in Santo Tomas nearly eight months when, late in August, 1942, the Jap commandant, Tsurumi, announced that there was room on a ship for 120 bona fide residents of Shanghai who wished to return there. There was no rush to fill the quota. Most of those who had lived in Shanghai, having got as far as Manila, had no desire to retrace their steps in the vague hope of being repatriated. They feared American submarines and they had no idea how they could support themselves in Shanghai. To the commandant's chagrin, only fifty-seven names appeared on the first list.

As for myself, all thoughts of repatriation had become as remote as a dream. I had made a little place for myself in the camp life. As chairman of the entertainment committee, I worked a certain number of hours each day arranging programs with Dave Harvey, my best friend and a professional entertainer of outstanding ability. But the greatest part of my time I devoted to the writing of a novel. From nine o'clock each night until three the next morning I worked at it in the camp office, where the Jap guards allowed us to burn a light. It kept me reasonably content.

So it was a little upsetting when Dave Harvey drew me out of the chow line that afternoon and told me that Russ Brines of the Associated Press was going to make the trip to Shanghai.

"Why?" I asked. "Does he think he'll be repatriated any sooner from there?"

"Well, he seems to think so," replied Dave. "Anyway, he's going."

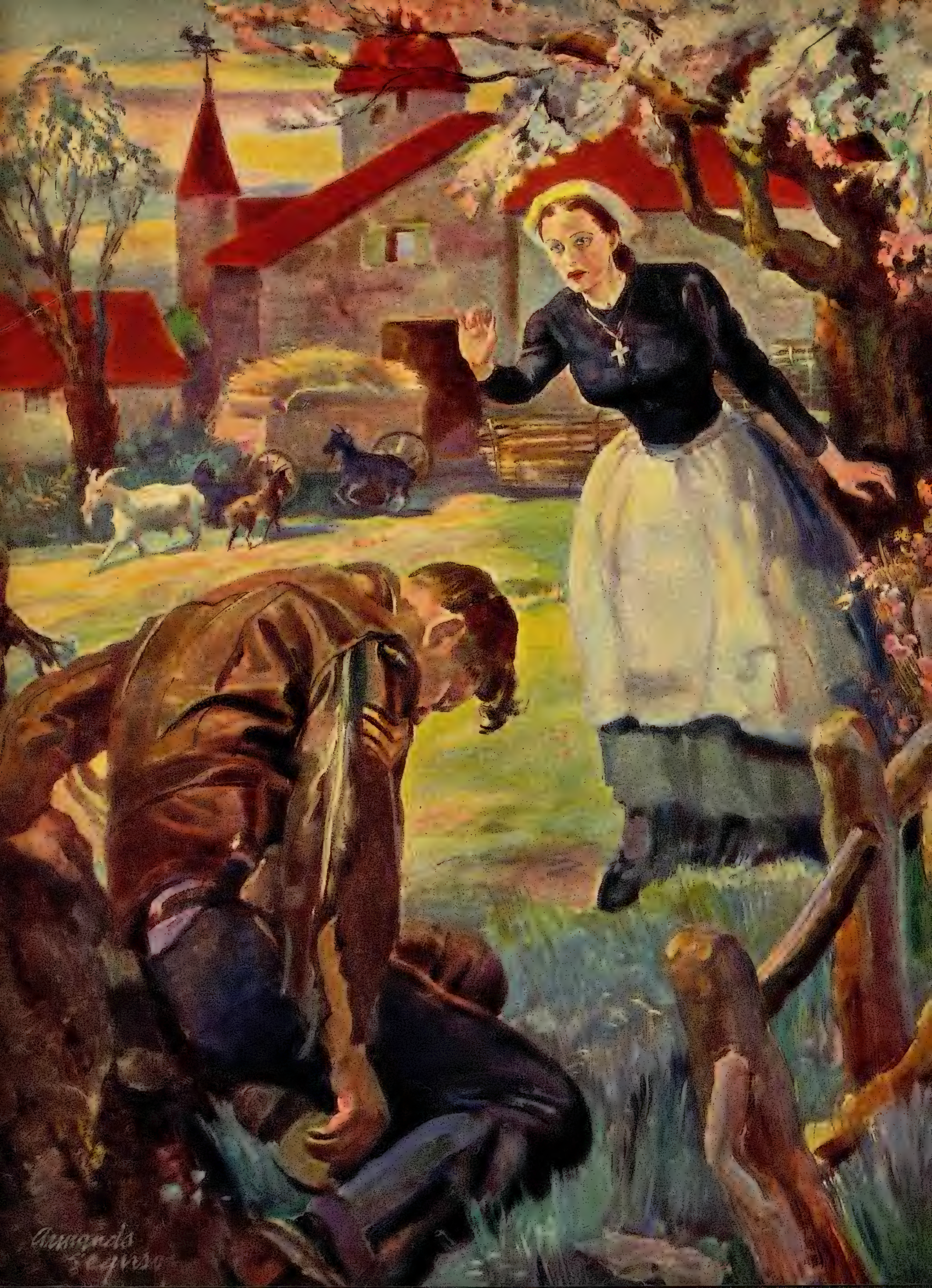
That settled it. Where the A. P. can go the U. P. can go. It was simply a case of loyalty to my outfit. I added my name to the list and on the 5th of September 113 of us—fifty-eight Americans—were notified that the ship would leave within a week.

Our ship was the Maya Maru, a 3,000-ton freighter. We traveled in a convoy, four freighters and one little Jap destroyer, which escorted us all the way on the ten-day voyage. Our first port of call was Taiwan, Formosa, where we remained for about three days taking on supplies. There were more than 100 horses and mules in the holds, and we slept immediately above them in the dark cargo hold, with cockroaches crawling all over our faces and bodies. Even more frightening were the huge ship rats. We had arranged ourselves in the hold as a group: "Newspaperman's Row." There were Royal and Marjorie Gunnison—he's of Collier's and is a Mutual broadcaster and she writes for North American Newspaper Alliance—Carl and Shelley Mydans of Life magazine, Russ Brines of the A. P., and myself.

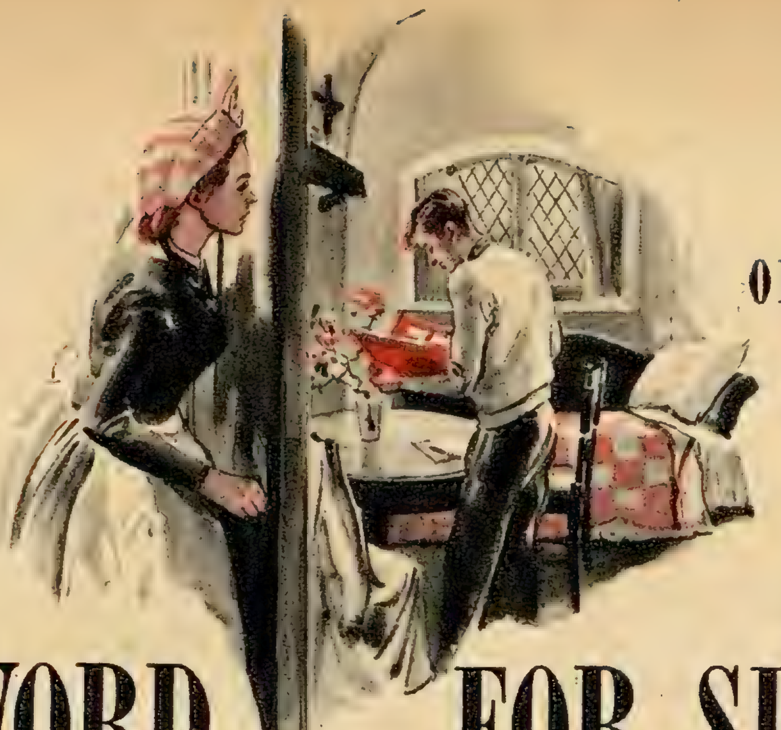
The two women certainly stood it very well. There was never a whimper out of them. For breakfast we had a little seaweed, rice, and two pickled litchi nuts. Lunch usually consisted of a small piece of fish or a tiny sliver of meat, some rice, a dab of a cabbagelike vegetable, and tea. Dinner was the same as lunch. But, for all of this, our spirits were high. We had been told that in Shanghai we would not be interned. What we were going to do for money, however, was another matter. The Japs had permitted us to take only 200 pesos, the equivalent of 1,100 Chinese dollars, and that wouldn't take any one very far.

On September 21 the Maya Maru docked at Woosung at the mouth of the Whangpoo River. We were transferred to a tender, and at 6 P. M. we started the journey upriver to the Bund. The river looked as if it had been swept bare by a typhoon. Where formerly there had been ships from every country, there were now only a few Chinese junks and ratty old freighters, all under the guns of three sleek Jap destroyers.

(*Continued on page 68*)


Armando Seguso

He said he was an Allied airman shot down over Belgium, but he might have been a Nazi out gunning for the underground. Suzanne followed a hunch and proved it was right



The Gestapo dropped decoys in the debonair outfits of the R. A. F.

NO PASSWORD FOR SUSPICION

BY
OLGA L. ROSMANITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMANDO SEGUSO

BELGIUM turned her sorrowing face once more to the early morning light. Fringing this corner of the Forest of Ardennes, the orchards bloomed like foam tossing upon a blue-green shore. Suzanne Sanglier emerged from her snug red-roofed farm and inhaled the heavenly fragrance of the air.

She could see nobody about. It was a rare and lovely moment. Her grim resolute face turned mocking in a smile. “Spring,” she remarked aloud, “you're an incorrigible rebel. All displays of joy are suspect—therefore *verboten*.”

A man with blood on his head appeared, staggering toward her between the fruit trees. Her hair stirred on her scalp. Her heart raced to his aid, but her head kept her body rigid where she stood.

He was an Allied airman forced to bail out over Belgian earth. Another dear deliverer to whose cause of escape her secret life was dedicated. If he were genuine. If he were not, he meant a deadlier danger than anything they had yet incurred, to herself and to all the brave patriots linked with her in the complex chain of escape.

Last week Le Patriote, one of the many underground newspapers, had reported that the Gestapo had resorted to one of the filthiest tricks in the history of their filthy tyranny.

Exasperated by their failure to discover how the escaping airmen got back to England to return and bomb again, they had dropped Nazi decoys from the sky clad in the debonair flying outfits of the Royal Air Force.

“Swine in the uniform of angels!” said Suzanne through her clenched teeth. The young man stumbled and collapsed against a tree trunk. She started forward with the impulse of habit, but stopped dead. She thought, Suppose he is one of them!

One bailed out in Dinant had denounced his helpers to the Gestapo. There had been another at Huy, and one at Berchem, outside Brussels. And who could know how many more?

These subhuman rats had stayed under cover with their good Samaritans until they had learned all they could. On their information, many stout links had been broken from the chain. Seventy executed was a conservative estimate.

Up to date one hundred and nineteen pilots, gunners, bombardiers, and navigators from the aerial battlefield had passed through her hands, but not one of them had ever landed on the very earth of her farm. They had to land on some one's property, so why not hers? She could not reassure herself. He might be here because she was suspect; because her hardy competence, her noncommittal silence had led them to guess the truth about her—that she was the chief link in this community, the brain and organizer of the other links.

The damning fact that she had once been English teacher in the rural school was in black and white on her dossier.

The airman was holding his head now as if he were in pain. It hurt her to watch him. She had a son of her own somewhere, alive or dead she did not know, but she thought of him as alive. Because of him she took fantastic risks to tend these boys, their burns and hurts, and speed them on their underground journey. The most vulnerable spot in any war is the unarmored heart of the mother.

“My dear God, my good God,” prayed Suzanne, “don't fail me now. I pray with all my heart that I shall live to see the day of liberation that is coming.”

She crossed herself, at the same time keeping her eye on the man who might or might not be a fallen Allied flyer. He raised his hand and made a feeble gesture to her to come to him. I can go and talk with him, she thought, without giving myself away. But what to say? I must think first.

So she turned her back and went to the barn to take the goats out. This gave her time for her keen, ordered, resourceful thinking. When she had them tethered to their stakes in the grass, she went to him and looked down on him, deliberately unfriendly and unsmiling.

She did not know. She could not guess. He was sandy blond with sandy eyelashes, greenish eyes, freckles, an angular-boned but pleasant face. He was a similar type to the boy from Newcastle, not unlike the boy from Bergen, Norway. His coloring was identical with that of the boy from Anglesey, north Wales.

She knelt on the dew-soaked grass and dabbed her clean apron with feather-light hands on the blood on his forehead. It was a deep ugly graze. It looked like a brush with a tree branch. But it was not freshly done. The blood was dry and the surrounding area had gone black. It could have been made with a grater a housewife uses on the vegetables in her kitchen.

“Parlez vous français?” she asked.

“Un peu, madame.” He had an execrable accent.

“We will speak English,” she said. “Where are you from?”

“Royal Airr Forrce. I'm frae Glasgae, Scotland.”

He smiled at her. It looked like the game grin of the other boys she had helped, but she saw something false in it. It might be pain. Or her terrible alarm stimulating her imagination.

“WHERE'S your parachute? I don't see it.”

“I buried it outside Malmédy.”

“Malmédy!” Her heart nearly leaped out of her chest. “That's miles away. And you came alone? You must have been walking all night.”

“Aye, thet's why ma back hurrts—”

“Poor boy,” she said impulsively. “Then how did you get here? Was it an accident? How did you know you were in Malmédy? Do you know this country?”

“I ken it frae the map. Malmédy has road signs thet all who can may read.” He glanced up at the barn roof. “I wis lookin' oot for a cock o' the roof wi' a goat on't.”

Suzanne followed his gaze to the vane where a painted wooden goat swayed with the wind, butting into it with lowered head. Her heart was like a drum beating a warning tattoo of danger. Her son had carved the goat and set it up. The Nazis knew it. Hadn't they gone up on the roof in spite of her assurance that it wasn't metal? Two of them had sat up there debating whether it was worth while to take it down for the franc's worth of iron it swung on.

“It isn't the only vane with a goat on it,” she said. “There are many goat farms.”

He put his hand up to his head again. She thought he was hiding a look of disappointment.

(*Continued on page 50*)

G. I. JACK

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

PHOTO FROM U. S. O. CAMP SHOWS

Jack Benny in the uniform in which he chased his soldier audience from Africa to Sicily to Italy.

NOT long ago Jack Benny sat nervously in a plane that soared high across the Straits of Messina. Jack was getting his first look at an Allied-invaded Italy. It was thrilling and it was scary. The commanding officer at Catania, Sicily, had told them they would be met by escort planes over the Straits so they wouldn't be shot at by either the enemy or American troops. But there wasn't another plane on the blue horizon. Jack wondered grimly if he had let the gang in for more excitement than they had bargained for.

"Folks," he said, hoping that a little conversation would help steady their nerves, and his, "do you realize that the first person who steps out of this plane will have the honor of being the first entertainer to set foot on conquered European soil?"

"Why don't we draw for the honor?" suggested Larry Adler. Wini Shaw held up four matches in her fist, one long and three cut short. Jack drew the long match. Then all they had to worry about was whether he'd live to have the honor.

When they arrived at the Crotona airport, about a hundred miles from the front at Salerno, a major sauntered over to the plane and introduced himself. Then, seeing Jack, he gasped, "Aren't you Jack Benny? What the hell are you doing here?" "I'm chasing an audience," said Jack. "They keep running out on me."

It was true. In Tunis Jack had learned that certain troops he had expected to give a show for had been sent to Sicily and were stationed at Catania. "They're a disappointed bunch of boys," one of the correspondents told Jack. "Poor kids, they haven't had any entertainment since they've been over here."

Jack Benny, professional fretter, leaves all his worrying behind when he's entertaining the boys at the front. He's happy because he makes them happy

"We're flying to Sicily," Jack promptly informed the members of his troupe: Wini Shaw, singer, Larry Adler, famous harmonica player, and Jack Snyder, accompanist. (Anna Lee, originally with the Benny troupe, had left them in Africa to join the Menjou U. S. O. unit.) In Catania they learned that the boys had shoved off a short time before for Salerno. "H'm-m-m," said Jack, "then we're flying to Italy."

When the major heard about Jack's big chase scene, he said, "Those troops are leaving for the front tonight. It might do them a lot of good if you gave them a few laughs before they leave." So the war waited while Jack put on his full hour-and-a-half show, complete with Love in Bloom on his violin.

Jack was the first big-time entertainer to travel to the end of the loop and bring laughs to the thousands of homesick American boys stationed at camps in the Persian Gulf area, where the temperature hovers between 140° and 180°, and it's a court-martial offense to be out between 1 and 4 P. M. The thermometer was flirting with 157° while Jack and the gang sweated through their first show in Arabia. They gave two more the same day. When one of the officers told Jack he'd better slow down a bit, Jack, mopping furiously, said, "If the soldiers can stand it, the actors can."

In ten weeks the Benny troupe traveled 32,000 miles and gave more than 150 shows. After the shows the boys in these isolated camps gathered around Jack, hungry for news from home. The three questions they asked most were: (1) Are the girls at home still wearing silk stockings? (2) Are the girls wearing their hair long, short, bobbed, or upswept? (3) Does Harry James object to his wife being the boys' pin-up girl?

Shortly after his return to Hollywood Jack Benny attended a meeting of the U. S. O. and Victory Committees to encourage more big-name stars to go overseas to entertain the boys. "When you go overseas you are doing yourself a favor," said Jack. "If you don't avail yourself of this opportunity you'll regret it to the end of your days. I can't get over my trip. I get excited every time I look at a map. In peacetimes you never go to such places. I've made four trips to Europe and always done the same thing—London, Paris, south of France—and once I made Budapest. But this trip I saw villages where people lived two thousand years ago. I saw where Noah's Ark was built. I saw famous old walled towns mentioned in the Bible. I wouldn't take a million dollars for the trip—even if the government allowed me to keep every cent of it. Of course a trip like this gives a lift to the morale of our boys—but, believe me, it also gives a lift to yourself. It was the greatest rest I've had in the twenty years I've been in show business. Personal worries sort of stack up as picayune in comparison to what's going on over there. Next spring I'm going out again—this time, I hope, to the South Pacific."

Whether Jack, famous as one of the Big Three worriers in Hollywood—Fred Astaire and Irene Dunne being the other two—can continue to slough off worry remains to be seen. But there is no doubt that his new radio program reflects his new frame of mind. It started off last October with a 34.2 Crossley, which is six points better than when it opened in 1942. Two weeks later the Crossley jumped to 35.4. At present Jack's Crossley rating is still comfortably close to the top of the heap. (A Crossley point stands for somewhere between 750,000 and 800,000 listeners, experts agree. Which means that about 30,000,000 people tune in on Jack Benny every Sunday.)

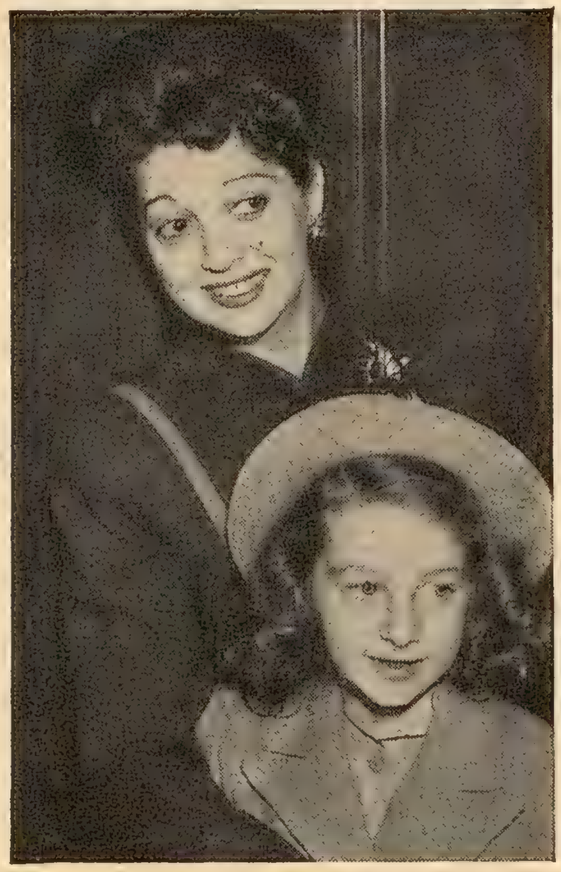
THE Benny cast, to the delight of the millions of listeners, remains the same: Mary Livingstone, Jack's sharp-tongued, heckling girl friend; Rochester, his inimitable valet; Dennis Day, his young gullible tenor; Phil Harris, his illiterate wisecracking orchestra leader; and Don Wilson, his plump, ever cheerful announcer. This year, however, Jack has four new writers on the show—Milt Josefsberg, with Bob Hope for five years; George Balzer, formerly with Tommy Riggs; Jack Tackaberry, formerly with Horace Heidt and Jack Carson; and Sam Perrin, a Benny writer of some nine years ago.

Eddie Beloin, an ex-Benny writer, still visits the programs regularly to play Jack's non compos mentis boarder, Mr. Billingsley. (Typical Billingsley: Benny: "Well, good-by, Mr. Billingsley." Mr. Billingsley: "I'm sure you would, you rascal.") Two of Fred Allen's players, John Brown and Minerva Pious, radio's best known dialectician, are now on the Benny program.

"All good things on the radio start by accident," says Jack. The Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud, of which his listeners simply can't get enough, was unplanned by both Benny and Allen. Both comedians insist it was a pure accident. On one of his programs several years ago, Allen decided to do a satire on Major Bowes' amateur hour. He gathered up a flock of singers who couldn't sing, actors who couldn't act, and musicians who couldn't play. One of the performers, a small boy of eight, informed Allen that he was a violinist and wanted to play The Bee. While the kid was scraping out clinkers right and left, Allen recalled that the piece was his friend Jack Benny's specialty. "My, my!" he purred. "Only eight and you can play The Bee! Why, Jack Benny ought to be ashamed."

The following Sunday Jack rounded up four people who had supposedly known him when he was a lad in Waukegan, and who testified that Jackie was a whizz at The Bee when he was only six. On his next broadcast Allen made a few disparaging remarks about Waukegan and introduced some disreputable septuagenarians who claimed they went to school with Jack. The feud was off to a good start by then, and Jack and Fred discovered that they had hit upon an ether windfall. In Hollywood recently, glaring at each other to the hysterical delight of the audience, they sang, People Will Say We're in Love at a Command Performance broadcast for the boys overseas. Both gave their all to the line, "Don't laugh at my jokes too much."

Rochester, also, happened quite by accident. Six years ago Eddie Anderson, well known around the radio studios, was hired to play the part of a Pullman porter for one performance. Eddie read his lines, received his check, and told every one good-by. A month later the NBC offices were still being swamped with mail clamoring for more "Rochester"—the name Anderson had been given for that one performance. So Rochester became a permanent member of the Benny cast.



Joan and Mary (Livingstone) Benny arriving in New York to greet Jack on his return from his U. S. O. tour

Mary Livingstone, Mrs. Benny in private life, as every one knows, was not originally on the program. She too was an accident. Until she met Jack, when he was playing at the Orpheum in Los Angeles, Mary had never known any theater people. She certainly had no intention of ever becoming an actress. The very thought of a footlight or a microphone brought on cold shivers and goose pimples. The program was already well established when one day, about nine years ago, the writers wrote in a new character—a wisecracking girl from Plainfield, New Jersey, whose mother had written an abusive letter about Jack Benny. "Doll," said Jack, being persuasive, "I've got a part for you in next Sunday's show. Now don't be scared. It's only a few lines. Just this once!"

"Jack was not overcome by my histrionic ability," says Mary. After the program Jack bought her a new dress and set about planning next Sunday's show—without her. And then the fan mail came pouring in. They wanted more of "the girl with the funny voice whose mother hates Jack." Mary Livingstone quickly became an important member of the Benny radio family. Yet after all these years she still takes a look at the mike and becomes jittery.

JACK'S own first appearance on the radio happened quite by accident. He was appearing in a vaudeville act in New York when Ed Sullivan, a Broadway columnist, dropped into the seat next to him at Lindy's restaurant and asked him as a personal favor to appear as a guest on his radio program the following evening. Jack has always had a hard time saying no to a friend. Up until the last minute before the program went on the air, he protested to Sullivan that he didn't know a thing about radio and would undoubtedly be a big flop. Trembling worse than Mary ever did, he approached the microphone that cold night in 1932, made a final effort to keep his teeth from chattering, and uttered those memorable lines to his first unseen audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny. There will be a slight pause while you say, 'Who cares?'"

Except for vacations and his recent U. S. O. overseas junket, Jack has been on the air ever since.

Although on the radio he has fun with the statement that he hails from Waukegan, he was actually born in Chicago, on St. Valentine's Day, 1894. His parents went to Chicago for the occasion so that he could tell people he was born in a big city. His father, Meyer Kubelsky, owned a haberdashery store in Waukegan up until five years ago. "Unfortunately," says Jack, "there was nothing Frank Merriwell in my life. My family even had enough money to pay for my violin lessons."

When Jack first started playing his violin (and he was very serious about it in those days) at the local theaters in Waukegan, he changed his name from Benny Kubelsky to Ben K. Bennie. But some years later, when he heard that another violinist, named Ben Bernie, was becoming a monologist too, he changed his name to Jack Benny so there would be no confusion.

In 1918 Jack enlisted in the Navy. Much to his annoyance, the nearest he got to any action was in a Navy show called The Great Lakes Revue. To raise money for Navy Relief he played his violin between acts and, at the request

(*Continued on page 59*)

DON'T LET THE BIG WORD SCARE YOU

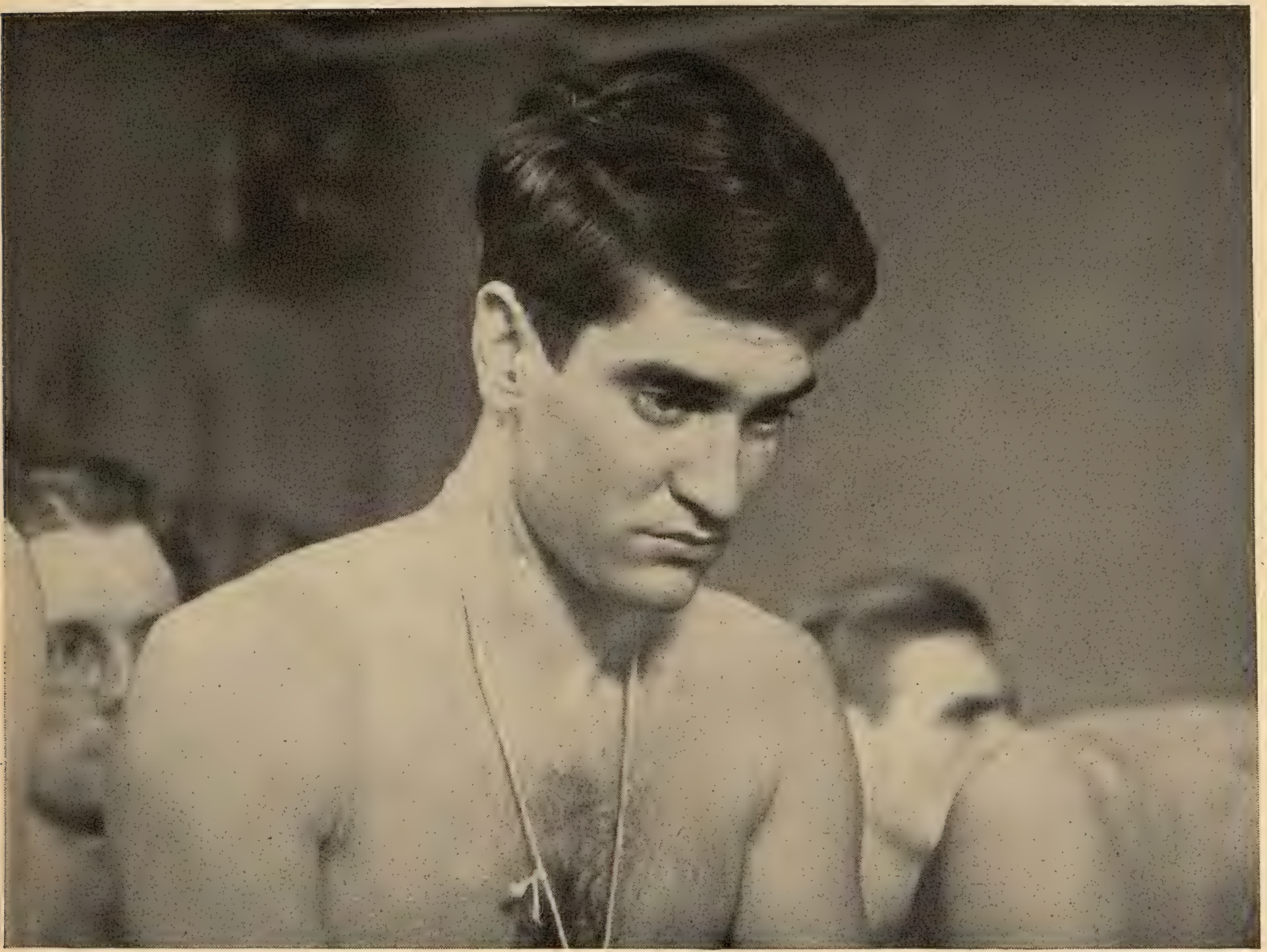


PHOTO FROM THE MARCH OF TIME

Will he pass or be rejected? The Army tries to screen out at the induction centers the nervously and emotionally unfit.

MAYBE what happened to my friend Bill Gates has happened to you—or to your son, brother, husband, or sweetheart. Bill, a husky magnificent physical specimen, was all set to be a soldier. He gave up his good job, went through the usual farewells, and left for his induction center. Two days later he was back home, murmuring shamefacedly something about having been turned down because he was "nervous" and wondering what to tell his friends. Not much embarrassment involved, he figured, if you were rated 4-F because you were nearsighted or had a bad heart; but this—well, this was something else again, and if folks knew about it, sure as anything they'd think you were a nut who might cut their throats!

After many sleepless nights Bill finally screwed up enough courage to confide in his older brother. "Ed," he said, trembling, "they called me a 'psychoneurotic.' Now, I know 'psych' has something to do with the mind and 'neuro' with the nerves. . . . Ed, tell me the truth, for heaven's sake—do you think they mean I'm crazy?"

"I doubt it," Ed replied calmly. "But if it worries you, why not find out from a psychiatrist?"

Afraid of the answer he might get, Bill stalled around for a while. But then he became so unhappy and uncomfortable, so unable to go looking for another job, that he took Ed's advice.

Much to his relief, the psychiatrist informed him that the medical classification into which he fell covered a large variety of conditions from outright mental illness to tics—nervous twitches or "habit spasms."

"You don't confuse what's real with what isn't, and I assure you, you don't belong in a mental hospital!" the doctor told him. "You're merely a potential liability to the Army. Any man as obviously tense and worrisome as you are is likely to break down under exceptional strain. Each of us, you see, is like a bridge with a capacity for only so much load. Some bridges break down under 100 tons, while others hold up under 1,000. The medical officer who read your history noted your slight stutter and your anxious manner during interview, and wasn't taking any chances of subjecting you to those unusual loads of Army discipline or battle. Some men can take them in their stride, but the chances are you can't, and soldiering is no more the right job for you than if you had a weak back. So square your shoulders and do your part as one of those eighteen civilians needed for every man at the front!"

BY EDITH M. STERN

Among all 4-Fs, one third, like Bill, are rejected for nervous, emotional, and mental reasons. In addition, about 45 per cent of the medical discharges from the armed services fall into the same category. But these figures don't add up to any scarehead headline about an appalling proportion of unsound minds or nervous wrecks among our young-manhood. They indicate simply that many who manage to make a go of it in the civilian world don't fit into military life.

True, a handful of these men belong in institutions, because they see and hear things that aren't there, and are dangerous to themselves or others. Some are feeble-minded. Some have mild or serious diseases of the nervous system. But the vast majority have little more than kinks, notions, peculiarities, or temperamental weaknesses, and, given a little help and understanding by their families and the communities to which they return, can take up civilian life where they left off.

You associate with people like them every day. Among them, for instance, are men with odd little habits that pass unnoticed in the civilian world but become glaringly apparent and disruptive under regimentation. For example, they won't step on cracks. Nobody notices that in an office, but it doesn't get by the sergeant when he orders, "Forward, march!" Or they are miserable unless they can wash their hands every hour. Or they can't sleep with the light on—or off. Discipline can't change them; their peculiar impulses are as uncontrollable as the need to sneeze.

There are, also, numbers of those coddled, gentle individuals who get along well enough in the business world when they can return each night to cozy homes and loving families. One such is a successful textile designer who never submits a drawing unless his mother has praised it; another is the vice-president of a bank whose wife sees that he gets the special diet he fancies he requires. In barracks, where they are just members of a group, they fall into a nobody-loves-me-or-cares-what-happens-to-me state of mind, and they can't take it. They grow increasingly morose and despondent; they stay by themselves whenever they can; they develop so many ailments they become useless.

Others lack self-confidence and need, to keep going, the constant props of a family name, of good clothing, of a solicitous mother or a doting wife. I know a brilliant boy who, all through the time he was in officers' training school, lay awake at night certain he'd never make the grade. When, finally, he was graduated at the head of his class, he had fretted himself into such a state that he collapsed and had to be sent to the hospital. Now, again fortified by home and mother, he's doing war-valuable work in the laboratory of a munitions plant.

Then there are the chronic worriers, like Bill. In civilian life, where they can choose their own occupations and manage most of their own time, their tendency to digestive upsets and to easy tiring often passes unnoticed even by themselves. But in the Army they're costly nuisances who need care, and the Army wants them no more than it wants men with heart murmurs. If they can be discharged before they crack under the strain of actual battle, good. If they can be spotted at induction centers, better still; no training or maintenance is wasted. One signpost of their anxious temperaments may be a history of stomach ulcers. The easygoing rarely have this illness.

ANOTHER group, washouts as soldiers but often brilliantly successful in the arts and professions, includes those men who can't stay on an even keel. They're way up one day and way down the next; they're easily upset, and undependable. Some—such as Wagner and Voltaire, who would have been 4-Fs—have attained great fame.

For that matter, those outstanding warriors Napoleon and Julius Caesar would have been 4-Fs too, for they had epilepsy, which is a nervous illness.

Well, then, you may wonder, does this mean that Army and Navy medical officers are making much ado about nothing and wastefully scrapping good fighting material? Wouldn't life in the armed services "make men" out of some of these "mama's boys" and "fuss-budgets"? No one who has carefully studied the matter would answer yes. The services have neither the time nor the facilities to remove the underlying causes for men's emotional inability to adjust to military life, and without going into the causes you can't alter the behavior and reactions. Any one who has ever interviewed the bewildered, troubled boys judged unsuitable for uniforms, any one who has ever witnessed their slowness, their tied-up-in-knots clumsiness, their devastating melancholy in camp, knows that it's uneconomical to make bad military bets when even tough, perfectly balanced, strong-nerved happy-go-luckies can crack under the strains of modern warfare.

But the fact that Mr. Jones isn't in the Army doesn't damn him as a civilian. His present and future usefulness depend to a large extent upon the people around him. They can build up his self-confidence or they can make him feel disgraced. They can impress upon him that he's just a guy who happens to be temperamentally unfitted for the armed services, or they can make him feel stigmatized and queer. They can help him to find healthful and useful work, or they can leave him to brood morbidly upon his diagnosis, his real or fancied abuses, his afflictions and his worries. In short, they can make or break him.

A man temperamentally not the soldier type is called a "psychoneurotic," but he's probably just as good as any of us for civilian life

How can they help?

First of all, and as soon as possible after his return home, by steering him toward expert help. Sometimes the very boys who need it most proclaim the loudest, "I'm all right!"

Contrary to the popular notion of psychiatry as a long, involved, absurdly theoretical process, actually much of it is simply a skilled talking-things-over supplemented with such common-sense measures as wholesome recreation and regular habits. Sometimes only one or a few sessions are enough to straighten a man out; to make him see, for instance, that his aches and pains are an unconscious bid for the attention he misses; that his abnormal fear of failure dates from boyhood with a father who continually bawled him out as a clumsy loafer; that his shakiness with a rifle, which made him a hazard at camp, springs from an almost forgotten childhood incident when he played with a loaded gun.

Nor is psychiatry only a last resort for the demented. Tell your rejectee or ex-soldier that he's under no suspicion whatever if he's seen coming out of a psychiatrist's office, for there are minor as well as major mental ailments, just as there are all degrees of physical ills. Just because you visit a dentist, no one assumes you need a full set of plates!

If you can't afford a private psychiatrist, you have other resources. A few—still far too few—communities have mental hygiene clinics. Others have established special set-ups for rejectees and ex-servicemen. Among these are the Milwaukee County Guidance Clinic, the Payne Whitney Clinic of New York Hospital, and, also in New York City, the Vocational Adjustment Bureau.

Inevitably, as more and more men come back shocked and ashamed, more of these special agencies must be set up, with a grim waste of manpower the alternative. Professionals are trained in listening. They know what questions will make a man loosen up about his worries and disappointments, and what comments might make him retire disastrously into a shell.

In addition to the relief they can give troubled boys by encouraging them to talk freely, psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers are best qualified to interpret the medical labels that usually give men bad scares. "Epilepsy," for instance, terrifies many a man who never realized that his brief spells of forgetfulness or "faints" are among the myriad forms of a sickness whose symptoms range from obvious convulsions to almost imperceptible lapses of consciousness. "Paranoid personality" is an appalling thing to be called when you've always thought you were just a common garden-variety kind of fellow. But when it's explained as merely meaning you have a persistent tendency to feel you're picked upon, or that you're overzealous about your mission in life, you feel better. And you feel better still when you learn that in certain lines of work, such as research, paranoid tendencies are often an asset.

Similarly, "schizoid personalities," who aren't good mixers, often have fine minds and do well in solitary creative work or in single-track routine jobs. Medical terminology can make almost anything sound horrifying. Doesn't "contusion," for instance, seem much worse than "bruise"? Often half the battle for rehabilitation is won when a diagnosis is taken for what it's worth.

JUST talking, however, isn't enough. A man doesn't feel himself a man again until he's back at work. Vocational counseling is, therefore, a large part of the work of rehabilitation services. In Boston, for example, the Laymen's League Against Epilepsy is successfully placing epileptics in jobs where their occasional seizures are no hazard. Another placement agency found a grocery-store job for an ex-soldier who had broken down in Africa. At first the grocer had been reluctant to employ the boy. "Listen," the counselor said. "You don't have explosions in your grocery store, do you?"

If the right job is healthful, so can the wrong job be dangerous. Henry R.'s wealthy family was horrified when farm work was recommended for him. They insisted that he return to a managerial position in his father's business. But the responsibility of making important decisions was too much for Henry, who had no confidence in himself, and a few months later he was in a sanitarium—rebuilding his health by doing farm work. Psychiatric experts guard against putting square pegs in round holes.

Even where no professional help is available, there are helping hands. Red Cross workers in military hospitals contact local chapters when a man is discharged, and they are glad to do what they can. American Legion posts welcome as members men with any kind of honorable medical discharges. Welfare agencies willingly give advice, even where no financial necessity is involved.

But, above all, families can build or destroy manpower. By their words, their actions, and their attitudes they must make their embarrassed homecomers realize they're no more in disgrace than if they'd been rejected for

(*Continued on page 60*)

DOUBLE CROSS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

He was a trombone player with no place to blow and his girl had matrimony on her mind—a three-star comedy in which a double cross does a double take

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

WHEN Broadway is on the double, you can have it. You can have the double whiskies, the double standard, the double takes, the double *entendres* and the double talk. Especially, you can have the double cross. If there is anything lower than murder, or a jockey pulling a swindle in the stretch, it is when a guy double-crosses a pal. Therefore it is vital that a guy knows which is a pal and which isn't before he tries to pull the old one-two. Take this business between Harry and me and Hazel, for instance.

Harry and me are as close as Ike and Mike for it must be ten, twelve years, and at the time I am talking about we are with Happy Harmon and his Honeyed Harmonies, blowing a pair of the sweetest trombones this side of Dorsey.

Happy comes over to us after the Saturday-night closing session, and says, "Harry, Joe, I have rather unpleasant news for one of you. Now, I guess you know there is a war going on and a lot of trouble about transportation and gas—"

"Come to the point, Happy," interrupts Harry.

Happy draws a deep breath as though he is doing Flight of the Bumble Bee nonstop on the sax. "It's this way, boys," he continues. "There just isn't enough room for all of us to travel on this Western trip coming up. Vertelli can give me smooth arrangements with only one trombone in the outfit and—well, it hurts, but I have to do it. Wanna toss a coin?"

The guy who says tails never fails is misinformed. I cry tails, Happy flips a nickel, I find myself staring an Indian in the face, and I am out of a job. But it is a question who feels worse about it, Harry or me—that's what kind of pals we are. In fact, the night before he leaves for Chicago with the band, I take him to the fights and pick up the check later to show I have no hard feelings.

THERE is snow in the air, the heavy camel's-hair coats are out on Broadway and it is Hialeah time. Before long, I notice buds popping out on the trees in the Park and other signs that Aqueduct is here. Then I am perspiring into a Tom Collins and wearing a sun tan, and by now it is the middle of Empire City and I am still a trombone man who is all dressed up with no place to blow. But frankly I am not feeling too bad about it on account of I am coasting along on a lovely-color-green bank roll, which is the result of two daily doubles, a three-horse parlay at Belmont, and several advantageous gin games. And to make my spare time even more enjoyable, I meet this girl Hazel.

She is a graduate of the last Scandals, and when I say she has everything, I am influenced by shiny black hair down to her shoulders and a shape that is boric acid to the eyes and that looks more at home in silver fox than the fox himself.

It is not long before we are an item and leading a merry old time.

However, after a month of seeing the town from seats down front and ringside tables, I begin to discover that while Hazel is not exactly an expensive dame, compared to a famous week I once have in Frisco, horses do not run fast enough and I do not go gin enough to keep her living the night life to which she is accustomed. The fever I am running for her is constantly being disturbed by matters of petty cash.

Which is the state of affairs when Happy Harmon and his Honeyed Harmonies return to New York and my pal Harry barges in on me.

"Joe," he says to me first thing, "for an unemployed trombone man you are looking too good. What is her name, Joe?"

"Hazel," I reply. "We are holding hands. We are on fire. How is the trip, Harry?"

"Splendid," he says. "Tell me more about this Hazel, Joe."

"Is Buddy Blains still romancing the cigarette girl at the Statler?"

"Joe—please! What about this Hazel?"

"A very fine filly. I win her in a claiming race."

"You know what I always say," replies Harry, lighting up a thirty-cent cigar he finds on my dresser. "Any friend of yours, Joe, is a friend of mine."

"Sure," I say, but I am not smiling. There is one big difference between Harry and me: we are both over the draft age—and I look it.

I hide Hazel for a few nights at a dark corner table in the Hurricane and then I give up and introduce her to Harry, and you can knock me over with nothing lighter than a baby grand piano when he tags along with us like a sheep dog night after night. I am plenty burned about this, of course, until Hazel suddenly douses the fire one evening while we are wiggling a rumba at La Conga by whispering that Harry is certainly a charming guy but she cannot live without me and when do we get married?

I am so stunned I rush back to the table and hold on weakly to the side of a planter's punch. I do not have matrimony in mind, what with my bank roll being not as lovely or as green as once upon a time, and I am thinking that the guy who says two can live cheaper than one is probably the same character who says tails never fails. So I am forced to give Hazel the stall in order to mull over the ball-and-chain proposition more thoroughly.

Well, I guess I give her too much of the war of nerves, because she begins to get impatient with me and more patient with my pal Harry. I tolerate such sabotage only because I do not wish to quarrel with Harry over a dame, and besides, I figure she is just trying to bring out the green in my eyes.

ONE steaming night the three of us are sitting in Barney's doing the crawl stroke through some beer and me getting hotter and hotter because Hazel is making a play for Harry right under my very nose, when Harry wipes the foam from his mouth and says to me:

"Joey boy, how about you and me getting a look at some palm trees in the Solomon Islands?"

"I am very happy with the palm trees at the Copacabana," I reply, wondering what the gag is.

"Now look, Joe," Harry insists. "Jimmy Brockman is taking a USO unit to the South Pacific, and today he tells me he needs a couple of good brass men to go along."

I put down my beer. I am close to sleeping on a park bench. I do not like sleeping on park benches. I listen to Harry.

"Whaddaya say we get out of this town and hit the wide open spaces and see some of the world?" he croons. "We all gotta do our bit, Joey boy, don't we?"

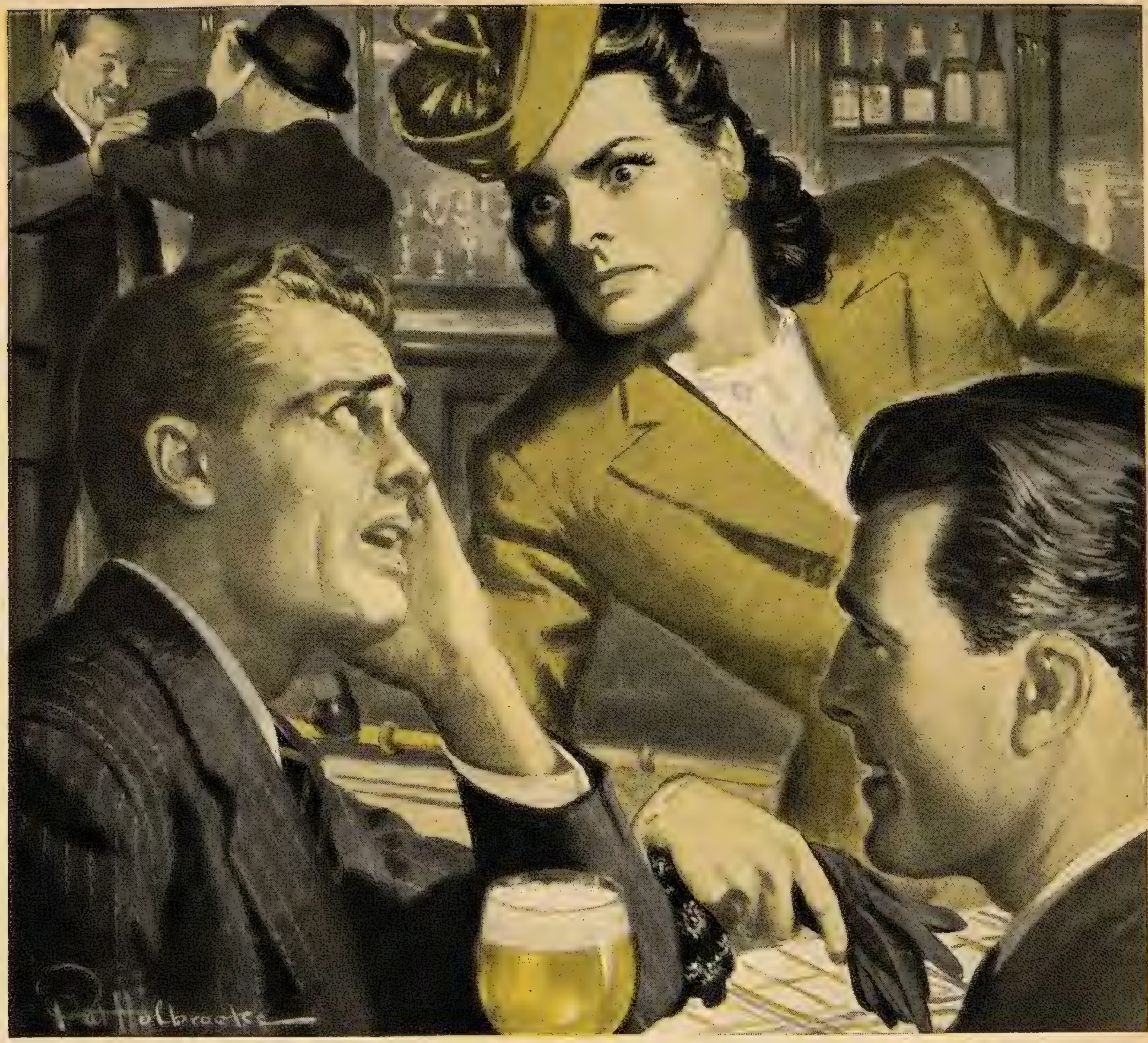
I don't know. Maybe it is the American flag, whipping in Harry's breeze. Maybe it is because the critical condition of my bank roll and the way Hazel is treating me are making me discontent with life. Or maybe it is because I have too many beers. All I know is that when I finally answer Harry there is fire in my voice.

"Harry," I shout, "I am with you one hundred per cent! I need a change of scenery something bad! Tell Happy Harmon you are quitting and I am ready to leave tomorrow!"

And the minute the words are out of my mouth I realize I make a terrible mistake, because Harry is smiling too much like the cat which swallows the canary, and then I remember Hazel, who is sitting quietly with her beer, and when I see her eyes grow dark and her face get white under her make-up, there is no doubt that I remember too late.

"Joe Burton!" she screams, slamming her glass down on the table. "Just —what—do—you—mean, you need a change of scenery? What about little Hazel? Answer me! What do you *mean?*"

"Now wait a minute, baby—I—you see—" I explain, but she picks up her



"Answer me! What do you *mean?*" She picks up her gloves and challenges me to a duel right across the face.

black beaded gloves and challenges me to a duel right across the face.

"Take me home, Harry!" she cries, and I look to Harry for aid and comfort, but all I see is a face which is trying hard not to look too pleased and doing a bum job of it. So the two of them walk out, leaving me with the check.

Well, that washes me up all right with Hazel, and I take to brooding and telling too much to strange bartenders and muttering in my sleep. I do not really miss Hazel, once I get her off my mind, but I am very much upset over my pal Harry giving me the one two, and I come to the conclusion that he is not my pal any longer, and I do not feel like more than a two-cent stamp when there is no word from him about the USO trip. In fact, for a long time I do not hear a word from anybody about anything, except that Harry and Hazel are a three-alarm blaze which is currently burning up this and that night club, and then the Broadway columnists are writing about them sniffing orange blossoms.

One afternoon a couple of weeks later I am sitting in my room trying to figure a month's rent out of the fourth at Rockingham, when who should walk in on me but Harry, and I am so shocked at the awful condition he is in that I almost forget how angry I am.

"What is wrong, Harry?" I ask. "Your face is gray, your knees are sagging, and there are big bags under your eyes."

"Joe," he groans, "I'm feeling terrible. I gotta have a drink, Joe."

I get him something from my private stock and he gulps it down.

"What is wrong, Harry?" I repeat. "Who run you over?"

"Hazel. It's that Hazel, Joe," he sighs, dropping into a chair, and I notice his hands are shaking. "She is getting insistent and I gotta get out of town. Look at me, Joe. As one friend to another, am I a guy who wants to get married? I ask you."

I do not know what to say, so I pour Harry another and wait for him to continue.

"Look, Joe. I just gotta get away before that dame has me fitted for a strait jacket! Jimmy Brockman can still use us for the USO and he doesn't leave for a couple of days yet. Whaddaya say, Joey boy, please?" I guess he is too weak to get down on his knees. "I tell Happy Harmon I am through with the band, and tomorrow we leave for the Coast, you and me together again. How about it, hey, Joey boy?"

I think things over. I am surprised at myself that I can make such a big decision with so little thought, but I do.

"Sure, Harry," I reply. "Sure thing."

"I do not deserve such a wonderful pal!" yells Harry jubilantly, pumping my hand and slapping me on the back. "Now I run down to tell Happy I am quitting and then away we go!" And he breezes out like a new man.

As I say in the first place, there is nothing lower than when a guy double-crosses a pal, so it is important to know beforehand which is a pal and which isn't. If you do not see exactly what I mean, you might drop over to the Yugoslavian Room of the Hotel Venice some night when Happy Harmon and his Honeyed Harmonies are there, and look me up, as I am the guy who is playing the trombone now.

THE END

"...NOR IRON BARS A CAGE"

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

The annual March of Dimes campaign to help finance the battle against infantile paralysis is the occasion to sum up progress

WHILE America's armed forces are fighting for the freedom of our nation and the world, America's medical and other scientific forces on the home front are fighting a different war for freedom. They are battling to liberate the thousands of immobile bodies stricken by that arch-crippler of youth, infantile paralysis.

Though evidence of the existence of infantile paralysis has been found in the ancient tombs of Egypt and in the rare art of over 2,000 years ago, it was not until 1835 that an English doctor by the name of Badham, and in 1840 a German orthopedic surgeon, Jacob Heine, first made actual reports on a number of cases of the disease in their respective countries. These reports are regarded as the first scientific approaches to infantile paralysis.

Heine, searching for a name for the disease, was the first to term this affliction of the central nervous system "anterior poliomyelitis," meaning inflammation of the anterior horn cells of the gray matter of the spinal cord. This is the medical term used in almost all scientific volumes on the subject. The more commonly accepted name, "infantile paralysis," is actually a misnomer. Not only infants are susceptible to the disease; plenty of adults and even middle-aged persons have been stricken too.

Dr. Heine's discovery was all the more remarkable because at the time he made his first investigations there had never been an actual epidemic of infantile paralysis reported anywhere. He made all his observations from isolated cases (only twenty-seven in all). Dr. Badham, in his writings, reported only four cases, which he described as "remarkable cases of suddenly induced paralysis in the extremities, occurring in children."

It was not until almost fifty years later that the first epidemic of infantile paralysis was recorded. This was in Sweden in 1887, and the epidemic was a severe one which baffled the world of science and medicine. Since that time there have been few, if any, interruptions in the constant search for the answer to this mysterious disease and its cure.

Seven years later the first epidemic of infantile paralysis struck the United States, taking its toll of the children of Vermont. A Vermont doctor, Charles Caverly, published several papers describing the disease and calling the attention of other American doctors to its unknown dangers. Thereafter Dr. Caverly devoted much of his time to the study of it, but discovered little. In 1914 he found that he must write another treatise on a new epidemic in his native state. Since then, thousands of papers and many books on the subject have been published, as interest and knowledge have steadily increased.

Infantile paralysis is common in every country in the world, even the Arctic regions, but the United States, northern Europe, Canada, and regions of the same climate in the Southern Hemisphere have been found to have higher percentages of victims per capita than other countries. Infantile paralysis is considered a summer disease, so one might naturally assume that this means a warm-weather disease, but the fact is that it is less severe in tropical climates than in temperate zones.

Though every state in the Union has passed a regulation (some as early as 1909-10) requiring physicians to report all cases of infantile paralysis that they discover, it is nevertheless difficult to obtain any accurate statistics on the victims of the disease. This country has had many epidemics of infantile paralysis, the worst of which was in 1916, when more than 27,000 cases were reported. During non-epidemic years usually fewer than 5,000 cases are reported.

The fact that 50 to 80 per cent of infantile paralysis victims never become paralyzed means that many more cases are never reported, for diagnosing the milder forms of the disease is so difficult as to be almost impossible.

Though medical science is still baffled by this enigmatic disease, certain things about it have been definitely established. It is a virus disease. A virus is a microorganism which differs from germs and bacteria in that it can only multiply at the expense of living cells. Also, the virus is much smaller than other types of microorganic cause of disease. The polio virus, for example, is so small that it has never been filtered. No filter yet made is fine enough to sieve it out. There have been reports from scientists in Sweden that what is believed to be the polio virus has been detected under the electron-microscope. These reports, however, are not confirmed with certainty.

There are several schools of thought as to how the polio virus enters the system of its victim. One is that it enters by way of the respiratory tract —is inhaled in breathing. Another is that it enters by way of the gastro-intestinal tract, in food and drink. Both of these theories have been pretty well proved by means of laboratory experiments. It has also been established that houseflies can carry the virus.

Once in the system, the virus has two favorite places where it lodges—in the intestinal tract, and in certain parts of the spinal cord (or central nervous system). In the intestinal tract there are three courses the virus may take. In the first place, it may encounter an immunity in its host and thus cause no harm. Many people are immune to the disease, though they can nevertheless be carriers of it. How an immunity comes about in some people, science is not sure.

Four-year-old Gerry King, a victim of infantile paralysis, with Mrs. Roosevelt and Dorothy Lamour at the President's birthday party in the White House.

Under Sister Kenny's guidance, this child re-learns the use of muscles which have been paralyzed by poliomyelitis.

The second course that the virus may take is to cause disturbances of the intestinal tract without going any further. The actual harm that it does in the intestines is not fully known, but any number of symptoms may result, such as diarrhea or constipation. These disorders are usually only temporary. Once the virus is expelled from the system, as it eventually is, the disorders disappear.

The third course of the virus is by far the most dangerous. For, in a host who is in no way equipped to combat it adequately, it spreads until it attacks the so-called anterior horn cells of the spinal cord.

Perhaps this rather complex term needs a little explanation. Inside the spine there is, as we all know, a spinal cord that runs all the way from the base of the brain to the last vertebra. This cord is composed of white and gray matter. The gray matter is arranged in what are known, from their appearance in a cross section, as horns. Almost all the nerves that control the body stem from it—those governing locomotion, from the front or anterior part of the cord; the sensory nerves, from the back or posterior part. The polio virus does most of its destructive damage to the anterior horn cells, and thus does most damage to the nerves of locomotion of its victim.

But even after the virus has attacked the nerve cells of the spine there is still hope that paralysis—or at least, permanent paralysis—will not ensue. This all depends on how severe the destruction wrought by the virus is. In fact, there is a good chance of eventual recovery. The virus may attack the delicate nerve cells but be overcome by the system before it can do any damage. For the system fights with all its might at the first sign of danger.

Even nerve cells that are attacked and damaged may recuperate in time. In this case temporary paralysis occurs, but eventually the body repairs itself and after a few months (usually six to nine) the paralysis leaves. Or, if some cells do not recover, others learn to take their places and perform their functions, thus overcoming the effects of paralysis.

The gravest possibility is that a great number of the nerve cells are attacked and, not being strong enough to withstand the onslaught, are killed. Once a nerve cell is completely destroyed, it can never be replaced. And when the nerve is dead the muscular action of whatever limb it controls is automatically knocked out. The muscles move and react only as they are told to do by a nerve. Without this impetus a muscle is flaccid and eventually withers and becomes immobile.

FORTUNATELY, the human body is equipped with numerous nerves and muscles for each limb. At times, if only a few nerves are dead and render only a few muscles useless, other muscles, created perhaps for a different purpose, can be taught to do the work of the useless ones.

Years ago, when a doctor came across a case of severe infantile paralysis, he treated the symptoms as best he could; but when paralysis became very marked he was sure that immobilizing the afflicted limb was the only course. He had been taught that moving the patient's stiffened limbs was dangerous, and therefore the best course was to apply splints and braces and make the child as comfortable as possible.

Then, after the first spasms of the disease had taken their toll, the child could (if necessary, without fee) be sent to Warm Springs or another such place for further treatment by what is known as hydrotherapy.

Today the story is a different one. Take the case of eleven-year-old Johnny. (We take Johnny rather than Mary, for infantile paralysis is more frequent in male children than in female.)

Chances are that in Johnny's case nothing much will be determined during the very first stages of the illness. It takes up to two weeks for the virus to incubate in the system, and thereafter come the first indications that Johnny is not "up to snuff." He is tired, inert, and listless. As time goes by, he becomes irritable and loses his appetite. He may complain of headache. Perhaps he has diarrhea or constipation. At this point the family starts giving forth with home diagnoses. Grandma's verdict is the usual "Too much candy!" Dad ventures, "He seems just plain out of sorts a little." But Mother, in defense, may say, "Leave the child alone. He's got a temperature—maybe it's the grippe."

Though any or all of these symptoms may be manifest, and possibly many more, the fact is that the polio virus may be well on its way to crippling little Johnny for weeks, months, or even years.

On the other hand, the true cause of Johnny's symptoms may never be known. Many (in fact, most) children contract the disease too mildly to become paralyzed; others may die before paralysis sets in.

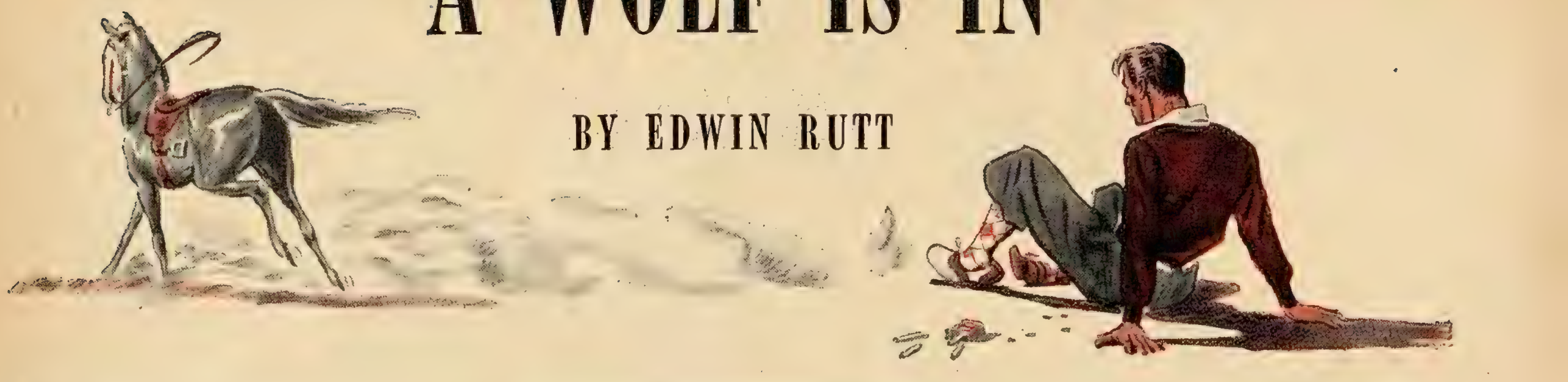
But let's be optimistic and assume that Johnny's family does call a physician in time, and that after viewing the symptoms the doctor makes a diagnosis of infantile paralysis.

Johnny is rushed to a hospital, where treatments will start *immediately*. The treatment originated by that famous

(*Continued on page 55*)

A WOLF IS IN

BY EDWIN RUTT



It all began with riding lessons, and before it ended, a horse, a dog, and a wolf had played a part in Freddy's love life. A romantic comedy with plenty of laughs

IT is while I am waiting to be induced into the Army that I have further trouble with this girl, Connie Parker. Why I put up with the fads, foibles, and phases of said female, I will never know. I guess I am just America's Number One sucker for midnight-blue eyes.

Consider! Ever since we used to wave teething rings at each other from our respective baby buggies, I have been head man in Connie Parker's life. Er—correction: In general, myself rates as head man. But there have been lapses and hiatuses (hiatii, maybe) when Constance has strayed off the reservation to bask in the sunshine of an alien smile.

Like recently, when Frederick Sandford—me—is denied entry into the armed forces on account I sport a set of molars that would draw a snicker of amusement from a nonagenarian. During this black period Miss Parker takes a nine-count for a millionaire guy from the Parachute Corps and it requires all my perspicacity, plus a shove from kismet, to restore the status quote.

Coincident with that, the Army decides it would be illogical to entrust the pushing-in of Adolf (Heil, Heel) Hitler's puss solely to a bevy of beavers and lowers the dental requirements. Which puts me and General Marshall, roughly, in the same league. And Connie, discovering to her mortification that the parachuter has already bespoke some dame in New York, flies back to my arms. And I take her back. Wishy-washy is the hyphenated word for Frederick.

Follow some blissful weeks. Then:

I haul the jaloppy over to the Parkers' one morning and honk raucously, which is the signal for the queen to fall out. The queen falls, in a riding habit. I think nothing of this, however, me being accustomed to the various fantastic garbs affected by the womanhood of our community.

"Oh, hello, Freddy," says Connie, preoccupied. "What do you want?"

I prick up the Sandford ears.

"What I want," I says, "is your company and undivided attention. It won't be long now before the Army gets the best potato peeler in Shadow Orchard. Consequently, even Mr. Ickes couldn't object if we blew ourselves to a breeze around the countryside. In this." I pat the side of the jalop affectionately.

But Connie shakes her head. "It's impossible, Freddy. I have to take a riding lesson."

"Riding lesson?" I says. "Since when are you taking riding lessons?"

"Since last week," she says, and there is a faraway look in the Mediterranean eyes.

"Why," I says, "have I not been informed of this?"

"Listen, Freddy," Connie says. "I am aware that you and I are engaged, to some extent. But that does not mean that you own me, body and soul. I have a right to a private life."

"What," I says, "is private about chasing up hill and down dale sitting on a horse?"

"Oh, Freddy," says Connie, and she taps a riding crop against a riding boot, signifying impatience, "don't let's argue! You run along now and I'll see you tonight."

I am somewhat nettled. I have only a little time left with her and here I have to split it with a horse.

"Maybe you will," I says snappishly. "Then, again, maybe you won't."

"Any way you want it, Freddy," Connie says. She turns and goes back into the house.

Well, I head for Al's, which is a soda fountain with a drugstore tacked onto it as an afterthought. In a vague way I recognize that here is a new development to cope with. And I can always cope better in the proximity of one of Al's jumbo cherry marshmallows.

Al confects the confection and I wave the spoon a couple of times and the confection disappears.

"Rack up another, Al," I says.

He does so. Then he lays his finger against his nose and looks at me. "I am surprised, Freddy," he says, "to find your appetite so good."

"And what," I inquire, "should be wrong with my appetite?"

"Oh, nothing, probably," says Al. "Probably I have just got an imagination."

I peer at him. "Al," I says, "pull yourself together."

"What I mean, Freddy," Al says, "is that ever since you made the grade for the Army, you have done a good deal of talking and dreaming about how you will shine as a soldier. I'd lay a bet, I would, that you picture yourself as the Sergeant York of this war. And while you are dreaming, around you—well, gives monkey business."

"Al," I says, and my voice holds a note of warning.

"I refer," says Al, suddenly brisk, "to Avery Peacock, the new riding master up at the riding academy."

Light breaks. I clutch the soda fountain with both hands because I am reeling on the stool.

"Al," I says hoarsely, "do you mean that . . ."

"Freddy," Al says, "I speak to you like a friend. In the past week they frequent this establishment not once but several times. And I do not care for the way this Avery Peacock looks at your girl. He looks at her," Al says, "like she is a maple-nut sundae with whipped cream and a maraschino."

Well, I totter from the soda bar and it's a wonder somebody doesn't pounce on my legs for the scrap-rubber drive. Shaken is the word for Frederick. Then, in the jaloppy, I sit and think. This news is disquieting, because I have seen Avery Peacock a couple of times, and to me he looks anything but a pushover.

He is a big guy, about twenty-five, with black hair and reckless eyes. You know, like Clark Gable. He walks with a swagger, as if he holds a mortgage on the town. I am prepared to bet, too, that he talks as big as he acts. Such a one might easily turn Connie Parker's head. Much as I love her, I have to admit that Connie is susceptible. But susceptible.

FREDERICK, I mutter, a wolf is in, all right. But that is no reason for you to go off half-cocked. Watch and wait, Frederick!

In the next few days I do both those things. And I am not reassured. If I phone Connie by day she is either just going, or has gone, to a riding lesson. If I phone by night and suggest that we operate on an oriental, she is too tired and/or too stiff. The net is: My love life is a complete flop.

I am a one to ponder a problem and then plot a course of action. Wherefore, having pondered and plotted, I show up at Connie's early one morning. I loll at ease in the car and presently herself comes out. Her get-up typifies what the well dressed horsewoman will wear.

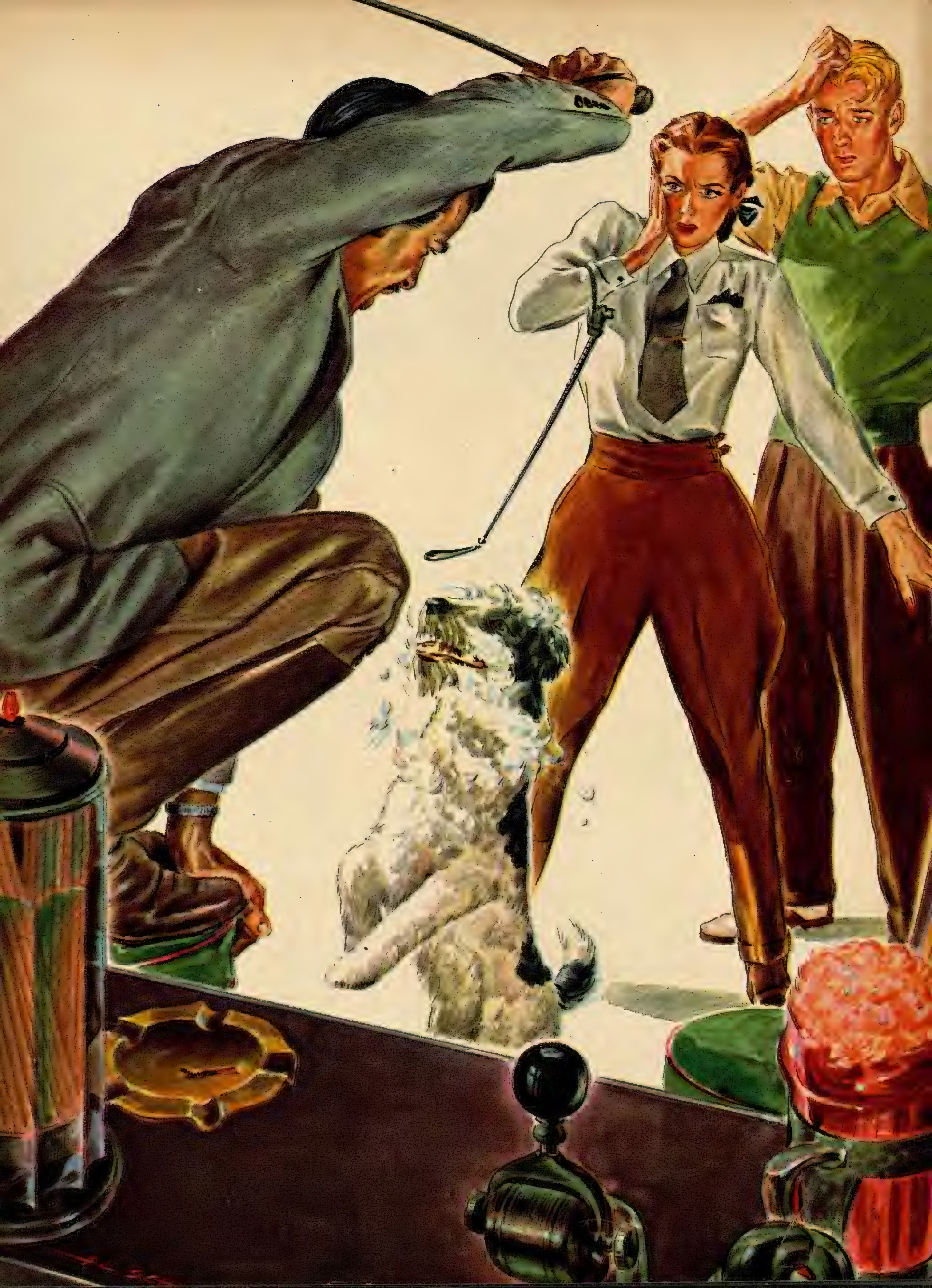
"Freddy," she says sharply, "what are you doing here? I can't . . ." She breaks off and stares at me. "Where on earth are you going in that rig—clam-digging?"

The beauty refers to a pair of antique

(*Continued on page 47*)

The pooch leaps toward Avery, who takes a cut at him with the crop.

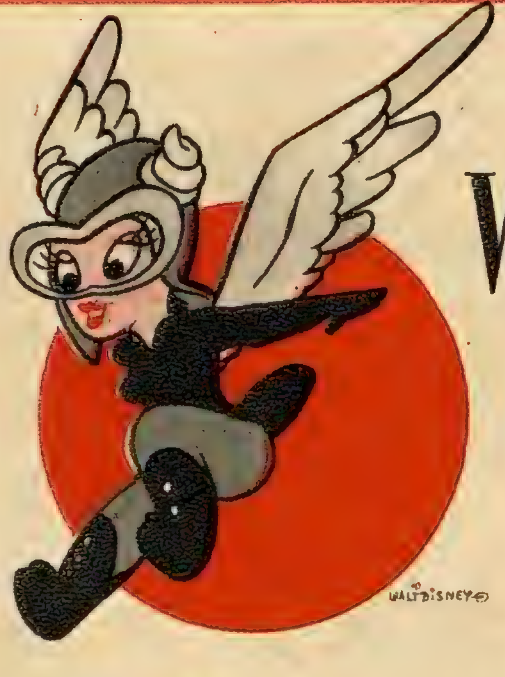
ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



PHOTOS FROM U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS AND FLYING TRAININ

A graduating class of "Fifinellas" passes in review at the Women's Pilot Training School at Sweetwater, Texas.

OUR WOMEN WARBIRDS



BY FRANK J. TAYLOR

The war in the air is a woman's war, too. Hundreds of girls are qualifying as pilots to take over Army flying jobs

WHILE ferrying warplanes early in 1942, Jacqueline Cochran, chic and indomitable racing flyer and aerial pathfinder, hit upon an idea that has created a vital new field of military service for women. Why not train women flyers for routine Army flying tasks, thus releasing men pilots for more important duties, she proposed to Major General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the fast expanding A. A. F.

Today the WASPs (Women's Air Force Service Pilots), as the Army's women warbirds are known, number in the hundreds and are growing rapidly. They ferry planes from production centers to A. A. F. air depots, training fields, and overseas embarkation bases. They tow aerial targets upon which the cadet fighters and gunners sharpen their shooting eyes. Repeatedly Army officers, clambering into aircraft to be flown on missions in this country, have discovered to their astonishment that beneath the earphones of the pilot in jumpers and leather flying jacket in the cockpit is a shock of bobbed hair. She's a graduated WASP from Avenger Field, the A. A. F.'s school for women pilots at Sweetwater, Texas.

Avenger Field is well named. Three fourths of the women flyers have husbands, fathers, brothers, or fiancés in the armed services. Some are war widows, flying to avenge. Before this alert unit could be activated, its dynamic director of Women's Flying Training, who is Mrs. Floyd B. Odlum in private life, overcame hurdles that might have discouraged a less zealous flying enthusiast. Although intrigued with the idea of using women pilots, General Arnold had to be shown. "Jackie" Cochran, first woman to fly a bomber across the Atlantic for delivery in England, had demonstrated that women could ferry certain types of warplanes as well as men. To prove the mettle of sister pilots, Miss Cochran, after receiving the go-ahead from our own Air Force officials, accepted the invitation of the British air authorities to recruit a squadron of twenty-five women, take them to England, and try them out under war conditions. On the showing of these pioneers depended the organized use of woman pilots at home. They saw exciting service in England. Most of them are still there, ferrying everything from Hurricanes and Spitfires up through the heavier two-engine type bombers. They are in the uniform of the British Air Transport Auxiliary.

Six months later Miss Cochran was back in the general's office in Washington. Her squadron had delivered sufficiently so that the British Air Transport Auxiliary desired more women pilots from the United States.

But conditions had also changed at home. When the squadron first left for England there was a shortage of planes to train all the men; now planes were rolling down the production line so fast that it looked as if there would soon be a shortage of pilots to ferry them overseas. The Army Air Transport Command had decided to hire well qualified women pilots who were not already in England, but soon discovered that there were only about twenty-five obtainable who could meet its rigid requirements. So, instead of going back to England with more pilots, Miss Cochran was appointed director of Women's Flying Training by General Arnold and instructed to get busy with a training program. Nothing like this had ever been attempted before. She had to start from scratch.

To the 3,000 women in the country holding pilots' licenses she addressed letters inviting them to volunteer for Army flying training. Then she hurried to Houston, Texas, where the A. A. F. Training Command directed her to launch the school in a portion of an airfield taken over by the Army. Women

WASPs going aloft on a target-towing mission at an Army airfield.

Back on the ground and all smiles after her first solo.

flyers applied from nearly every state. Each was personally interviewed. From this group of eager candidates Miss Cochran hand-picked the pioneer class for twenty-four weeks' training and promised others their chance in new classes to be inaugurated each month.

At Houston the future WASPs—known as Fifinellas while in training—discovered that they had signed up for no picnic. Each had to pass the rigid Army "64" physical test, the same required of male flying cadets. Each trainee had to be between twenty-one and thirty-four years old; to be at least 62.5 inches tall, with 200 hours of flying experience (a requirement which has been reduced now to 35 hours, enough so that a candidate knows whether she likes to fly or not). Once enrolled, her day was regimented from 6 A. M. reveille to 10 P. M. lights out. Except during the 24-hour week-end open post, she gave up all dates; she bored into mathematics, physics, meteorology, navigation books; she spent endless hours taking off, flying a fixed course, landing, then repeated the routine until she learned to fly by procedure the Army way. She drilled, marched to class in squadrons, ate Army chow, put away her pretties, flew in "zoot suits"—Army overalls—lived in barracks, with a plain pineboard locker to call home. Although not formally inducted and still a civilian, she was in the Army for the duration.

THE first two classes zoomed through training at Houston with such éclat that the A. A. F. Training Command assigned the Fifinellas an entire field at Sweetwater, Texas, on the lonely prairie 200 miles west of Fort Worth. Over 500 strong, they have been there since early in 1943, in what is the A. A. F.'s most extraordinary training base. Fifinella, incidentally, is the little sister of the Gremlin. But where he is a bad actor, unscrewing bolts and plugging up gas lines, she is a good pixie who helps flyers. The pioneer class chose Fifinella, drawn by Walt Disney, as its insigne. Every girl wears it on her blouse when she graduates.

Recently I dropped in on Avenger Field in an Army plane. The visit was an eye-opener. The air buzzed with planes, low-winged Fairchilds, Vultee Trainers, North Americans, twin-engine Cessnas. The field roared with craft taking off, others landing and taxiing, under instructions from the control tower. In front of operations and in the ready room were scores of freckled, sunburned young women in jumpers and goggles, studying manuals while they awaited their turn at the controls. Behind operations were the barracks and classrooms. Squadrons sang as they marched to and from classes. In the Link Trainer room a dozen pilots in the making were flying navigational courses.

In barracks, the women live six to a bay in surroundings as severe as those in a men's training base. The school is run on a strictly military basis. Founder Cochran wasn't there. The program having advanced to the point where hundreds of pilots were going into the various using agencies of the Army Air Forces, Miss Cochran had been promoted to a position in Washington on General Arnold's staff as Special Assistant to Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Operations, Commitments and Requirements, and Director of Women Pilots and head of the WASPs—which took over the previous independent segments known as Fifinellas and WAFS. The dean of women at Avenger Field was a diminutive Texan, Mrs. Cliff Deaton, former swimming teacher and Red Cross administrator. "Deatie" knew every girl in the 500 at Avenger Field. With her I set out to interview at random some of the WASP trainees. I wanted to see what made them fly.

The first girl I encountered was Patti McLemore Canada, from Portland, Oregon, the holder of an engineering degree from the University of Tennessee. Patti (every one goes by her first name at Avenger Field) is a swimmer, a golf champion, a crack bowler. She had worked for Consolidated Freightways and Columbia Aircraft, where she helped build some of the planes she now flies, and was shop superintendent at an Army Transport sub-depot at Great Falls, Montana, before she joined the school. Her husband, an instructor in the A. A. F. school at Oxnard, California, taught her to fly.

Next was Hazel Lee, a slender Chinese girl, also born in Portland, Oregon, who learned to fly in 1933, then made a trip to her family home in China, where she flew for the Chinese Air Force and luckily escaped from Hong Kong before the Japs captured the city. Hazel's ambition is to go back to China to fly for the Generalissimo. Her brother, Vic Lee, is in a U. S. Army tank destroyer battalion. Once, while on cross-country flight in Texas, she made a forced landing. A farmer rushed up, pitchfork in hand, and demanded, "Are you a Jap?" "No, no," protested Hazel vigorously. "Chinese girl."

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Anne Armstrong McLellan was majoring in aeronautics at San Jose State College in California when she met her flyer husband at near-by Moffett Field. He was in the Army's gallant but doomed flying force on Bataan, and has been missing in action since the Japs overwhelmed the Philippines. "The most military work I can do until he comes back is ferrying planes," said Anne. "So here I am."

Anna Kivimaki, of Finnish forebears, came to Avenger Field from Mason, New Hampshire, learned to fly in 1938 at Curtiss Field, New York, then worked in an aviation factory, drove a dog team on a medical mission in Newfoundland, served in an ambulance unit in Finland, and finally jumped at a chance to train for WASP service. Her brother, Lieutenant Toivo Kivimaki, is already a flyer in the A. A. F.

"They all have propellers in their heads," said Mrs. Deaton, as we met more of the Fifinellas and WASPs; heard their stories. Betty Tackaberry was in Honolulu when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor; her husband was on a ship the Japs sank in the harbor and is now out on the Pacific helping to even the score. Ruth Hellman, from New York, mother of two small children, had a husband officer in the Air

(*Continued on page 72*)

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

An unexpected reunion with Ann and the pursuit of a stranger in the night lead Johnny back to the deserted ship, where he surprises an old enemy in a mysterious search

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ALL Havana was agog over the mystery of the Emmaline Quincy of the Gustafson Line, found abandoned in the Old Bahama Channel. She was brought into port by a salvage crew headed by Johnny Angel, grandson of the vanished captain of the Quincy.

Though no one was aware of it, there was some one aboard—Ann Wingate, young newspaperwoman. Ann could have told how the Quincy was abandoned, but before divulging her information she was determined to find a certain man and to get to the bottom of the evil things she had witnessed.

Mingling unobtrusively with the flock of reporters and officials that crowded the ship the moment she was moored, Ann met Johnny Angel, torn with bitter grief at his grandfather's disappearance and sure that only violence and trickery would have made the old man abandon his ship.

Johnny said the first person he would look for would be Mike Flavin, first mate of the Emmaline Quincy and an undesirable character who had been a rumrunner for the Jewell brothers during prohibition.

Sam and Paul Jewell were now proprietors of night clubs, the Jewel Box, in Buenos Aires and in Havana.

Ann's sympathy for Johnny created a bond between them, and, in order to avoid further involvement, she left the boat at the first opportunity.

In a cab driven by quaint "Mr. Celestial" O'Brien, she went to the Jewel Box. There she was astonished to meet Lilah Partridge, gold digger extraordinary, whom Ann had known in New York. Lilah was the wife of Gustaf Gustafson, heir to the Gustafson Line.

Bells rang in Ann's mind: Gustafson, the Emmaline Quincy, Mike Flavin, Sam Jewell! Suddenly a sense of danger assailed her. She wished Johnny Angel was beside her.

PART TWO

WHEN Johnny Angel came up from Mr. Johanson's cabin, the police officer who had wished Ann good night said, "The rain is over, señor." Johnny hurried forward without replying. The Cuban sighed. There was a mystery here, a ship without a crew in the middle of the sea, and a man had lost his grandfather. But need he also lose his manners?

Johnny came back then.

"Somebody go ashore while I was below?" he asked.

"Only the young lady, señor."

"When did she go?"

The Cuban shrugged. "Ten minutes ago, perhaps. Or twenty. How is one to tell, señor, when the girl is pretty?"

Johnny throttled an impulse to go hollering along the pier, "Scoop, come back here!" or something like that. She could be halfway across Havana by this. She was a swell girl, he'd told her, but he had things on his mind, and she'd better keep her name to herself, he'd told her. Then his lips on hers had surprised him with the information that he had stepped into something he didn't think he'd want to step out of ever, and he'd forgotten that what he had to do about Mike Flavin was the sort of thing a man did alone, or not at all.

Below, he and Bush had pulled the cabin apart, looking for some clue to the identity of the man who had occupied it. Flavin? No. Flavin wouldn't have remained aboard. But who would have, without making his presence known?

Pushing into the captain's cabin, Johnny sat down on the edge of the bunk and took out of his pocket a small object which glittered maliciously at him. It was a tiny gold elephant, beautifully fashioned and no larger than half of his little fingernail. He had found it on the floor of Mr. Johanson's cabin. Elephant charms were lucky, and this one, Johnny supposed, had dropped from somebody's watch chain. Not from Mr. Johanson's, however, for the chief engineer, Johnny distinctly remembered, wore a rawhide watch fob with a two-*krone* piece suspended from it. He had just put the little elephant away when Mr. Abernethy, the Gustafson agent, appeared in the doorway.

Mr. Abernethy had sharp eyes set in a pinch-bottle face, and more than a touch of horse-radish in his manner. He liked to tell you that he had lived in Havana for forty years without catching cold, a circumstance which he attributed solely to Cuban leaf, Bacardi, and limes. It was said of Mr. Abernethy that there wasn't a bottle in all of Cuba that could put him under the table.

"I thought you'd gone," Johnny said.

"I came back." Mr. Abernethy hung his umbrella from the table top, took the button-back chair, and lighted a cigar with a macabre sort of pleasure. "So there was some one aboard the Quincy, after all. My ears could hardly believe themselves, Johnny."

"I don't blame them."

"Six men come aboard what looks like an abandoned freighter," Mr. Abernethy continued acidly. "Although, with her Jacob's ladder lying on her deck, it's hard to see how it could have been assumed that she was entirely abandoned. But when they go through her, from keelson to crow's-nest, they find nobody aboard. They have thirty hours in which to bring her into port. Yet all the time somebody's thumbing his nose at them down in the chief's cabin. Johnny, your grandfather would have been ashamed of you."

"Shall I cut my throat in your lap?"

"Let me finish my cigar first."

"Who told you the news?" Johnny asked.

"Bush and that policeman were talking as I came up. Johnny," Mr. Abernethy said, "have you any ideas?"

"There's about two feet of water below," Johnny said. "How do you suppose it got there? The sea cocks are in the engine room, easy to get at. They have six-inch valves. The valve openings are below the level of the water, but the valve handles are a couple of inches above it. I tried the handles. They work fairly freely. Suppose some one opened those valves."

Mr. Abernethy tufted his eyebrows. "Who?"

"Mike Flavin."

"Tomorrow we'll have a look at her cargo."

"IT wasn't cargo!" said Johnny vehemently. "There was something else on the Quincy. Something not listed in her manifests and worth all the dough in the world to make Mike Flavin do what he did. Something he could handle. That cabin back of the owner's was padlocked. The padlock was sealed. Both are broken—the padlock and the seal."

"We discussed all that."

"But nobody said anything."

"I don't know what was in that cabin, Johnny."

Johnny stared hard at Mr. Abernethy, then said, "Her cargo won't tell us anything."

"That is the general impression."

"This is how I see it. Mike Flavin and his boys—part of the crew—took the ship. Some small craft intercepted her. They shifted the loot to the small craft, opened the sea cocks, and abandoned her. They had an airtight story ready—a swell story: The Quincy had been torpedoed, and they'd been adrift in an open boat until they were picked up. Only, something went wrong. The Quincy didn't go down. Somebody closed the sea cocks. That's why those dogs daren't show their faces! And the guy that closed the sea cocks was that fellow in Johanson's cabin. He pulled up the ladder. And I don't mean Flavin and his men just walked off the ship know-

(*Continued on page 61*)

Johnny managed to clamp his hand around the fellow's gun wrist.

HOOK ON! STAND BY! GO!

BY HAL GOODWIN
T/Sgt. U.S.M.C.R.

THEY have no war cry such as the Army's "Geronimo!" nor do they call themselves "Supermen." No one gives them a pep talk before each jump, and for a war song they appear satisfied with From the Halls of Montezuma. The Marine Corps Paratroopers have no need of such morale-boosting devices, for they are, after all, Marines.

The term "Paramarines" is restricted to publication and official usage. Those who leap into space under the aegis of the Marine Corps call themselves simply "the Troops," an exclusive brotherhood of youthful warriors who are tough even by tough Marine Corps standards.

Of course parachute jumping is spectacular. But a parachute is only a means of rapid transportation. In actual combat it plays only a ten-second part. That may explain why the Troops take their hazardous business for granted.

A Marine Paratrooper is the first to deny that he is a glamorous figure. Even the jumps themselves are shorn of ceremony and derring-do by the terse, rapid commands:

"HOOK ON!"

(Take the static line from your shoulder and hook it to the cable down the center of the plane. Get into line.)

"STAND BY!"

(Get into position, ready to move fast. If you haven't very many jumps under your belt, it is also the signal to mutter, "What-am-I-doing-here-I-must-be-crazy.")

"GO!"

(Get moving! As you reach the door, go out in a flat dive. No slightest hesitation. Remember, the Marines unload a plane fast! Six seconds for a full planeload of Marines isn't too good. They've done it in four!)

They call themselves simply "the Troops," but they're an exclusive brotherhood of warriors tough even by Marine standards

No time is wasted on *"GO!"* The jumpers crowd down the aisle, intent on just one thing—getting through that door! Men have slipped on the fluted aluminum deck and have continued toward the door on hands and knees; others have bumped together and have gone out side by side. So fast do the men dive out that they are often actually touching. Once outside, the propblast spins them apart. This is no "stunt" but a practical means of keeping the men together. Squads that land widely separated are extremely vulnerable.

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

A Marine student paratrooper at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, diving in the harness which is used to condition him to the opening shock of a parachute jump.

Find a distant vantage point and watch the Marines go out. Feel the rhythm of the jump as you watch. Tiny figures hurtle clear of the plane in fast, regular succession, sixteenth notes on a giant musical score. The unfolding chutes string out like wraiths of smoke, then inflate like weird sky flowers. If you were close enough you could hear the rapid, regular *crack, crack, crack,* like strokes of a mighty whip.

The chutes touch the ground in an incredibly short time. If the jump is made by students, it may be from an altitude of nearly a thousand feet, not more. If the jumpers are veterans, it will be from five hundred or less. If it's an experimental jump, hang on to your nerves. The Marines have landed from as low as two hundred and fifty feet!

Low altitude? Mister, you ain't just beatin' your gums! Listen to a Marine who jumped from that height:

"The jumpmaster said 'GO,' and I went out the door, got my opening shock, and—*wham!*—I hit the deck. Just like that."

Marines who volunteer for parachute duty are sent to the schools at Camp Gillespie (Santee) near San Diego, and Camp Lejune (Hadnot Point) at the huge New River, North Carolina, base. Not all who volunteer, however, are chosen. The first requirement is to pass the Navy's stiff modified flight physical examination.

Once this first hurdle is past, a new life opens to the would-be trooper. He completed the rigorous boot training early in his Marine career. Since then he has probably been in training with a regular Marine outfit. He's tough. He's in shape. He can take anything.

That's what he thinks!

Life begins long before sunrise. The bugle rolls the student out, still half asleep. He climbs into dungarees and joins his classmates on the dark drill field. An instructor barks an order; the student jumps to obey.

Calisthenics. *Hup, two, three, four. Hup, two, three, four.* The cadence pounds at him endlessly through front sweeps, crisscrosses, shoulder rolls, front kicks, deep knee bends, and dozens of others.

The exercises end. The student stands at ease for a moment. His knees feel like rusty hinges. Those knee bends are murder.

The instructor is offensively cheerful. He has done all the calisthenics without effort. Now he says, "Pretty good for the first morning. You just doped off a few times. So we'll run half a mile."

Only half a mile. Nice of him! The students get through it, only to get more calisthenics and a longer run later in the day. Before Checkout Day, three weeks hence, they will be doing over three hundred deep knee bends, will

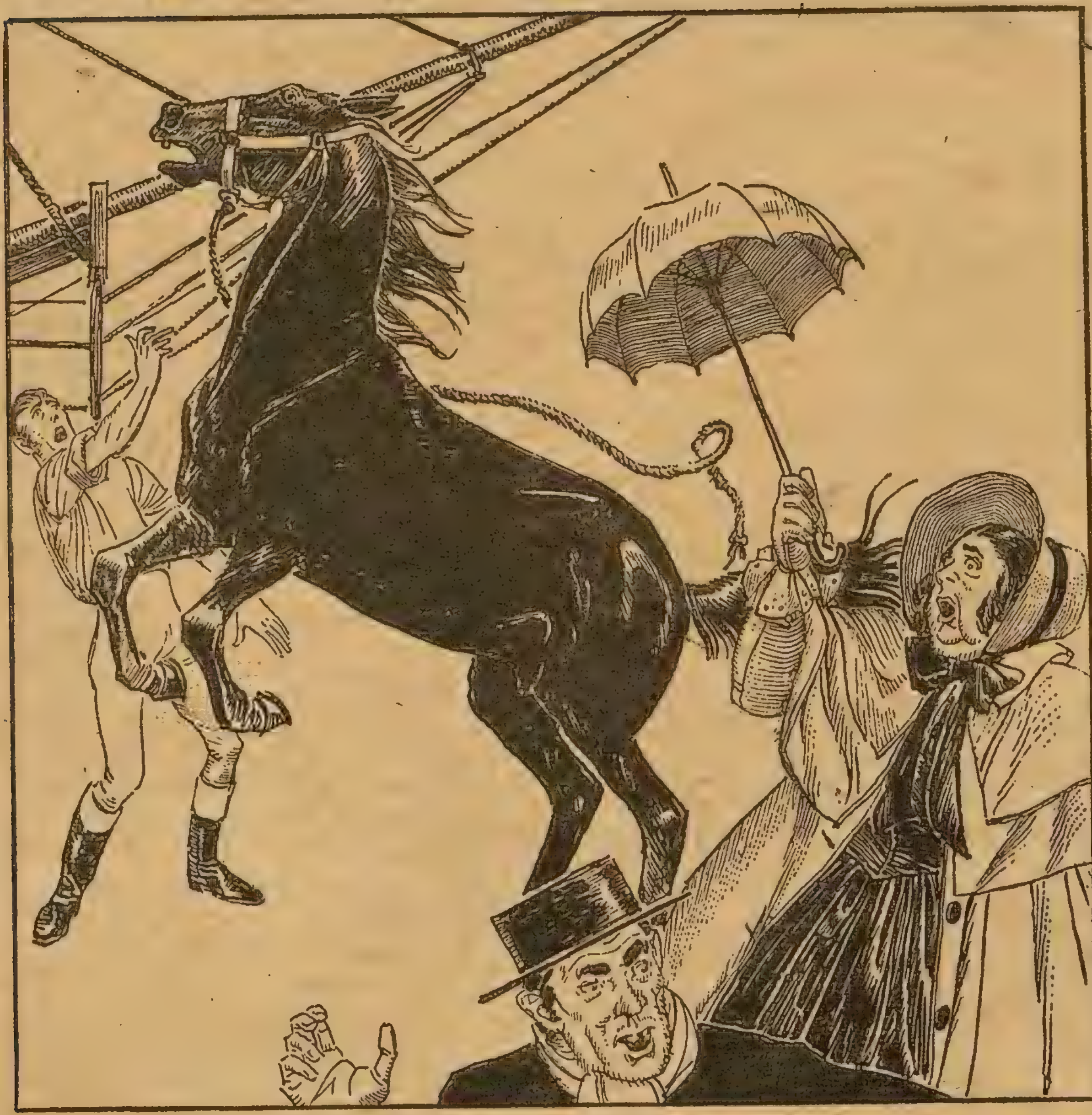
(*Continued on page 56*)

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

RED RASKALL

A Condensation of the Novel by

CLARK McMEEKIN



This is the story of Lark Shannon who loved the man who let her walk alone through danger — a love that led her from England to the colony of Virginia in the New World — and at last to the happiness she so nearly missed.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

LARK drew comfort from his warmth. The touch of the horse's flank under her hand started the fine throbbing pulse in her fingertips. He turned his head. "Madoc," she whispered. "Darling . . . how can I stand losing you? How can I let you go?"

He whinnied softly as she flung her arm over his neck and pressed her face against his throat.

The horse, a thoroughbred sorrel, stood fetlock-deep in the hay of the big box stall. Near by, munching his morning oats, was a sturdy pony, the "parson's pony."

The girl, Lark Shannon, had given them both their allotment of food and water, but it was in Madoc's stall that she lingered. She had ridden and loved this horse since she was a child. He was hers, a free, living, vital part of her very self, of her father who was recently dead, of their life together. . . .

The sense of loneliness, complete and suffocating, came over her. Bethel North had sold Madoc. Bethel had had the power and right to do this.

Next door, across the muddy barn lot, beyond the dripping hawthorn hedge, Lark could see her moving about in the North kitchen, preparing the early Sabbath breakfast, heating water for baths—busy, virtuous Bethel.

Those narrow sloping shoulders, that long, thin, upright neck gave Bethel the ridiculous look of a goose.

There was no give to Bethel, no indecision, no possible hint of imagination, and Lark found this a frightening thing. She knew that she hated Bethel, and remembering her father's steady doctrine of love, Lark was ashamed.

Lark's suspicion of her own unworthiness had begun on the very evening, weeks past, when her father, Jack Shannon, had come jogging home in the pony cart dead, his thick kindly body slumped against the dashboard, the lines trailing on the road.

"A merciful death," Bethel North had said, taking Lark

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in hand at once. "Our home is open to you, Lark. Now control yourself. Who are we to question God's wisdom?"

But Lark, in the first flood of her grief, had rebelled against this persuasion that death in the midst of life is a privilege. It almost seemed to her that Bethel felt the quick and merciful manner of Jack Shannon's death made up for the loss of Jack Shannon, and Lark had shown her resentment of this strongly.

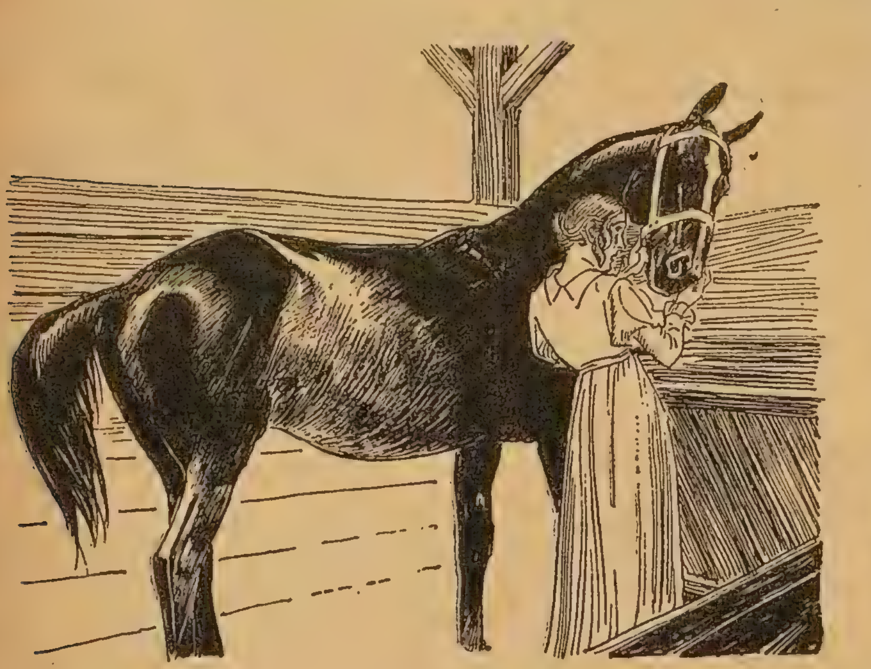
Lark knew that her foolish outburst had now cost her Madoc. Leaning against the comfort and warmth of Madoc's neck, she relived last night's conversation.

"The back taxes will leave very little from the sale of rector's house," Bethel had said bluntly, addressing Lark through old Jaggers, Bethel's kindly, ineffectual husband.

"A rector of the church," Bethel had gone on, "who didn't keep his own hour in mind is hard to understand, a rector who leaves his child to be a care on neighbors."

And Lark, fighting back the tears of helpless anger, had said as stupid and perhaps as wicked a thing as she could have concocted after an hour's thought, she realized now.

"I plan to leave England for America, Bethel. I—I will marry David North. I will go to him with the money my father left me. My father left it for that purpose."



Even as she said it, Lark knew they didn't believe her.

"You are promised to our son, David North?" Bethel had asked. "Why has he never written of this to us?"

Beyond speech now, Lark had merely stared at them.

"You're a great girl of eighteen," Bethel had reminded her. "You claim to be promised to David. Can't you speak?"

And though she remembered, well enough, David's leave-taking, when he had gone to America. . . "I'll come back to get you, Lark, when you're old enough to be a man's wife. Don't cry, my little dear!" . . . She knew it was only the pretty sentimental speech of a man to a child of thirteen. She knew that, but she plunged on, because she couldn't help it, because—because Bethel seemed to will her to, and—and because she really did love David.

"I love David. He said he would come for me, or send for me. I will write to David that I am going out to him."

"Jack Shannon give David the money to go to America," Jaggers had spoken up cautiously. "Maybe he knew Lark was promised—"

"At thirteen?" Bethel had snapped. "I'll tell you what I think, husband. She wasn't promised then. She's not promised now. Lark be a liar."

"I'll take the money from the sale," Lark had said wildly. "I love David. I'll go to him. I'll ship my horse, Madoc, to America to be a dowry to David. My father would have been happy to see me set my feet in the new land with David for a husband and Madoc to start a stable."

"The livery-stable keeper made a good offer for Madoc." Bethel was ignoring Lark, speaking directly to Jaggers. "I shall sell the horse tomorrow. You call to mind, husband, the note I hold of Rector Shannon's? The sale of the horse will clear that note."

Lark had appealed wildly to Jaggers, whose deep-set eyes seemed to hide behind his shaggy gray brows. "Look at me, Jaggers! Bethel can't sell Madoc to a stableman. My father has thorough-blood papers on Madoc in the back of his Bible!"

But Bethel had made up her mind and Bethel's mind was stern. Lark remembered how often her father had remarked that about Bethel—how he had even remonstrated with her about the way she treated David before David went away—suggesting that she allow the boy a bit of freedom. He was determined to go to America, wasn't he, and carve a new life for himself? Why didn't Bethel help him?

Lark remembered the day David had left for America. It had been back in 1811, his twenty-first birthday, and she covered his cheek with thirteen-year-old kisses.

He had gone, with Jack Shannon's blessings and his money to pay for the passage—with Bethel's dismal cautionings, and Lark's clear worship.

He would come back. She didn't tell them, then, because they would have laughed. But she knew it, knew it when he wrote her an occasional letter, was sure of it when he sent her the gift, the red silk handkerchief, which he said was called a Red Raskall. Red, the color of love, the symbol of a warm heart. How happily she had worn it tied about her curls. She had been sixteen then, almost grown up. But then she had heard less often from David, and she knew, now, that he hadn't really meant to send for her.

Yet she had told Bethel that she was promised to him! Had said that she, Lark, loved David North; had laid bare her secret to ridicule, to easy disproof.

All this reviewed itself in Lark's mind while she lingered in Madoc's stall, clinging broken-heartedly to his arching neck. He seemed to know that this was a farewell.

OUTSIDE the village was waking up. Lark could feel the special Sabbath hush and solemnity. Even the Liverpool stage, rumbling along the highway, blew its horn with a certain muffled reverence. The stage was stopping, a rare occasion in the village. The sound of voices came to Lark.

One of the voices was Jaggers North's. Jaggers took a childish delight in watching the daily stage. To have it stop like this, and on a Sunday, too, would be an event to him. Lark wasn't surprised when she heard the crunch of his boots on the path.

Jaggers came in quickly. He nodded to Lark and sat down on a bale of hay, a slight, rugged little man nearing sixty, a tired, mild little man with shaggy brows and a high forehead and kind, unhopeful eyes.

"Wasn't that the stage stopping a minute ago?" Lark asked. "I wonder how it happened to stop here?"

"It do stop now and then." Jaggers' kind little eyes were fixed on Lark. "Would you—Lark, would you want it the way you said it last night at supper? I mean, if it was to come about that David send for you in the new land? Would you be scared to go, honest, now?"

"You know I wouldn't be afraid. It's not that, Jaggers."

"No. No, Lark. I been thinking." He spoke slowly, with great effort and thoughtfulness. "I've always felt to you like you be my own little daughter. . . . Bethel sets store by you, too. Don't think she don't."

Lark said, "It's all right, Jaggers. Don't feel so bad."

"You are a fine sweet girl," Jaggers said. "I been thinking, Lark. I want you should get away from Bethel. A just, strong woman like Bethel isn't the best thing for a girl. What I want to know is just only this: Did David, or did he not, ever ask you plain out to come to him? Just tell me that, Lark."

"He did not. You and Bethel both know that. It was—just a thing I was stung into saying, a stupid foolish thing."

"What I want to say—" Jaggers stopped, thinking how beautiful and dear Lark was, how golden her skin, freckled and uncared-for but clear-shining against the red-gold mass of her hair, how dark-lashed and gray her eyes were.

"If I was to get the money together, some way, would you take it and go to America, Lark? You're sad and full of grief, I know. But if—"

"I'm full of *shame.* I'm no more promised to David than—than to the King of England!"

"You don't love David?"

"Yes," Lark said frantically. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"David had a softness for you, Lark," Jaggers insisted. "He was eighteen, like you be now, and you was a little thing, but soft he was. If you was to write him—"

"Listen," Lark said wearily. "I may have talked like a fool last night, but I have a little sense left, Jaggers. I know it's just that you feel sorry for me. David doesn't want me, and I'm not going to write—"

"It wouldn't be particular necessary for you to go to the trouble of writing," Jaggers said uneasily. "Put on that Red Raskall hankcher, Lark. Tie it pretty about your neck, do. If we was to have extra special unexpected company today, say a bit of company from 'cross the salty, driving up bright and early on the Liverpool stage, say, you'd want to look nice."

"*DAVID is here! You met him on the Liverpool stage! Why didn't you tell me he was coming? Jaggers, what did you tell him?*"

"He came as a clean-out surprise," Jaggers said twice over. "I told him about your father, Lark, but as to you I said but little. . . . He's waiting over to the house. I told him plain not to come here till I fetched you, Lark."

"He's with Bethel. There's no telling what she's said to him. Oh, Jaggers, I'll die! I want to die! Jaggers, I can't go there and face David now."

"I call to memory," Jaggers said wisely, "that David kissed you farewell when he took leave of us all five years back."

She was following Jaggers across the stable court. Coming past the hedge and into the village street, turning there, they could see Bethel waiting in her open door. She looked critically, consideringly at Lark.

"Very fancy," Bethel said. "Very fancy, Miss Lark. Jaggers no doubt told you we've company inside."

Behind Bethel, in that house, David was waiting.

"Well!" Bethel was sharp now. "Where's your tongue? You went on glib enough last night about being promised to marry my son David."

Lark and Jaggers were walking up the path, up the step, and in through the door, into the big dim room, the front room of the North house. The room was made small and stuffy by the tall man standing there, the strange big man in a seaman's reefer, this man with thick black hair, big hands and feet, a great strong nose, and a wide laughing mouth.

"Well!" Bethel gave her a push. "Haven't you the manners to greet David?"

He took a step toward Lark, lifted her in his arms, and kissed her. "My pretty dear," he said. "Lark, it's good to see you, it is that."

"Yes," Lark said, "it is good to see you, too—David. I—we—didn't know you were coming, David. Why didn't you tell us?"

"Time," David said. "Time and money. I came hurriedly to save the one and make the other. I had no chance to write."

Lark thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and the most frightening. She kept watching his mouth, and the neat thick black club of his hair, and the way a button was working loose on his reefer there.

"You see," he went on, "there's money to be made in the Cargoe Riske. Insure the big cargoes against loss. Like the Lloyd's bureau, but rating the vessels cleverly, there's the crux: rate your vessel generously and guard against false claims and looting of cargo by the owners."

Jaggers nodded solemnly and Bethel frowned. "Lloyd's have no proper business. Gambling, I call it," she snapped.

Lark sat cold and tongue-tied, listening to the bells for services at the church.

"Twenty minutes," Bethel said. "Tie up your hair, Lark, and get into decent clothes. Put on your good blue bombazine with the lace collar and cut a great figure."

"I'm not going to service," Lark said. "I'll stay here."

"Very well." Bethel swept from the room. "Service is in twenty minutes, son."

"Not for me." David spat into the fire, accurately, with a certain assured neatness. "I'm clean as a new-farrowed pig. I'll stay here and talk to Lark."

He glanced up and then grinned at Lark.

"The old lady keeps much the same, don't she?" David remarked as they went upstairs for their coats.

"Your father and mother took me in," Lark evaded primly. "They have been more than good to me. Is Norfolk, Virginia, a fine town?" she asked.

David woke to fervor. He spoke of the marshlands and the great natural harbor. Norfolk would be a shipping center, he said, second not even to Boston or New Orleans, in a few years. He spoke glowingly of the interest he had bought in the Cargoe Riske. "Raked every penny," he said, rubbing his big hands together, "every last coin I could borrow. In time I'm going to be rich, Lark."

Bethel came down, bonneted, shawled. She passed through the door, and then turned and said, "Lark, ask David to tell you about Mara Hastings, why don't you?"

"Is Mara Hastings a lady in America?" Lark asked. "Because if she is—some one you are fond of, David, I am happy to hear of it. I wouldn't want you to think"—she paused miserably, and then rushed on—"I wouldn't want you to misunderstand about the silly thing I told Bethel."

"Mistress Mara is a fine lady," David said slowly. "A smart lady. I am friendly to her, and she is to me. It is not a promise. I am not what you'd say a promised man."

"Oh, no, David. I didn't mean—what I want to say is—I—I lost my temper at Bethel last night. I told a wicked lie. I said I was thinking of going to you in America."

"I was afraid," he said simply, "that you—well—had thought too much about me, Lark, while I was gone. From what the old lady said, it seemed maybe you had."

"Oh, I did think about you, David. I thought about you all the time, and missed you. But I didn't—"

"That's fine." David stood up, looked down at her. "It's good to know a man's been missed. But—well—sometimes a girl does sort of get a notion, a very young girl, I mean—"

"I didn't get any notions," Lark said, flushing. "Not any notions at all, David. I just got awfully mad at Bethel. She's sold Madoc, my thoroughbred horse!"

"Well, now, that's too bad. The old man told me something of it. I wish I could help a bit. A horse like Madoc would fetch a price in Virginia now. They're great ones for a race horse in Virginia. Poor little Lark."

DAVID pulled a stool to her feet and sat there. "Don't believe that I've forgot the money your father loaned me—the very money, maybe, that he had to borrow back from the old lady later. And if I had it to spare I'd give it to you to buy Madoc. I don't like to think of leaving you here, Lark, for a fact, I don't. I was thinking—Mara Hastings has a dame school in Norfolk. She could turn you out quite the accomplished lady, Lark. Mara—well, Mistress Mara is very elegant, and she never lacks for a word. She has been friendly to me, and helpful. If I had the money—"

"Even with the money," Lark said doubtfully, "I wouldn't want to go to the dame school, David."

"In a few years"—David wasn't listening to her—"I'll be rich. If I can catch a certain rogue named Matson on this very trip, I will be on the way toward good money. Matson owns ships and has cheated us often. If I catch him, I'll be rich as gravy, Lark."

There was a sound at the door. They both looked up. Jaggers stood there, smiling. He said, "I left Bethel in church. She'll go for me about it. I heard you say you'd take Lark, son, as I knew you must. I can get the money for Lark's passage—from Bethel's iron box, under her bed. It is rightful money for Lark, because her father helped you, David, when you had no way to get help."

"I'm not going to take any money," Lark said. "Jaggers, you can't steal from Bethel! David, he mustn't—"

Jaggers was hurrying up the stairs. David laid his hand on Lark's arm. "Would you like to go to America, Lark? Don't you *want* to marry me, Lark? I thought—but you act—"

"Oh, David, no girl wants a man to—to marry her—if he doesn't love her very much."

"I have said I was fond of you." They could hear Jaggers coming down the stairs. "I think it would be natural, even seemly, Lark, for you to—for me to kiss you."

Warm, quick with love, Lark lifted her face to David. She opened her arms to him, drew herself into his arms, clinging to him lovingly, her eyes brimming over.

"There, there," David said. "There now, Lark."

Jaggers tiptoed in, looking knowing and pleased.

"Bethel forgot her key ring," he said. "I haven't seen the inside of that box for years. She's got a sight of money. Go in the kitchen and put on this belt. Tie it twice around your little middle."

When she returned, David was talking about a blackbirder called the Runnymeade, which he hoped to find and search. He was so eager to see to Cargoe Riske affairs that he did not even spend that night at home. Before he left, it was arranged that he should meet Lark on the Tempora at the Liverpool quay. In the days that followed Lark waited anxiously to hear from him again. No word had come when she left, escorted by Jaggers, for Liverpool.

Bethel said, "If he sniffs a business trade, he'll forget you, missy! I know my David." And Jaggers, on the way to Liverpool, added to her discomfort. " 'Twas too bad," he said, "David was too busy to marry you proper at home because of that Runnymeade ship he was searching. Will you be married on the ship or at Mistress Hastings' house, do you think?"

IN Liverpool, they went to the Bear and Peacock, looking for David; and when he was not there, they went to the wharf.

There was the Tempora, rigged, riding at her moorings. Grooms were leading a string of blanketed haltered horses down the slope to the quay.

"Thoroughbreds, Jaggers! Aren't they beautiful!"

The idlers scattered before the clatter of hoofs, and down near the passenger gangway the most enormous woman Lark had ever laid eyes on began to joke noisily.

"Be this Noah's Ark or a human boat, I ask? Take them stallions away. Next thing they'll be going in with the crowd, and I don't aim to sleep with no horse!"

The crowd laughed and a sailor yelled, "You wouldn't leave the horse no room, Minnie."

Minnie, in her tremendous shapeless red dress, made a threatening stab at the sailor with her unfurled parasol, just as a nervous red-brown stallion on a long lead rope passed her.

The horse, startled by the parasol, reared and plunged. There was screaming and scampering as he turned, free and terrified, his hoofs sending up sparks from the cobbles. The groom roared for somebody to stop the red devil before he hurt himself.

He was coming straight toward Lark. She stood still, holding out her hand, saying gently, "Whoa, boy. Whoa, you big red raskall, darling, easy. . ."

He shied uncertainly, but Lark grasped the lead rope.

The horse, calm at once, nuzzled against her arm, and Lark cried out, "Oh, Jaggers, he wants some sugar or an apple! Oh, Jaggers, he's somebody's dearly loved pet!"

"He's somebody's dearly loved prize racer," the groom bellowed. "He's Squire Terraine's new blood hoss Lancer. You're a great one, young lady, a brave girl. If this here hoss had 'a' hurt hisself, I'd just 'a' dived in the salty and that's the end!"

He led the stallion on to the hold opening of the Tempora, and the crowd stared with interest at Lark. Minnie grinned at her, shaking her parasol.

When Lark didn't respond, Minnie stepped across the plank, followed by a half dozen scared-looking girls.

"See the little lady!" she intoned. "The little lady catches the wild beasties, tames 'em pretty. Here's a girl knows her way about. You wouldn't want a bound situation in America now, or a job in the Fair circuit? Just say the word and Minnie'll sign you on. Which is it, bound girl to a nice gent, or Fair job riding in tights—you'd look a pretty sight in tights now."

"Please get away," Lark said coldly. "If you hadn't jabbed with your parasol, the horse wouldn't have broken loose."

"Too good for bound duty or the Fair. Well, now! Take one of these, my lady, and come with your gent to the Fair, if that's your wish."

She thrust a printed handbill into Lark's hand, a bill proclaiming, "Greatest Show Ever Conceived by the Human Mind to Instruct, Please, and Horrify the Onlooker. Two-ton Minnie and Her Black Bantam Bodyguard!"

It was at this point that Jaggers spoke to the mate, a man who introduced himself as "Mr. Swalters, at your service."

"My son, Mr. David North," Jaggers said clearly, "is on this vessel to see to Miss Lark Shannon, here, who wants passage."

Mr. Swalters, chunky and pink-cheeked, went over the passenger list and shook his head. No Mr. David North.

"We'd best go wait up to the inn, Lark," Jaggers decided dismally.

"I'm going on board now," Lark said. She turned to the mate. "One second-class passage, please."

As she mounted the gangway and reached the saloon doorway, the little groom stood waiting.

"My name's Busby, miss," he said humbly, "and I've been hoping for the chance of a word with you. I wanted to thank you again. It's due to you that we got our big stallion safely aboard. He's a handful and no mistake."

"I love horses," Lark said. "I've handled them all my life. There's no mischief in that beast."

Busby stood twirling his cap in his gnarled hands. "Master Jarrod Terraine just bought him. His rightful name's Lancer, but I've took a notion to call him Red Raskall, like you did. A pet name's good luck in racing."

Lark said, "That's fine, Busby. He's a horse to be proud of."

"This Raskall's the prize of the string my folks are taking back to Virginia," Busby said. "They've a grand racing stable there. Greatways, I understand its name is. Would you like to have a glimpse of the way the beasts are bedded down?" he asked shyly.

Lark nodded and followed Busby down the long twisting passage that led at last to a steep ladder which descended to the hold. In the stalls was a horse called Thunder Boy that belonged to Mr. Plascutt Dawes of Virginia, a racing rival of the Mr. Jarrod Terraine who owned Lancer.

Suddenly Mr. Dawes himself descended to the hold.

"My groom tells me you are Mistress Lark Shannon," he said in a thin little reedy voice, "that you have a great interest in horses and were quite the heroine on the wharf. Have you seen my Thunder Boy? He's a finer beast by far than this Terraine stallion. I paid a whopping price for him and have made a sizable bet to prove my good judgment as to his merits. What's your opinion, my dear?" He came a step nearer and his little black eyes scanned Lark as if she herself were a filly.

"He seems a fine sound horse," Lark said with no great show of enthusiasm, and when Plascutt came nearer to point out the beast's good points, she excused herself.

THAT evening, after they were under way, Mr. Swalters asked Lark if she would promenade the deck with him. He was a pleasant young man and her spirits returned as she listened to his gossip of shipboard life.

"Minnie's crossed with us before," he told her. "Every now and then she comes over for the Irish fair circuit and takes back bound girls with her. She's a great tease, but her heart's as big as her body."

"I don't believe it!" Lark remonstrated. "Why, I think she's dreadful, outrageously common and vulgar."

"Most circus people are," Swalters said knowingly. "You've lived a very sheltered life, I imagine, Miss Shannon."

One day, the third Sunday of the voyage, Captain Walesby announced at breakfast that he would conduct church services on deck. Lark dug down deep into her portmanteau, searching for her good blue bombazine dress. She couldn't find it. That was funny, she thought. She remembered packing it.

After the service Busby waylaid Lark. He had a worried and anxious look about him.

"I don't like to trouble you, miss," he said soberly, "but the horse is sick."

"Lancer's sick?" Lark asked sharply. "Not Red Raskall!"

"No, ma'am, it ain't Lancer. It's Penelope. Maybe you'd come down to the stalls and say what you'd do if it was your own."

Busby led Lark into the fenced-off stall where the mare stood, drenched and bloody. Lark laid a gentle hand on the drooping neck. "Poor Penelope," she said softly.

Plascutt Dawes entered the stall.

"Jarrod Terraine's a nincompoop," Mr. Dawes said with asperity. "He's trying to keep up the pretense that his beast has nought the matter with it but colic. I've known Terraine, boy and man, for forty years, and he's never yet acknowledged himself wrong. Take this bet of ours, now. Fifty pounds on our imported stallions. This Thunder Boy of mine, he's a wonder horse. . . . Why, I'd raise my bet to a hundred pounds, to five hundred. I'd bet my whole plantation, even my slaves and the thoroughbred horses in my racing stable."

"You would, would you, sir?" Big lumbering Jarrod had come in quietly, tiptoeing as if he were in a sickroom. "Well, I wouldn't take you up on any such bet. I'd wager my lands and even my house on this race between Lancer and Thunder Boy, but I'd no more bet my slaves and horses than I'd bet my daughter. Live flesh ain't a rightful thing to gamble with. I'll bet Greatways, by Capricorn, but neither my horses nor Negroes. You can't bluff me, sir! Want to have it writ down, lawyer-wise?"

"I never bluff," Plascutt said haughtily.

Jarrod threw back his head and bawled with laughter. "Well, young lady, I guess you heard me call that little popinjay's bluff, didn't you?"

When Lark smiled at him with amusement, he continued, "I'll bet a golden guinea you're the young miss my groom's been babbling so much about. I understand you've friendlied our Lancer here. What's your unprejudiced opinion of him?"

"He'll win," Lark said with spirit. "By the looks of him, Red Raskall can beat anything in the new country!"

"Red Raskall! That's a good name for the old feller!" Jarrod chuckled.

THAT night Lark dreamed of Madoc and slept fitfully. In the morning she woke feeling unrefreshed and ill. The stuffiness of the women's quarters nauseated her and she was dreadfully thirsty. Reaching for her flannel wrapper, she pulled it snugly around her and crawled out of bed.

She was halfway across the saloon before she realized that a bench in the far corner was occupied by two figures. Minnie and one of the girls were whispering together there.

Lark hurried past into the washroom, poured herself a full mug of water and gulped it down quickly, only to find herself dizzy and unable to move. After what seemed hours, she came to herself again and, pulling her robe about her, went back to her cabin. Minnie and the girl were gone, she noted with relief.

She pulled back her curtain and, for a stunned instant, stood there in her doorway, bewildered and uncertain. Her bedcovers were swirled back. Her clothes were tossed on the floor in a messy heap.

And then it was that a suspicion of the dreadful truth came to her. Her money belt had been stolen. She knew that with fearful certainty even before she began to look.

She appealed to Clink Swalters. He said he'd have a search made immediately.

"Don't be downhearted." Clink smiled at her forlorn face. "Maybe things will be better by tomorrow. The barometer's been falling and there's a deal of trouble and ill luck on board. Good weather and good luck should follow it."

Lark carried this hope away with her. But it was one that was destined for disappointment, for her money wasn't found, and the weather grew increasingly worse.

That night the sea became choppier, and all during the next day the wind came in little puffing gasps. Many of the bound girls succumbed now, and Lark stayed on deck as much as possible.

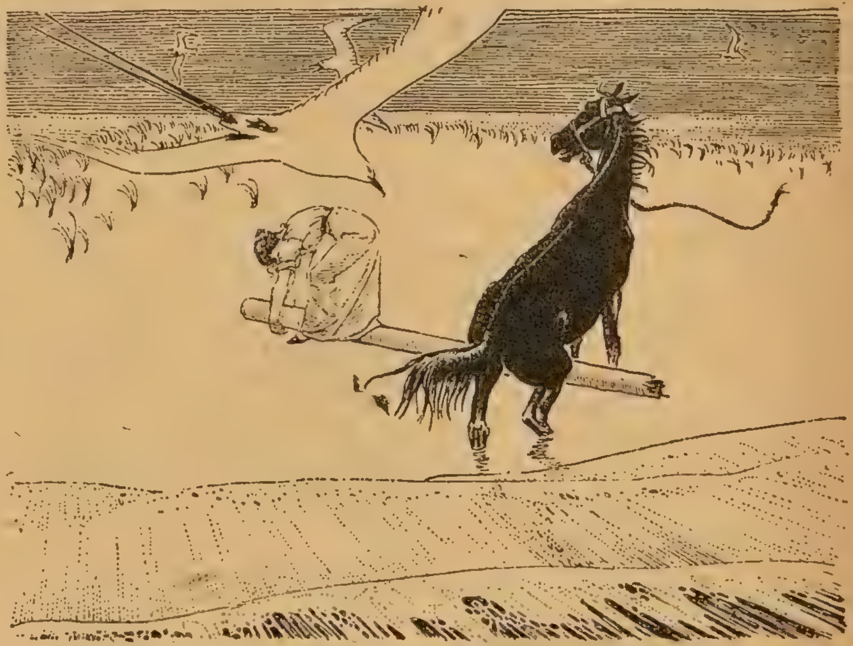
For two days and a night the Tempora streaked ahead under full sail. By late afternoon on the third day land was in sight. Over the Virginia coastal islands and the peninsula hung a curious saffron light. Fog was banked up behind it and fingered through the golden veil. Toward evening a sharp wind sprang up, and then rain. The ship pitched and tossed and seemed ready to break her seams. In the saloon Minnie was down on her knees, praying loudly. Her hysterical girls clustered about her, weeping.

Presently the lading in the hold broke loose and shifted with every wallowing roll of the vessel, ramming the stout timbers mercilessly. After a time there was a louder boom, and after it a sigh, as if a great water snake were nosing its way into a subterranean cave.

The air was filled with a mist of salt spray. A wet stain crept under the saloon door, grew into a trickle, spread, and then widened into a stream. Everybody's eyes stared, fascinated, paralyzed.

All hope was finally gone. They cut the horses loose now, so that they would have their one chance in a thousand, and not be drowned like kittens in a tight-tied sack.

Passengers jammed the narrow corridors attempting to reach the decks and line up for the lifeboats. Busby pushed Lark ahead of him into the ready lifeboat that was swung low on a level with the deck. It was overloaded and heavy when it was lowered into the water. There it settled like a wounded gull in a valley between two mountainous waves, and rested for a moment. All life, all heartbeats were suspended as the wave held its pinnacle above the frail craft for one awful frozen second before it plummeted like an avalanche on the tiny speck of the lifeboat which was sucked under in its Gargantuan grasp.



Presently Lark found a thin thread of breath in her body. The walls of her chest were like iron bands, bursting, one by one, as she gulped ravenously for air. She reached out for help. But there was no help. The boat was gone. Everybody was gone. The glare of the distress rockets flared and died. For a time she battled against the raging anger of the sea. Then something washed against her. A spar. Her hands took hold of it, clutched it, and held on for dear life. For an endless time she seemed to toss upon the sea, tired and beaten by the waves. Then she looked up to find the shore nearer—near enough to hope. She drifted half unconscious slowly toward the sand.

Land! Safety! Life! Lark, waking after a time, realized them again as separate entities. She rolled on her side and let her hands scoop up the sand. She sat up and examined her surroundings. There was no single sign of life, no roof, no human being, no footprint.

Slowly, inch by inch, she edged her frozen aching body up the shelving slope. The sand was warmer here. She managed to scrape out a shallow nest. She peeled her wet clothes off and spread them to dry. She stretched and let the hot bright sun caress her back, her arms, the length and curve of her legs. She burrowed down deep into the sand.

It was a sound that woke her, a sound when the sun stood high at noon; a most curious sound.

It seemed to be coming from a spot some quarter mile up the eastern shore, where the fog bushes and long waving grasses cloaked Lark's vision. It came to her again as she stood poised and listening. It was a thrashing of the waters as if a whale were caught in a weir.

Now a shrill unearthly scream broke the silence, and Lark hung back for a moment, terrified and trembling. She could see what it was at last. A horse, a red horse stained almost black by the sea, flecked and ringed with white ruffles where the sweat and salt had dried on him.

Lancer, the Red Raskall—why, it was he! He was caught in the quicksand at the low of the outgoing tide! He was sunk above his fetlocks, above his knees, to his belly almost. His eyes were wild and terror-stricken, his head flung up in an agony of frustration, as with every convulsive movement, he sank lower and lower.

Lark tried the wet sand under her feet. It was firm and safe here. Step by anxious step she crept out to him, calling his name softly, holding out her hand lovingly, trying, slowly and cautiously, to creep near enough to catch the dangling halter rope.

At last it was in reach of her hand . . . almost . . . one more step. . . . The Raskall jerked back in a last frenzied effort, flicking the rope out of her grasp, sinking lower in the sucking pitfall.

Then it was that she remembered the spar on which she herself had floated to land. With the last strength in her body, she found it and managed to drag it to the horse, to force it in the small space left under his heaving exhausted body, and to steady it as, with almost human intelligence, he seemed to understand its possible help, and, after a moment of stillness, made a last tremendous thrust, feeling the momentary purchase under him, making use of it and jerking himself free.

With a rush and a scramble, he found a footing on the pebbly shelving shore and staggered toward safety, standing there, trembling and panting, with Lark's arms flung around his neck, her sobbing face in his mane.

AFTER a time, the horse raised his head and neighed challengingly. He had evidently heard some sound that was too far off, too high and keen for the girl's ears. There was a long moment of silence. Then there came an answer, a knife-thin little wisp of sound which Lark could barely hear, so far off it was.

Presently she saw a churning of the waters beyond the waves. Something was swimming toward them. Some great sea monster that churned the waters in a wide-sprung wedge. Terror settled again in her bones, squeezing the blood out of her. She clung about the neck of the horse, who, with head thrown back, neighed again.

In a moment the approaching monster dissolved itself before Lark's astonished vision, breaking up into a dozen or so smaller shapes.

Why, they were ponies! Ponies! In another minute they had reached the shallow water and found a footing in the sand, were coming up the slope directly toward her. They didn't see her. They were coming toward Red Raskall, approaching him with joy and welcome. Their whinnying filled the air and made a confusion of shrill and eerie sound.

But suddenly they seemed to sense the alien human presence and shied back in fright, stamping their tiny hoofs in a very ecstasy of fear. On the instant they wheeled and galloped, with flying manes and high-tossed heads, across the narrow spit of land.

Red Raskall, who a moment ago had been apparently as bewildered as Lark, neighed and quivered now. Then he broke away, his head flung high, and raced ahead of them, his clarion call challenging the mares. The herd thundered after him now and, before Lark's astonished eyes, dived into the sea, swimming in triangular formation.

Lark screamed, "Lancer! Red Raskall!" But only the churn of the surf and the wild bagpipe squeal of the departing ponies answered her. She stood there, alone and forlorn. After a time she wandered aimlessly along the beach.

Her eyes caught sight of a pile of stones topped by a slab. Surely they had been arranged by human hands.

Why, it was a house, a little playhouse almost! Eagerly she bent to examine it. Branches of scrub pine had been crisscrossed to form a back wall, and the sand was banked protectingly against it. The side walls were of rock, and the roof was a slatelike slab that only a strong man could have raised. It was scarcely waist-high and, at first glance, more like an animal's lair than a human habitation.

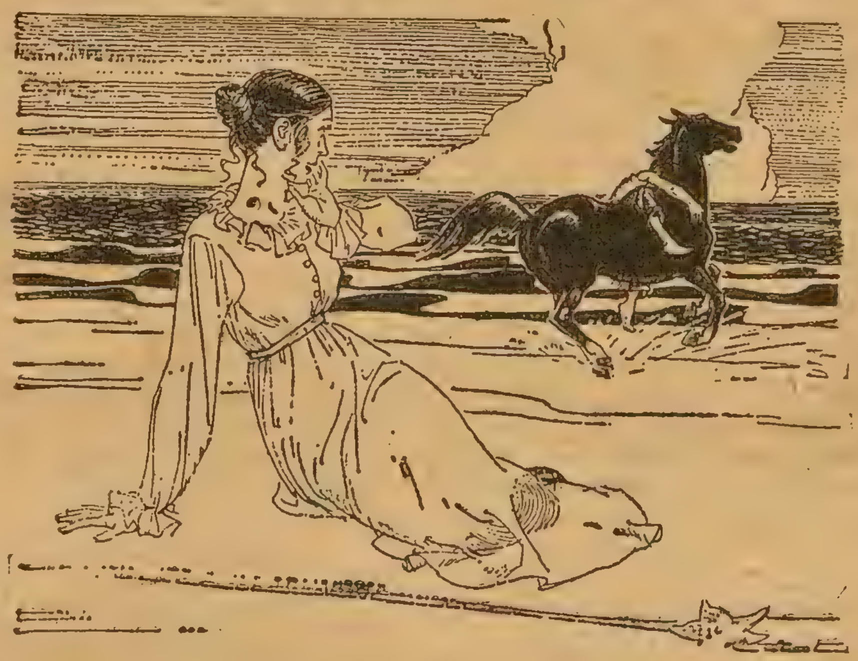
Bending low and peering into the shadows at the back, Lark saw a pile of things, stores and treasure in a neatly stacked heap. A pony skin had been stretched as a cover but had slipped off. She crawled inside and gathered up the things, bringing them out with her.

She sat down then and spread them out in front of her. Here were a small curving knife, flint and tinder, and a wooden box of hard ship biscuits. They were a little moldy and damp, but Lark ate some with ravenous delight. There would be enough to last her for several days, she thought.

She found next a ship's spyglass, a neat little folding contraption which could be pulled out and focused. She went down to the edge of the water then and adjusted it carefully to her vision.

But there was no sail. No sight of Red Raskall and the ponies, even. Another low-lying island was faintly to be seen off to the north. This might have been the spot to which the ponies had led the Raskall, since it had been in this direction that they headed.

As the sun set, a clear sharp wind swung in from the sea, ruffling the water and sending the sand stinging against her arms and face, chilling her with a deep and numbing cold. She fetched the flint and tinder and tried hard to build a fire, both for its comfort and warmth and as a possible signal. But the wood that she could gather was fog-fingered and sodden and refused to catch the tiny spark.



At last she acknowledged defeat and utter discouragement and crept back to the little rock shelter where, after breaking one of the remaining biscuits in tiny pieces and eating it bit by bit, she finally curled up to sleep.

At dawn, when the wind died down, a sound came to her. At first it was part of her nightmare, but gradually it impinged on her waking consciousness and she was aware that it came from the direction of the sea. Quickly Lark ran toward it.

When she reached the northern tip of the island she peered through the spyglass toward the mainland. There again was the great wedge of swimming ponies. This time Lancer's head, big and beautiful and strong, led the herd like an acknowledged king. Soon they surrounded her. She captured Lancer with no trouble and clung to his mane, tearful and comforted, and led him docilely to her rock shelter and to the spring she had found there.

There he broke away from her and trotted off into the scrub woods. She followed, calling his name softly and beseeching him not to leave her. He stopped to investigate a pile of rocks. Only they were bones and not rocks. She saw that at once as she drew nearer. Human bones, piled up in a mound as if they had been heaped there for some dreadful pagan sacrifice, perhaps by the Indians hundreds of years before, perhaps by a fiend only a few short months ago. There was no way of telling their age. As she stood, horror-stricken and frightened, she forgot Lancer for a moment, and when she raised her head again, he was gone.

She went back to the beach where it was warm and dry and lay down and slept for what seemed like a long time. When she awakened she was steaming hot, and her arms and face were painfully sunburned.

FOR a full week after this the ponies did not return. Lark ate biscuits each morning and night and slept as best she could in the shelter of the rock house. On the eighth day she saw them coming and rushed down to the water's edge, holding out beseeching hands to Lancer and calling him urgently. He came near her, then shied off toward a grassy stretch beyond the beach. Soon the herd was beside him there, rolling, kicking, scratching, and tossing their tiny hoofs high in the air. After a time, they bedded down for the night, and their companionship was a boon to Lark.

It was just before dawn the next morning that Lark awoke to hear the splash of oars and to discern the dim outline of an approaching dinghy. It was hard to distinguish more than a black bulk against the white-crested waves, but she saw it was heading directly toward the island.

She stood watching for a while, but then, as the boat came nearer, was overcome with unaccountable fear and shyness. Timidly she crouched back under the protection of the rock shelter. She had been by herself so long that she felt half wild and almost frightened by a human presence.

After a time the awkward dinghy pulled up from the tide and was beached not far from her. A man—no, a boy, in rough dungarees and with unkempt hair streaming to his shoulders, was coming up the sand, coming straight toward her. She stirred, and he stood for a second listening, hardly more of a human figure than the ponies had been. He was tall and gaunt, but there was a narrow straightness about him that spoke of youth and of unreached and unrealized male strength.

Lark's urgency roughened her voice and coarsened it. "Here!" she cried out. "Here! I'm by the rock shelter!"

"I see un! You leave my things be!" The figure came running toward Lark, catching up a short heavy oar.

"I'm not hurting your things!" Lark screamed at him.

"You be a *girl,* ben't you? What you doin' here?"

"I was shipwrecked. I washed up here days ago . . ."

"That Tempora ship, I reckon." His speech was strange to Lark.

"Yes," Lark said. "Yes, the Tempora." She knew she was going to cry, could feel the sob tearing out of her.

"No call to cry," he said uneasily. "I didn't aim to scare un. I thought un was Cony at first, after my things."

Lark said again childishly, "I didn't hurt your things. I did eat some of your biscuits. I suppose they were yours."

"Un was hungry. I'm glad un found 'em. . . . I never saw you, awhile back, just somethin' movin', and I was afraid Cony— My few things ain't much. I take shame for yellin' at un like I did."

"That's all right." Lark could control herself now. "I couldn't believe it when I saw your boat. Who are you? Where did you come from?"

"I'm Galt Withe. I'm bound servant to Mag and Cony Vurney that runs the inn over to the Peninsula." He gestured off toward the cloudy west.

"The other people on the Tempora," Lark said shakily, "all those people—wasn't anybody saved?"

"Some few. One lifeboat, loaded to the gunnels, an' w she made it is a caution. . . . People along the beach waded out to haul 'em in."

She said, "I was in a boat and it went down. It didn't even get a start. I guess all of the others in that boat drowned."

"Doubtless. A girl, 'bout your age, was in the boat that got in safe. Her and her father, Squire Terraine. Complained they lost six fine horses. Half wild, those folks, postin' rewards for horses no doubt drowned, because one fellow's big gray horse swam all the way to shore, safe as a muskrat—horse owned by a squeaky-voiced man, name of Plascutt Dawes."

"I know the gray horse," Lark said wonderingly. "Thunder Boy. And he swam to land! . . . A brown stallion swam to this island and was caught in quicksand. I—I got him out, but he left with the ponies. He swam right into the sea after them."

"They'll do that. That's how the ponies got started."

"Who else was saved?"

"There was a big woman, Minnie Buxtree, a couple of bound wenches . . . a preaching man and a baby . . . those Terraines and that Mr. Plascutt Dawes."

He glanced at the sky, stood up, stretching his arms, a slim and beautifully muscular figure in the pale light.

"Is this island far from the mainland?" Lark asked.

"It's ten miles, maybe; maybe a little better. . . . The Peninsula. Some call it Virginia, some Maryland. Lot o' islands hereabouts. This is Ghost Island. Guineas on the shore hate and fear it proper."

"Guineas?"

"Oysterin' people along the Peninsula. I ben't Guinea, but I reckon I look like one, all right. I—I live with 'em."

"I've never seen any."

"You'll see 'em . . . smell 'em before you see 'em. . . . Smells like the bottom of an old boat, does Guinea folk. I hate them . . . I'm bound to one, though . . . Cony, four more years. . . . My folks died off when I was twelve, and sheriff bound me out. I've served pretty near six years. I'm nearly nineteen, and I've got four years—"

"This Cony—he's cruel to you." Her voice was small.

He laughed. "He's just natural Guinea. Cony bought me for his indentured servant and apprentice to the oyster trade. Ten year bound service."

"But that's inhuman! Can't you run away?"

"I could count the leaves on that fog bush easier'n I could count the times I've tried that. For six year, on and off, I've tried it, lady."

"My name's Lark Shannon. . . . And they always caught you?"

"Well," he said dryly, "I ain't puffing a seegar up to Baltimore, nor yet plowing my own ground over to the Shenandoah."

"You change from one minute to the next, Galt. At first I could hardly understand a word you said. But now you sound—"

"I reckon I picked up a lot of Guinea talk. My father'd break me of it if he was alive. He had a scorn for Guineas, though he doctored 'em when they had a need."

"Your father was a *doctor?"*

"Doctor and preacher and politicker," Galt said with a clear note of pride. "He was ever a great one for books."

He went to the dinghy and brought back a slab of bread and some strong cheese. "You must be hungry, lady."

"My name's Lark." Lark accepted some bread and broke off some cheese.

HAVING eaten, they lay in the sand in the shade of the fog bushes and the stone wall and scrub pine. Lark closed her eyes. . . . When she awoke, startled, calling out for him, Galt said gently, "I watched un asleep there, and I couldn't think to waken un. Un looked so happy like, and—and so pretty, Lark. . . . But we'd better think what to do, where's the best place to make for."

"You'll take me to the inn," Lark said, astonished, "won't you? When you go . . ."

"No, I don't aim to take you to the inn, Lark."

"I certainly don't aim to stay here!" She mocked him.

"You be alone," Galt pointed out, "save for me, and you better not come up 'gainst Cony and Mag."

He went to the dinghy and swung one leg over its side.

"I'd rather die than stay here another hour alone!"

"Un'll bide here till I come for un," he said quietly.

Lark screamed, "You're filthy and stupid and heartless. You want to leave me to die! You—"

Galt stepped onto the beach again. "You have a high spirit. That won't help you out over to the inn. I'm coming back ere dark. You won't get me to take you, calling me things, Lark. Maybe I be dirty. I'll fancy up when I take a notion. But I don't aim to take you—"

He broke off, looking intently at the distant shore which he had pointed out as Hurricane Island. Lark, looking too, saw a moving V-shaped design in the bright water, like the wake of a boat, tapering, spreading, coming closer.

"Ponies." Galt dropped down at once, out of sight against the side of the boat. "Lie flat, Lark."

"That's Red Raskall!" She barely made the words. "Look, Galt! That's the horse I told you about. He's come back. . . . If we could only—"

"If he was but the stallion named Lancer," Galt said excitedly, "and we could snare him, Squire Terraine would give a hundred pound reward for him. So I heard him say, and that's what his posted reward offers."

"He *is* Lancer!" Lark's heart sent the warm blood into fingers and toes. "Red Raskall is a—pet name. That's the horse I saved. Oh, Galt do you think—"

"Can't hurt to try."

He brought a coil of tarred rope from under the prow seat of the dinghy. "See can you fashion a halter."

The ponies had reached land now, and with Lancer in the lead were standing, sniffing the wind.

Softly, all but soundlessly, she spoke his name, "Whoa, Lancer, whoa, boy, easy, Red Raskall . . ."

Lancer wheeled, stopped, stood for a poised instant, watching Lark. His lip curled back. Lark walked toward him, closing the space with leisurely steps. Now her hand was on his neck. She was knotting her fingers in the tough short mane. Quickly, smoothly, Lark made a leap from the ground, scrambling for a seat, for a kneehold about that slim quick red-brown barrel. Red Raskall reared and came down like a catapult, and Lark went rolling headlong into the sand riffle of the ridge base.

She saw Galt throw a long, sure, sinewy leg over the plunging horse's shoulders, bend close along the neck, lace strong bare arms around Red Raskall's neck, and then she heard the slither of hoofs in the downward rush for the beach, heard the splash and echo of a heavy body striking water. . . .

Lark raced for the ridge top and saw Galt, still on the Raskall's back, far out in the water. He was trying to urge the horse back toward the shore, turning him with knee pressure, talking to him, his arms hugging the stallion's neck. . . . And then Red Raskall was turning, coming back, slipping on shells and pebbles, coming up, quivering a hundred yards up-island in an outgrowth of thick marsh reeds.

"Galt—how did you do it? That was—unbelievable!"

"Got the halter to hand?" He was being very casual, but he was proud enough. Lark knew that. She brought the halter, and Galt put it on, adjusting it so the horse could walk, but couldn't gallop or swim. Then he turned him free in the valley grass.

"I'd best be sailing back. I'll tell Cony I took a notion to fish for tunny and missed 'em cold. I'll come back, Lark. I'll be here ere night."

Without looking back, he ran down to the boat.

ALL day Lark waited, watching the sky line. It was almost twilight when she saw a boat coming. A thickset heavy man tended the mainsail and jib. A taller, younger-looking figure, with neat hair and a white shirt, was at the tiller.

"I thought you'd never come!" Lark called. "Oh, Galt, I am so glad to see you. You look splendid, Galt—"

The squat heavy man grinned at Lark.

"Well," he said, his voice thick, "un be a sweetmeat! Gawd, that popinjay Galt! That buck, that fop, a-soapin' hissel', white-shirtin' hissel', an' a-tellin' he was sailin' out fer oyschers!"

He was short and powerfully made, astonishingly hairy, his arms covered by sunburned hair that grew from fingers to shoulders. He had broad flat features and ruddy stubbled skin that gathered in folds under bulging black eyes. He wore filthy trousers and a filthier cap.

Over his head Lark's eyes met Galt's despairing ones. He was trying hard to tell her something.

"Pretty, ain't he?" Cony jerked his head toward Galt. "He goes slickin' an' soapin' and sneaks down for the yawl come sundown, and I says, "What's that fool Galt up to? I'll go along,' I said. 'It be like that fool Galt to take a notion to run off now, or to go wenchin' ahind my back.' An' what happens? Why, I seed a sweetmeat a-wavin' on Ghost Island, and I say, 'Put in to Ghost Island, un lout, and he put in. Where un come from, sweetmeat?"

"I was shipwrecked on the Tempora," Lark said coldly. "I'm Lark Shannon, a minister's daughter, on my way to Mistress Mara Hastings' dame school in Norfolk, Virginia. And if you dare to lash Galt I'll report you."

"How un figure to git to Norfolk, sweetmeat?"

"I'll send word to Mr. David North of the Cargoe Riske Company in Norfolk, who is coming from England."

"Un be warm-spirited," Cony said gravely. "Un say un got Cargoe Riske money to call on, sweetmeat?"

Lark hesitated, saying finally, "Mr. David North of that company is a—friend."

"Galt can write the Cargoe Riske," Cony said, chuckling. "He be a great hand for letters. Un be thinkin' o' what the Cargoe Riske'll pay for un. Hop along in the yawl now and Cony'll bring you back to the inn. Cony be un's friend. Un look to Cony!"

All the way in, Lark regretted her hysterical outburst at Galt, which had indirectly brought Cony to the island. She had called Galt dirty, stupid . . . and he had cleaned up to please her, and so Cony had become suspicious. If Cony should beat him. . . . If she had only listened to Galt, had trusted him when he tried to tell her that she mustn't come alone to the inn. . . . She thought of Red Raskall out on the island, hobbled. Suppose the ponies came back and he tried to follow them into the ocean and was drowned. . . .

THE cove into which the yawl now put was quite isolated. Well up the sloping beach crouched the inn. The figure of a woman appeared in the doorway.

"Mag! Bide an' see Galt's fish! Galt, he hooked up a wench." Cony reached for Lark's hand, pulling her to the flat.

Mag, short, thickset, and slovenly, came slowly down the slope. White-streaked light hair, cut short and shocky, flat bosom, powerful shoulders and hips, and hands rough, hairy, squarish, with deep blackened splits and cracks about the fingernails. Her brown calico was filthy.

Mag said nothing but simply stared at Lark while Cony told his story. They were walking up the beach now, past great mountains of oyster shells, gleaming in the last of the saffron sunlight. When Cony mentioned Lark's threat to appeal to David North, Mag grunted.

The great room of the inn was dark and dank. Mag ladled out a bowl of chowder for Lark and gestured her to a shuck-bottom chair.

Mag's eyes were fixed on Lark with clear hostility. "She be ill luck. Let her get on to Norfolk, I say. Put her out."

Cony snapped his fingers. "She ben't bad luck—the Cargoe Riske'll pay dear for her."

"An' suppose us gits the Cargoe Riske on our necks, an' no money for the wench?"

"Matson, then," Cony whined. "Matson'd pay nice for a Cargoe Riske man's woman. Be un North's woman, Lark?"

Lark said quietly that David North was her good friend. She was remembering David's mention of Matson, a shipper who had tried to cheat his company.

Once or twice, when she heard a sound outside, she glanced back at the door, and Cony finally said, "If un's frettin' after that fool Galt, he lives in his shack, an' be un minded to seek him out—"

Mag and Cony talked quite as freely as if Lark had been deaf. Matson was clearly a man they obeyed and feared. Lark gathered that he had a rendezvous here, that he was due in from a sea trip at any time, that neither Mag nor Cony knew David North except by name.

Lark was sent up to bed in the top attic room, a bare cubby with one small window hole, a bunk bed, and a broken chair.

The next few days were filled with the very feel and pull of active, anxious waiting, Lark doing the rough duties Mag and Cony gave her. Both of them were busy, preoccupied, watching the sky line from time to time, smelling the wind, when it rose, like animals.

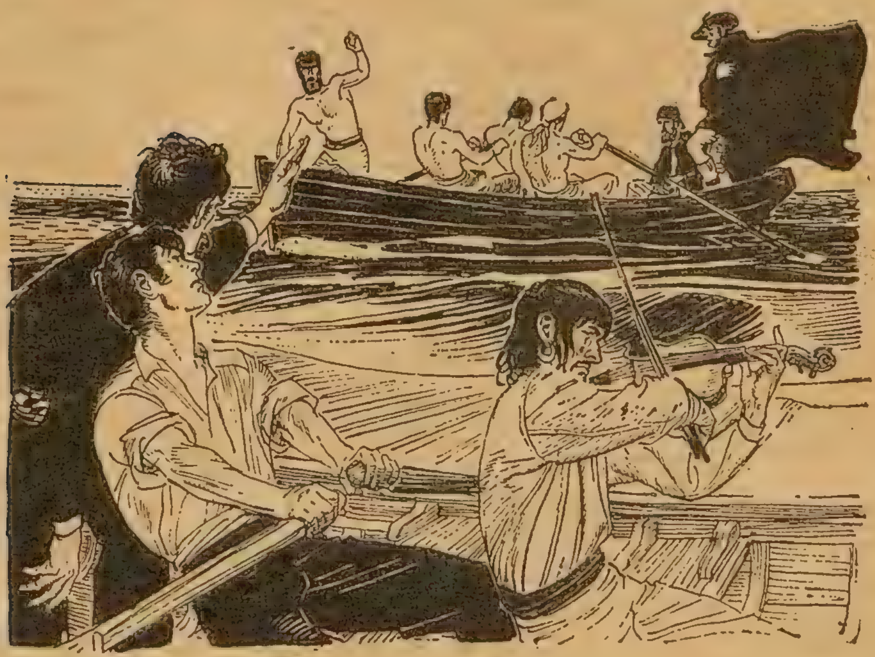
"Smellin' for the Runnymeade," Cony explained to Lark. "She's got a stink like a dead whale, sweetmeat."

Never had Lark had a chance to talk to Galt alone. His hair was loose and wild again. He was dirty and furtive. He went every day in the yawl for oysters from the island beds, coming back with the boat sunk in water to the gunnels. He opened the oysters, packed them in casks, but it was always Cony who drove the cart to the Peninsula markets.

It was on the seventh day that a sail was sighted. Immediately a feel of hurry and excitement caught the place. Cony took the cart and drove to market for fresh meat. Mag changed the filthy brown calico for a pink one, set Lark and Galt to sanding the tables, swabbing benches, watering the dusty earthen floor.

It was then that Lark and Galt had a chance to talk. It was the Runnymeade, all right, Galt said; Matson and one of his filthy blackbirders. . . . Maybe, just barely maybe, he and Lark might get away during the confusion of the landing. . . . Red Raskall was safe. Galt had been to the island twice to see to him.

Lark could see the sailors hurrying about on the ship's reddish decks, could see the anchors take water, hear the shouts and excitement of coming to land. In the dying light she could see the casks and baskets lowered into the waiting boats.



Now and then a whiff of carven cedar, of spice and silk cut through the rotten stench of the Runnymeade, and occasionally a deep wailing dirge pushed itself into the laughter and clatter. Wild Negro slaves. Lark could see them, chained, herded off the ship to the waiting small boats. . . . Several boatloads of gypsies, chattering, arguing, gesticulating, swarmed over the ship's sides. The sailors, every color, every nationality, were putting their sea sacks over, hurrying the landing. It was a scene of color, of contrast, of quick living beauty, but with it was the stench of filth and misery, the moans of the manacled slaves.

The captain's boat, flag flying, was coming now. A slim and rather elegant-looking man in a black cape stood in the stern, and when the ship's officers in the small-boat addressed him, it was obsequiously as "Dr. Matson, sir."

A small-boat of gypsies, losing its course, careened across the path of the captain's boat and was heartily cursed. A gypsy man laughed impudently and bent his head over a fiddle, sending a scrap of melody across the water, tenuous, passionate. . . .

And then Lark noticed the big gypsy with the oars, the black-haired gypsy behind the fiddler, the laughing gypsy with the Red Raskall handkerchief twisted about his throat, and she called out, "David!"

But the big gypsy gave her no look of recognition, and Lark knew that she mustn't call again, prayed that nobody had heard her call his name a moment ago.

But it *was* David, and he must have made the trip with the gypsies in an effort to get the proof that he needed of Matson's chicanery. He mingled with the gypsies while they made camp, and all the following day.

It was suppertime when Cony called to Lark, "Here, un, come give me a hand with these platters. Gorblimy," he said softly, "but un's a beauty-bright if ever I seed one. Un looks like that Sheba queen Parson Withe preached about oncet. Un's a pretty peach, for sure!"

"Sheba queen indeed! Jezzybel, more like!" Mag came at Lark with an upraised hand. "Go back up-attic," she ordered, "and see to it that un stays there. I'll soon up an' lock un in. Un's more hinder than help, cozening up to every male crittur in sight."

Unwillingly Lark retreated to her garret. It was not long till she heard the crowd gathering in the room below. Finally she crept from her room and stood at the top of the darkened stairway. Here, from the shadowed corner of the landing, she had a good view.

Mag's square frame was tightly corseted and squeezed into the pink nankeen dress. A green feather nodded precariously above the bleached and frizzled uncombed hair, and red Turkish slippers completed the costume.

Galt scurried past with a tray of foaming beakers. One of the sailors from the Runny, a huge black-bearded man, flailed out with his arm and sent the tray spinning.

It was at this moment that some quick dispute flared by the oak settle which banked the fireplace. Lark's eyes shifted to the sudden movement there and discovered Matson, still wrapped in his long black cape.

He stood now, electric with anger, staring haughtily at the black-bearded sailor. Almost more quickly than Lark's eye could follow the swift motion, a rapier was gleaming like a silver streak in the air; gleaming one moment and buried deep out of sight the next, as, with a groan, the sailor crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Matson drew a silk handkerchief neatly down the rapier's blood-stained length as he stood, smiling a little, like a dancer.

"Pick him up," he said softly. "Throw him out into the courtyard. The dog's ready for the dung pile." His summoning gesture brought two gypsies from the group. With utter unconcern they tossed the dying man into the yard.

"God in heaven," Lark prayed, "don't let that man get hold of my David."

SHE crept across the attic through a stream of moonlight. Holding her breath, praying, "God help me, oh, God help me," she moved down the ladder.

Her foot found the earthen floor. Swiftly and quietly she slipped past the fireplace, lifted the latch of the door, and hurried into the night. Where a lighted window threw a glow into the center of the courtyard, she could see the dark prostrate form of the wounded sailor.

Galt was bending over the man, holding a cup of water to his lips.

"Galt!" Lark's cold hands clutched at him. "Oh, Galt, if you could go with me, Galt—"

He shook his head, glancing back fearfully. "They'd miss me," he said, his voice less than sound. "Run, Lark! Once you get away from here you can find help. It's better for you without me. Keep to the main road till you reach the church. Ask the parson—"

He stopped, darted away from her, stood still as Cony opened the door, peering out. Lark slipped away, running faster than she had ever run in her life.

After a time the terrified beating of Lark's heart quieted. That last glimpse of Galt had been a comfort to her. Their two fates were linked together. Lark knew that and it renewed her own courage.

She ran as far as her breath would carry her and then plodded on wearily until she could see the church ahead, four-square and white-steepled. She wondered if the man of God would be angry, being wakened in the middle of the night.

Behind Lark there was a sound, a step, quick, pursuing. She swung around and called out, "Who's there? Galt, is it you?"

The answer came, not in Galt's voice but in David's.

"Lark, child, what in the world are you doing here?" In an instant she was in his arms, clinging to him, sobbing out all her fright and dismay. She knew only that David was holding her; David, whom she had loved ever since she was a little girl.

"Don't cry that way, Lark," he said gently. "There isn't anything to be scared of."

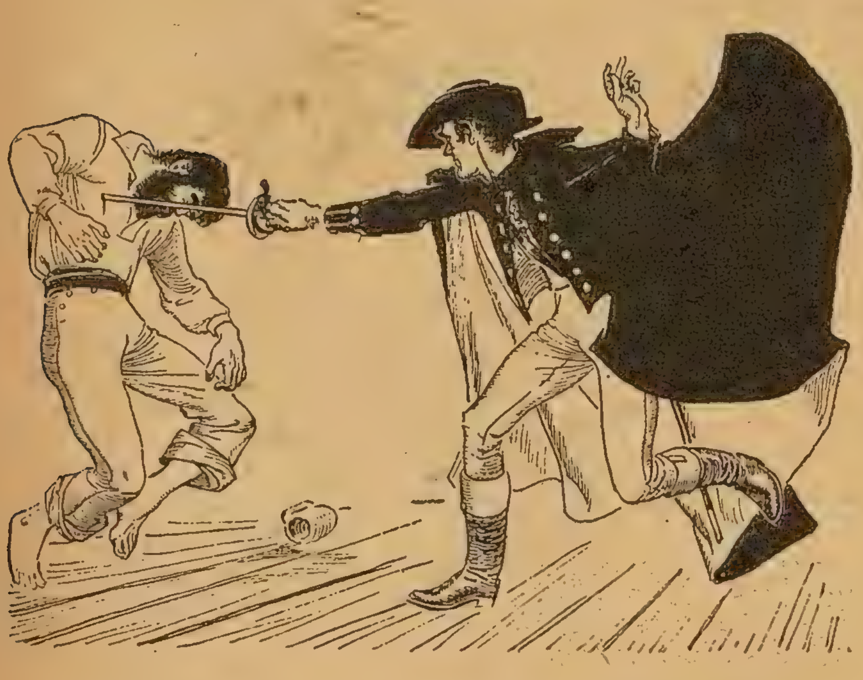
"But, David, you wouldn't speak to me. I kept thinking all day you'd come to me and you didn't."

"I couldn't speak to you. You shouldn't have called out to me."

"I'm sorry, David. But I was so glad to see you." Lark tried to calm herself now, to take some assurance from David's reasonable tone. "David, you knew about the Tempora?"

"Not till after I saw you yesterday, Lark. Then somebody told me of the shipwreck."

"It was horrible. I still wake up in the night dreaming."



"But you're safe now, and as soon as I've got this business with Matson straightened out, we'll be married, Lark. I'll be rich then, and safe."

"What is it, David? Tell me about it. Why didn't you come with me, David? Why didn't you keep your promise?"

"Business," David said. "I told you that, honey. My company sent me over to catch Matson, who has been blackbirding slaves in for years, insuring them for a good round sum and then claiming he loses nearly half on every trip. He sneaks in those he makes the false claim on after his ship has been cleared."

"And that's why you masqueraded as one of the gypsy band and sailed on the Runnymeade? Suppose he finds you out."

"I'm not supposing that," David said, "when I'm this far along. If I can get a copy of his logbook and his accounts, that will stand up in a lawcourt and win the case for us—"

"And if he *does* catch you, David? . . . If he should find us here, now?"

David shrugged. "It wouldn't be healthy for either of us. Matson's a man to be reckoned with."

"You must be careful. He may have seen you leave and had us followed here. I thought I heard a sound a minute ago." Lark glanced over her shoulder fearfully.

"Ssh!" David's arm tightened about her shoulders.

After a moment Lark's tight-drawn breath eased and fluttered.

"It's Galt," she told David, and called the name softly.

He came to them. "I feared you'd get lost, Lark, or scairt."

"I was scared till David came."

"I wonder," David broke in impatiently, "if you'll get Lark to Norfolk for me. I'll naturally be glad to make it worth your while."

"You don't aim to take her there yourself?" Galt asked blankly.

"David has to get Matson's records," Lark said in quick defense. "He'll meet us in Norfolk. . . . If you and I could get the Raskall some way—"

"Cony's yawl is tied at the Horntown jetty for calking," Galt said thoughtfully. "We might could use it and leave it tied down-coast somewhere."

Galt turned his back on David. "You get your papers. I'll see after Lark."

"Thanks, lad." David was impervious to Galt's surliness. "I'll follow down-coast as soon as I can. You are responsible for Lark. . . . Lark, tell Mistress Mara Hastings that I sent you to her; that you are my little friend and neighbor."

"Quick, Galt, let's go."

In the dawn they reached the sleeping town and hurried to the jetty. Galt took Lark's hand and led her down the wooden steps.

"Suppose Lancer isn't there," Lark said, watching Galt at his slow business of unfurling the sail. "Suppose somebody else has already found the Raskall on Ghost Island."

"He'll be there, right enough," Galt said comfortingly. "I don't doubt that. I saw him there only yesterday."

He looked at her long and thoughtfully. "I know David North's your man," he said humbly, "but I'd like mighty much to kiss you, Lark Shannon."

As she leaned toward him there was a slight movement under the pile of tarpaulins in the stern of the boat.

Lark whispered, "Galt! Somebody's there!"

Galt said, "Steady now!" and with a quick step leaned over and gave the tarpaulin a sudden jerk.

Cony was lying there. His face was mean and mischievous. He was shaking with laughter. His great red mouth stretched wide in vindictive glee.

Galt lunged for Cony, but one tug of Cony's apelike arms jerked the tarpaulin from under his feet, throwing Galt backward to the centerboard. Cony was on him, a pistol in hand, kicking his head, his shoulders.

"Get un to the tiller, an' head over for the inn cove, ere I blast un through the guts. . . . Stay un back, sweetmeat. . . . Un be great runaways, un two!"

Dazedly Galt got to his feet, stumbled toward the stern and took the tiller.

Once or twice, in the short and miserable trip to the inn cove, Galt tried to veer the course of the yawl out to sea, and each time Cony threatened and cursed him. To Lark's surprise, he tried it again, and this time Cony pulled himself up and walked to Galt and kicked him viciously. And then Lark realized that he wanted to draw Cony to him because he stood taut until Cony drew back his heavy foot for another kick and then Galt dropped the helm and swung for him, knocking the pistol out of his hand, across the boat, and into the water.

Lark saw Galt land a blow in the pit of Cony's hairy stomach, get his footing, feint with astonishing grace, balance, and send a crushing fist into Cony's face as he tried to stand up. Her blood began a wild triumphant pulsing as Galt struck again and again. Then Cony was up, dodging, trying to work through Galt's guard.

THEN, somehow, Galt was doubling over, flinging Cony up and over his head with a tremendous, terrifying effort. Cony struck the deck full force, turned, tried to get up, was met by Galt, beating him, hammering his fists into Cony's face, straddling him, pinning the big form down, beating his chest, his head, his face, beating and beating him as if he couldn't stop, as if all the hate of years was unloosed.

Lark said, "Galt—oh, Galt—don't—you'll kill him—"

"I beat him," he said stupidly to Lark. "I got the best o' Cony. I never thought to do that. But I got the best o' Cony."

"I'm glad," Lark said fiercely.

She stopped, suddenly aware of the nearness of the shore, of people staring, calling out to them, of a Davy boat manned by sailors from the Runnymeade rapidly pulling alongside of them. She saw the black-clad figure of Matson. He stood there, looking amused and a little out of place with his graceful cape and exaggerated sweep of pheasant feathers in his wide-brimmed felt hat, and so he stood while the sailors boarded the yawl.

"Give un a beatin' right, didn't he, Cony?" A thick-featured sailor asked, guffawing.

"Drew—drew a knife on me," Cony gasped, still barely able to keep his feet. "Crept up on me and sought to murder me. I'll kill *him!* I'll lash e'er' piece o' skin from his back. I'll beat him to death, the dirty murderer."

Galt stood silent, holding the mast as if dazed. Lark felt the sick cold fury well up unbearably in her.

"Galt didn't try to kill him," she said steadily. "He didn't draw a knife on him or creep up on him. Cony had a pistol pointed in Galt's face."

Lark turned to the staring silent men. When she pleaded with them to protect Galt from Cony's brutality, they shifted uneasily and looked away.

As soon as they stepped ashore, she turned her appeal to Matson.

"You make a very moving plea." Matson's voice was gentle. "Suppose we step inside the inn and talk about it—Miss Lark Shannon!"

"Then give Galt your protection first!" Lark felt a surge of new hope when Matson nodded and crisply ordered Cony not to touch Galt.

"Galt can buy himself off his last four years of service. He and I together caught the red stallion Lancer and hobbled him on a certain island. Cony will try to get the horse and claim the reward himself. But I want everybody here to know that Galt Withe and I caught that horse. The reward is due us, and not Cony. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Matson said with faint impatience. "Now are you quite ready to talk with me for a while?"

Lark followed him past the sailors and the staring curious gypsies up to the inn. Mag plodded stolidly behind.

Matson's two big blacks marched ahead, taking their places on either side of the inn doorway. The great room was cluttered with dirty trenchers, mugs, and bottles, bones and leavings of last night's celebration. There was a certain dark stain yonder that Lark tried not to see. . . . Matson picked his way across the littered earthen floor, lifting his narrow feet like a fastidious woman crossing a muddy street.

He chatted pleasantly about the weather, his voyage over, the tragedy of the Tempora's sinking. If she had not seen him murder that sailor last night, Lark could have been at ease with him now.

"Haven't you something better to wear than that filthy calico?" he asked petulantly. "And your hair—your hair."

He took a small shining square of mirror glass from the pocket of his black satin jacket, rubbed it once on a silk handkerchief, and handed it across the table.

"You ask a favor of me, a complete stranger to you, yet you ask me to look at you, to listen to you, a woman with a dirty face, wild hair, and a shapeless foul dress."

"I didn't ask you to look at me—" Lark began furiously. "I will comb my hair and wash my face. Please excuse me."

"A woman should always be dainty," he said as she stood up, "whatever the circumstances. There is no excuse for a beautiful woman to forget her appearance. . . .

"Go, Mag, to the storehouse and get this girl something to wear. Something lemon yellow, or thick rich cream. Not, in heaven's name, the muslin you fouled with your own wearing last night! Get her a cape, brown or blue and quite soft so that it can blow in the wind. . . . And a ribbon for her hair, copper velvet if you can find it. And Morocco slippers. I shall wait."

FEELING more foolish than frightened, Lark went upstairs to her cubby room and bathed herself and combed her hair. She came down to the scullery, hearing Mag banging about in the long storehouse.

Mag bellowed, "Come here, queenie! I knowed un was bad luck when I first seed un!"

Mag kicked a pair of laced slipper sandals toward her and handed her an armful of clothes. "Now un be in for bad luck un's own self! I've lost better wenches than un to that Spanish Cat, more wenches than I've got bugs in my bed bunk."

Lark had just put on her sandals and laced them when the door opened, and she saw Galt standing there, just standing staring at her, his poor bruised face quick with adoration.

"Oh, Lark, un be so beautiful! Oh, Lark!" He had cleaned himself up and put on fresh clothes.

Mag snatched up her broom and went at Galt. "Un get out!"

Galt took the broom away from her and broke it across his bent knee. He stood staring down at Mag.

"I vow un look a killer proper." She backed away.

"I'm not going to kill you." He glanced toward the curtained doorway to the big room and took two steps across the scullery to Lark. "I never saw a woman so pretty and sweet as you be, Lark. I've gone and done you a great hurt, getting us caught the way I did. I can't put much faith in Matson. I'm uneasy in my bones. . . . I'll bide right here waiting, Lark."

The big room of the inn was quiet. Pulling aside a fold of the door curtain, Lark could see Dr. Matson, sitting where she had left him.

"Nice," he said. "The old buzzardess has some very good things in her storeroom. You look quite charming, Lark, very pretty indeed. You have no idea how much I appreciate your changed appearance."

Lark stared blankly at him. "Dr. Matson, I'm glad to do the thing that's pleasing to you, to put on these pretty clothes, but—I don't think I can stand it unless I know what you're going to do about Galt and me. If you really expect to help us—"

His voice sharpened. "If you do as I ask, I shall be most generous. I mean to help you, Lark—to buy Galt his freedom. A certain gypsy has tried to steal from me. If he is caught today, it may be that you can do me a favor. We will go to the island and get Red Raskall. When we return, if the gypsy has been caught, you will do me the favor."

MATSON made the trip to the island a magnificent picnic. With two slaves, he and Lark, accompanied by Galt, sailed laden with hampers and casks. Red Raskall was safe enough and had, apparently, not suffered at all. He seemed to remember Lark, and permitted himself to be led aboard the sloop. Then the slaves unpacked a brimming hamper, and poured wine for the Spanish Cat and his guests. Matson was charming to them both and as gay as if this were a picnic among old friends. It was darkening when they returned and a gypsy fiddler came down the hill to meet them.

"The thief has been caught," he said briefly, "and the punishment meted out as you ordered."

"What is it?" Lark asked. "What's wrong?"

"You heard what the gypsy said," Matson answered smoothly. "A thief has been caught and punished according to my orders. I wish you to identify the criminal. . . . Is the figure hanging there David North?"

Lark saw silhouetted against the firelight a gibbet on which dangled a body. She would have fallen then if he had not caught her. . . .

"Is it David North, Lark?" he whispered. "Lark, you haven't answered my question. You must say the words and then I will grant you your freedom, as I promised that I would. Say, 'That thief was David North, the man I loved.' "

Lark was silent for a moment.

He prompted her gently: "That thief . . ."

She said the words after him now, said them slowly, and in a whisper so low that none but he could hear.

"Good." He spoke cheerfully now, and unconcernedly. "We are agreed then that justice has been accomplished." With great tenderness he produced a silk handkerchief and wiped the tears that streamed down Lark's face.

"You've looked long enough, dear child," he said softly.

When she made no answer, his tone changed.

"Our pretty little farce is over," he said. "You played your part with great feeling and conviction. Only, it was a very foolish part."

With two swift strides he stood under the swinging figure. A low moan of fear wailed from the gypsy group. Matson stood like a dancer, poised for an instant under the figure which swayed slightly as the damp night breeze came in from the sea. With delicate precision he drew his rapier and stood on tiptoe, reaching up. The tip of the rapier caught the firelight and gleamed like a silver bead flung against the sun. It reached up through the dark till it found the hollow beneath the chin of that pitiful, swaying figure, and then slashed downward.

The jacket fell back in a wider V. Lark still did not understand. She could not grasp what the point was in this particular savagery and desecration. And then the body swung a little into profile, and she saw the swell of a woman's breast, its rounded, defenseless curve. Her eyes studied the face once more, the high cheekbones, the rounded chin . . .

Wildly she looked at Matson; took hold of his arm and shook it without knowing what she was doing.

"Why," Lark cried out, "it's a woman!"

"Do you wonder that I laughed at you, little fool?"

When Lark didn't answer he continued, unabashed. "'That thief was David North, the man I loved!'" He mimicked her words in a high falsetto.

Lark felt the world falling away. Matson's voice was the last thing she heard, Matson's silky voice, saying pleasantly, "The pretty little bird has fainted. Take care of her."

WHEN Lark opened her eyes, Galt was bending over her.

"What happened?" Her voice was a whisper. "Did Matson find David?"

"David's got away," said Galt. "And the gypsies are going to help us. All is arranged. I have a mare for you, and I shall ride Red Raskall."

Matson had posted guards around the inn, but Galt knew the ground well, and had concealed the horses cleverly. They reached them and were well on the road without being discovered. It took them more than two weeks to reach Norfolk. They slept in hayricks, and gathered berries, and killed squirrels and birds to eat. Lark, desperately tired by the hard pace Galt set, could hardly keep her saddle and now had to rest often. On the fifteenth day, Galt said, "You can ride Red Raskall tomorrow, Lark. At night we will be in Norfolk, and David will be there, waiting for you."

They arrived at Mara Hastings' home late in the afternoon, and Mara kept Lark waiting while Galt stood by and fidgeted nervously. When she did appear she was almost hostile in telling Lark that David was not in Norfolk.

"He hasn't been here?" Lark asked again. "Oh, I'm so dreadfully worried." She sat on the very edge of Mara Hastings' horsehair sofa in the prim parlor of the house set a little way back from the tree-lined street.

"David . . . Captain North is not here." Mara pursed her lips. "He was here last week. He has gone back up the coast now."

"Looking for us, of course." Lark smiled at Galt, "Oh, I wonder what we should do! If only there was some way of getting word to him. He must be frantic with worry."

Mara smiled patiently, as if she were humoring an excitable child. "You needn't worry," she said with a slight edge to her tone. "Captain North did not go back to look for you, Miss Shannon. He went to Baltimore to attend to important business for the Cargoe Riske Company."

"Important business. Oh, I see," Lark said flatly.

"Lark," Galt said, "since David isn't here, I'd say we tell Mistress Hastings good-by."

Lark said, "Oh, Galt, I don't know what to do. I'm so tired I could die."

"Come, child," Mara's tone softened a little now. "You'll feel better for a bath. I'll send Cupsie up with the kettles."

Cupsie was a deft little Negro who clucked sympathetically over Lark's thinness. "Skin and bones," she kept muttering, "but our good milk an' butter'll put some pretty flesh on dem in no time, honey."

Lark said, "But we aren't staying, Cupsie. We thought we'd find Mr. North here and he'd tell us what to do."

"He had to go way on bizness," Cupsie said. "That's all that good-lookin' Mistah Somebody thinks about, bizness. Why, he don' hardly know Miss Mara spend two-three hours a-crimpin' her haih jes' fo' him. Eben Miss Clara an' Miss Sara pert up when he comes aroun'."

Lark did stay for dinner though it was something of an ordeal. Miss Hastings and her two sisters who helped her conduct the school were obviously not pleased with their guests.

Galt was, for the most part, silent, and a touch of his old surliness seemed to have come back to him. In his embarrassment, he used the pronoun "un" several times and each time the Misses Mara, Clara, and Sara Hastings exchanged amused glances and their lips pursed disdainfully.

Mara's black hair had something wiglike about its neat perfection, her padded bust and corseted waist suggested the figure of a fashion doll, and the texture of her white skin had the unhealthy waxiness of a magnolia blossom. Her voice was carefully restrained, and the forming of her words meticulously accurate. Evidently "culture" was the god of the household.

On impulse Lark said, "I thought maybe I could help with the teaching. David suggested it. . . ."

Mara frowned and thought for a moment before answering. "I am afraid that would not be practicable. My sisters and I cater to a clientele that . . ."

Lark flushed and cut in quickly, "I quite understand. I'm sorry that David—that I allowed myself to believe . . ." Now she felt lost and embarrassed watching Mara's unemotional face. "I thought you'd welcome me, that there would be a place for me."

Mara stood, looked at the younger girl consideringly.

"I do welcome you," she said, with her air of complete detachment. "Any friend of my fiancé, Captain North, is naturally welcome under this roof."

Lark said, "Oh!" in a flat small voice. "I didn't know—I thought—I understood that you were just a friend to him, an older woman who was fond of him and whom he admired."

The moment the words "older woman" were out of Lark's mouth, she realized how stupid they had been, and how cruel. Mara was thirty-one perhaps, some thirteen years older than she, some five years older than David.

Mara winced but controlled herself to answer coldly:

"An older woman! You, an *uninvited* guest, have the temerity to say a thing like that to me!"

Lark realized now that she had said the one unforgivable thing. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way. . . ."

Mara didn't say anything at all.

Lark thought, *She hates me.* I can't stay here. Somehow they finished dinner in a strained embarrassed silence. When Lark announced at its end that she and Galt would leave, there was no move to stay them.

AFTER they had left Mara Hastings, Lark and Galt rode in silence until they came to a grove below a mill. A man wearing a dusty smock came out of the mill, and Galt shouted, "How far to Greatways? We're looking for Squire Terraine."

"Twelve mile—can't miss it. Two hills, and there's Minnie Buxtree's tollgate. Beyond Minnie's is Greatways."

Lark said, "Oh, dear, I don't want to see that awful Minnie! Can't we get around the tollgate?"

Galt said they could try. And try they did until something blocked their path. Something enormous, dressed in violent pink, sleeping in a chair, mouth open, snoring deeply . . . Minnie stirred, leaped to her feet, and shouted:

"I seen you! Trying to sneak by my tollgate!" She rubbed her eyes. "Blimy! Pinch me and wake me up! In the name of heaven," Minnie's voice dropped reverently, "how come you wasn't drowned, honey?"

"Luck," Lark said. "I was washed up on an island."

"Where you been? Where you livin'? What you doin' here? And who's the handsome trouserful with you?"

Lark said, "This is Galt Withe. He rescued me from the island. We found Squire Terraine's horse and we're taking him to Greatways."

Minnie looked wonderingly at the big red horse.

"This here the brute you was so besotted on, back on the old Temp, honey? The kickin' hyena that shied at my parasol the night we was goin' aboard?"

Lark said he was. She told about the ponies and the way she and Galt had caught the horse. Minnie said, "Pinch me now," and, "I say, this beats the world," and "God save us!"

"We'd better get along toward Greatways, Lark." Galt looked at the sun reddening in the west.

"And what's *your* hurry?" Minnie wanted to know.

"I'm glad to see this girl. Me an' her went through hell together. We be old friends. You ever get to meet that superfine Miss Hastings, honey?"

"Yes, we did."

"Fun, I bet." Minnie winked at Galt. "I bet you an' her had quite a time talkin' about Mr. David North."

Lark said, "Minnie, we've got to go. I'm glad we saw you. I'm glad you didn't drown." She turned to mount the mare, but Minnie put a massive arm about her.

"You're nothin' but skin and bones. You're goin' to my place an' rest an' eat. I thought about you lot of times since that wreck. I kind of liked you, Lark, from the first. An' I'm goin' to feed you and rest you before you go another inch of the way."

Brusquely Minnie ordered her to eat and then, once satisfied that Lark had stuffed herself as much as she could, bade her stretch her little bones on the day bed.

HOURS later Lark awakened to an almost dark room, with Minnie lighting an oil lamp. Soap, two big towels, and what seemed to be a pile of fresh clothes were near at hand on a chair.

"Hurry now!" Minnie's pumpkin-wide face beamed. There were stockings and little sandals on the bed, and ruffled drawers, a shift and a petticoat. And then Lark stared, stared at her own dress, her best dress, her good blue bombazine that she had missed from her portmanteau on the Tempora.

"Minnie!" Lark called. "Where did this dress come from?"

"That little dress?" Minnie asked thoughtfully. "Let me see. Just a little dress I had tucked off in a trunk."

"You did steal that dress, didn't you, Minnie?"

"Be sure your sin will find you out," Minnie said cheerfully. "That's your dress, for a fact, honey, an' ain't it God's blessin' I took it from you?"

"Why, Minnie," Lark said, "you really stole—"

"I reckon I been a thief, Lark, lot o' times. I never thought much about it till that fearful wreck come. But I tell you, I thought about it since. Many's the night I've woke wide up, seein' you, right in the room by me, holdin' out your hands for your things. You was sent my way for me to make it up to you."

"It doesn't matter." Lark felt sorry now for her reproach.

"It matters a heap. Here I am, all by my lonesome, those poor girls o' mine et up by fishes; and now I got a chance to wipe some of the deviltry off my slate! Maybe it don't matter to you, but it matters to me. Now how much money did you lose?"

"But if you—I mean, you'd know if you—if—"

"If I stole it? You're askin' straight out if I took it? Well, maybe I don't remember details so good."

"I don't want any money from you," Lark said suddenly. "Oh, Minnie, I'm not sure you took my money. You're so kind to me now, I can't—"

"Get into your dress." Minnie gave her a hug. "There's more ways to kill a cat than chokin' it on butter. Supper's sittin' waitin', girl."

Galt, bathed, dressed in clean linen, joined Minnie and Lark at the cherry window table.

Minnie listened with interest to the story of Lark's and Galt's adventures, but clucked with scorn over the idea of returning Red Raskall to Jarrod Terraine's stable.

"You two keep that horse an' run him at the Fair an' save the money for your brats. What if you take your horse to old Jarrod, and he don't give you any reward?"

"He offered the reward," Lark said. "He's a rich man."

"That was better'n six weeks ago. Lots of things can happen in less time than that."

Next morning Minnie showed Lark and Galt about the place.

"I got thirty acres, but they needs a farmin' man to see to." She glanced at Galt, and he nodded. "I'm your man, Minnie."

"Go right to it." Minnie's voice had a purring sound. "I got ideas for Lark too . . . like racin' Red Raskall at the Fair."

Lark said, "Oh, Minnie, you know I must take Red Raskall to Squire Terraine."

Then Minnie sprang her bombshell. "Well, honey, I wasn't going to tell you for fear you might want to set out after them, but it seems Jarrod Terraine bet his plantation on a horse race last week, and lost. Lost to Plascutt Dawes' Thunder Boy. Then Dawes, he cleaned the old squire out, and the Terraines, stripped naked, has left for Kentucky."

Lark did want to follow with the horse, but Minnie pointed out that before she could overtake the Terraines they would be well in the wilds of Kentucky—and Lark would then be risking death to find them—and if she did, would never be able to make the long trip back alone. So, ruefully, she allowed Minnie to settle both herself and Galt on the farm.

During the last warm red-gold days of October, Lark began to regain the feeling of strength and bubbling life. Galt was certainly happy. He had done remarkable things with Minnie's land already, managing her lazy help, planning next year's crops, readying the land. Minnie was greatly pleased with having them both.

But she was troubled about Lark. "What you need," she said bluntly, "is a good stronghearted man to boss you an' a passel o' brats to see to. . . . Galt, can't you make any time with Lark? I'd give you the cutest little wedding that ever was. And there wouldn't never be no doubt about keepin' Galt round then. I dearly love a man about. I think nothin' dresses up a house as good as a well filled pair o' pants."

One bright morning Minnie announced that she was going to the Fair, on the Norfolk outskirts. "You an' Galt can go," she told Lark. "See a lot o' people."

David, Lark thought. She means I'll have a chance to see David.

"Take your two nags," Minnie suggested, "an' pick up a bit o' racin' money. Right good races up to the Fair."

A servant who adored Lark found a black riding habit in one of Minnie's closets and heated flatirons to "press it nice."

Minnie put on her Fair costume, a red-and-white creation that billowed as she took her place in the chariot her tiny black servant, Midget, brought to the door.

The chariot was drawn by two ponies decorated with pompons and bells. Around the body of the chariot was a wide canvas strip bearing the painted legend:

"Greatest Show Ever Conceived by the Human Mind to Please, Instruct, and Horrifye. See Two-Ton Minnie and her black Bantam Bodyguard, Weight 55 lb., and can whip Minnie's Weight in Wild Cats, and Yet Sleeps in the Palm of Her Hand."

When they reached the Fair, Lark walked slowly toward the Cargoe Riske cubicle under the rusty magnolia. She could see several men inside. One of them was standing up, coming toward her, into the sunshine . . . David.

He said, "Lark—where under heaven have you been?"

She told him the things that had happened. He frowned when she mentioned living at Minnie's. He said, "You could have stayed at Mara Hastings' till I came. I don't feel that Minnie is—a suitable friend for a young and tender female. I—Lark, I am deeply troubled about you."

Lark said, "I've been with more unsuitable people than Minnie."

"I will come to you, Lark," David said firmly, "as soon as I am free to, and that will be soon. I have the evidence I need and my case against Matson will be settled soon. It is of great importance. But I do not want to neglect you, Lark. I have worried about you. If you would come back to Mara's—until after Matson's trial—"

"David," Lark said. "David—you're so different—I keep seeing you in that gypsy dress, your hair wild, your life in danger, and now—now—David, I hardly know you."

David looked worried. He said patiently, "How childish, Lark. I joined the gypsies to catch Matson—"

"To make money for your company. . . . But, David—"

"It was my job to catch him," David said reasonably.

He would see Lark later, he said. Lark walked to the track. Galt was entering Red Raskall in a race. A tug of excitement caught at Lark. She touched Galt's hand.

"Galt," she said, "could we—"

"Two-pound entry," Galt said. "I paid it. . . . Lark, I want you to ride Red Raskall. Will you?"

"But I thought you—" she paused. Again that feel of desperate pushing desire, that pre-race excitement she had known years ago, a lifetime ago. . . . "I will, Galt, thanks."

Lark stood there, cold and eager. They were bringing the other entries. A sorrel, two bays, and then a gray horse, a long gray stallion with big sharp-pointed ears. The young man riding him looked so much like Plascutt Dawes that Lark wasn't surprised to hear the bookies call him "Mister Plascutt."

A rustle swept the stand and the gathering crowds. Thunder Boy, the shark horse, the horse that won a plantation and a fortune for his owner. Thunder Boy. The bets all turned to him. The bookies were crowded now; money was pushed at them. "Five on Thunder Boy." . . . "Ten on Thunder Boy." . . . My buckboard an' mule yonder on Thunder Boy."

Hawkers gave tongue to the news. . . . One three-mile heat was the race distance. Purse of fifty pounds and a cut on wagered money to the winner. A cup to boot.

Lark drew the out position for Red Raskall. She saw the handkerchief high in the air, saw it fall, heard the shot, and then she was leaning on the Raskall's neck.

By the time the third mile was begun it was clear to the riders and the stands that the race was between Thunder Boy and Red Raskall. The field dropped behind them at the half turn. Lark realized that young Plascutt Dawes was a fine rider. He pushed the big gray into the turn at breakneck pace, and Lark followed, clinging, gripping with her knees, easing forward, moving with her horse, urging him. He sprang forward mightily, gathered his legs for another jump, laying himself low then, pushing the track behind him, straining to overtake the gray, straining and slowly gaining and passing the Dawes horse a few yards before the finish, winning in a matter of split seconds.

PEOPLE rushed at Lark, lightly lifted her down, shook her hand, admired the Raskall. The bookie pushed money into her hands. Galt came to her. "Lark, you be wonderful. Lark—oh, Lark, honey . . ."

David walked toward her, stern, rebuking. "Lark, how could you make a spectacle of yourself? Come here!"

Behind David stood Mara Hastings, her narrow little face outraged, her very ruffles quivering. Lark bowed, but Mara turned her eyes away. David, his face reddening, said, "You rode superbly well, Lark, but—well—a lady, a grown woman—" He paused, looked helplessly from Lark toward Mara.

The elder Plascutt Dawes came toward the group. He bowed to Lark, said, "I thought I recognized you. Where did you get this horse?"

Lark told him.

"Then I must attach him," Mr. Dawes said stiffly. "He is a Terraine horse. I hold a lien to Terraine's property. Is that clear?"

Galt came to Lark's side. He said, "But the horse doesn't belong to Squire Terraine, Mr. Dawes. You see, he's our horse. We're going to keep him."

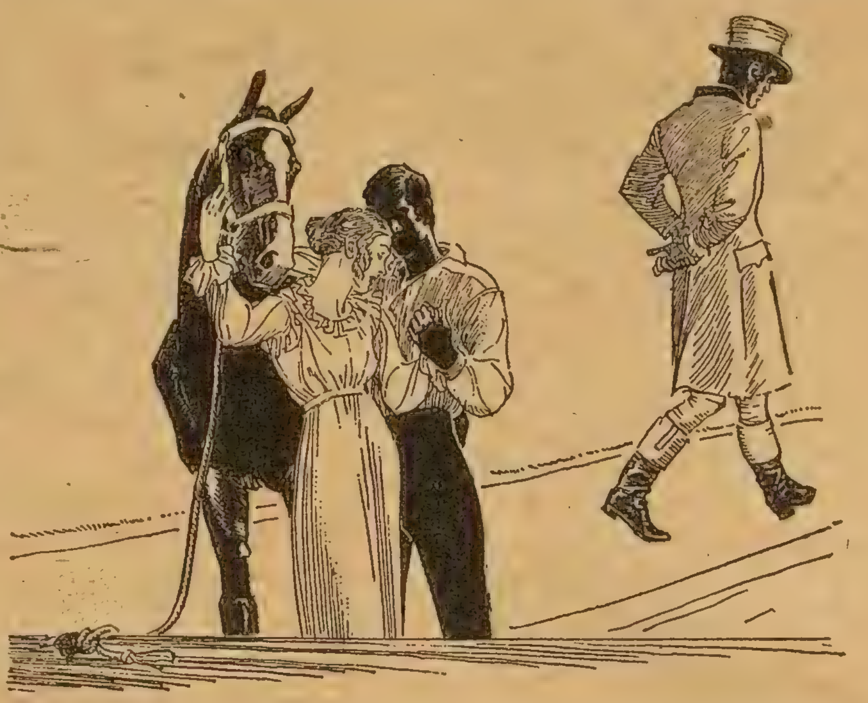
"I shall take the matter to court." Mr. Dawes' face was very red.

"Very well." Lark put her arm through Galt's. "But we're going to fight for him, Mr. Dawes. We're going to fight for our horse!"

LARK, waiting there in the upper room of the courthouse, was very conscious of the eyes that stared at her.

The buzz of whispered comment and neighborly gossip was not hushed till Judge Tavner, pompous and dignified in his black gown and powdered wig, took his seat.

In the fenced-off enclosure to the left of where Lark was sitting beside Galt, Matson's graceful relaxed figure was a cynosure of many eyes. His trial, too, was posted for today.



Since this fact had not been previously stated, the crowd was in a holiday mood, feeling that they were getting the free show of a double attraction. Toward the back of the room stood a group of gypsies. Beyond were many of Matson's disreputable acquaintances.

Plascutt Dawes took his place beside his wife and the son who had ridden Thunder Boy at the Fair.

Lark's attention fastened itself on David, who stood, sturdy and unruffled, in the witness box. There was an air of righteousness about him which was almost smug. Studying him, Lark thought, Why, that man is a stranger to me! He isn't the David I have dreamed about and loved since I was a little girl. This is a man to whom nothing matters except getting ahead in the world.

David had an answer, and an adequate one, to every question that Matson's lawyer put to him. He was calm and cool and impersonal.

The lawyer asked why, if the Cargoe Riske Company had suspected Matson for several years, they had continued to do business with him?

David explained patiently that he had been working on the case for many months, that he had followed Matson to England, and that when he was unable to get the proof he desired, he had disguised himself as a gypsy and taken passage on the Runnymeade.

Galt leaned over to whisper to Lark, "David's doing fine."

Lark thought, How generous Galt is! He's as pleased over David's good fortune as if it were his own. David doesn't ever think about anybody but himself. It explains why Mara is more important to him than I am. There isn't anything I could do to help him. I haven't anything to give him and he hasn't anything to give me, and without any giving and taking there can't be any love.

David made a complacent little bow and took his seat amid a hum of approval. The president of his company leaned over and patted him on the back.

Matson was, to all appearances, totally unconcerned with the verdict. He sat nonchalantly with his accustomed spineless grace which brought to Lark's mind his sobriquet of the "Spanish Cat." He glanced in her direction once and made a slight gesture of salutation.

He side-stepped very neatly the questions which David's lawyer propounded to him. The facts and figures which David had quoted were juggled and distorted so that, if Lark had not known Matson to be a criminal, she would have believed him innocent.

The verdict was only a matter of a few moments' time. "Guilty as charged." The punishment was fixed at one year in jail and damages of ten thousand pounds, payable to the Cargoe Riske Company.

"Matson's watching you," Galt whispered. "He's coming over to speak to us."

Suddenly, as Matson turned, there was a silver flash like a bird flying through the air. Matson doubled over in agony, trying to draw out the knife that was buried, hilt-deep, in the breast of his jacket. Realization came to Lark, remembrance. Quickly her glance flew to the back of the room. There was not a gypsy in sight. They had vanished. And only Lark knew of the gypsy girl who swung from a gibbet—the girl whose throat Matson had slashed.

"Galt!" she screamed. "Galt! Galt! Matson's wounded!"

AFTER the recess, Judge Tavner rapped with his gavel to quiet the general hubbub, and the two lawyers who were to have charge of the case of Dawes versus Shannon and Withe took over.

Plascutt was called on and stated that he considered the thoroughbred horse Lancer to be his property, since he was in possession of a document from Jarrod Terraine deeding Greatways and all his property to him.

Lark was called next. She told how she had been familiar with the horse on the boat and recognized him at once when she found him near Ghost Island.

She was excused from the stand and Galt took her place. He stated that the horse had left the island with the ponies and returned to it from time to time. He said that he had seen the handbill offering a reward for its capture and return to Squire Terraine, and that he and Lark had managed to secure the horse and to hide him with the eventual plan of taking him to shore and returning him to his owner, Squire Terraine.

"When you found his ownership had changed hands, why did you not give him at once to Mr. Dawes?" Plascutt's lawyer demanded. "You and your companion were clearly evading the law by harboring property which did not belong to you."

"Here, here now!" Minnie heaved herself to her feet. "Judge, I've got a word or so to add to this case. Any time a long-nosed, thin-shanked shyster begins to sling mud about Minnie Buxtree's friends—"

"Whether or not these young people happen to be friends of yours has no bearing whatsoever on the case, Miss Buxtree," the judge said severely.

"Don't call me Miss Buxtree," Minnie said serenely. "I'm Minnie to my friends and admirers, and there're plenty of them in this here court.

"Judge, I have a word to speak as character witness for this young couple. Galt Withe and his gal here did everything within reason, and beyond it, to return the horse to its rightful owner. They carried out his expressed desire in racing him against Thunder Boy."

"Miss Buxtree," Plascutt's lawyer interrupted. "You say 'expressed desire.' Just what do you mean?"

"I mean I heard the first bet talked about and entered into on that old tub of a Tempora," Minnie said. "I'd gone down to the hold for a private chat with a feller I was sweet on, and, not finding him there, stayed to hear the argument between the two gents. I could tell you all about that bet if you'd like me to."

"The bet has no bearing on this case." Plascutt was on his feet. "Was Lark Shannon one of your bound girls? Did you connive with her to steal the horse?"

Minnie said, "Damn your mean little stinking soul, Plascutt Dawes," and then, with great composure and good nature, paid out the fine which the judge imposed for contempt of court. "It was worth it," she said loudly.

The lawyer consulted his client for a moment and then said, "Miss Shannon did want to collect the reward money, didn't she? She was eager and greedy for that?"

"Greedy for that!" Minnie mimicked his tone to perfection. "And who, on God's green earth, if they'd lost every stick and stitch of their possessions in a shipwreck, wouldn't be glad enough to collect a just debt due them?"

Plascutt was on his feet once more. "Judge Tavner," he said sourly, "the question I would like to put to the witness is, that, since she claims to have overheard the wager, made as a gentleman's agreement between myself and Squire Terraine, was it not her understanding that Greatways and whatever chattels the family was possessed of should become my property?"

Minnie played her trump card now. "Mr. Terraine said, 'so help me, I'll bet all my possessions, saving my daughter, my slaves, and my horseflesh, on this race between Lancer and Thunder Boy.' Them two horses was the racers in the original bet. Later, when Mr. Terraine thought that Lancer had gone down aboard the Tempora, he picked up a horse named Black Jig, an' Mr. Dawes put the screws on Mr. Terraine and forced him to follow this same bet through, against his own better judgment, since 'twas well known that Black Jig was an unsound beast!

"Jarrod Terraine's claim was that Lancer (Red Raskall, we call him) could beat Thunder Boy. S'pose I just write him now, out there in Kaintuck, and tell him Lancer *did* beat Thunder Boy, fair an' square." She glanced slyly at Plascutt.

Mr. Dawes said quickly, "I have decided, Judge Tavner, to withdraw my claim to the horse and cease litigation against Miss Shannon and Mr. Withe."

"Well," Minnie said proudly, "I did set a match to a bonfire, didn't I? What happens next, Ben Tavner?"

The judge frowned. "This court now accepts the responsibility of disposing of a valuable piece of horseflesh. Under the circumstances, I do hereby decree that the horse now belongs to Lark Shannon."

The courtroom rang with applause as Lark rose to her feet and bowed.

THAT afternoon, when Galt was working in the fields, David North came, he said, to congratulate Lark.

"Oh, David," Lark said, "I was so happy that you, yourself, won."

"I expected to win," he said stiffly. "I was in the right."

"Yes, of course," she said hastily. "I just wanted to tell you how happy I was. I tried to find you to tell you so."

"Did you, Lark? Did you really? I didn't know that." David crossed the room and sat down beside her on the little love seat. "I didn't know you cared. Mara said you ran away from me, that she wanted to make you comfortable and happy until I could come back from my business trip and we could all be together."

"But, David, I didn't want to be 'together,' when you belonged to her. I was terribly hurt that you hadn't told me you were promised to Mara. If I'd known that sooner . . ."

"But I wasn't. I'm not promised to her. Lark, she didn't tell you that? She couldn't have!"

"But, David, it doesn't matter now. I've got over caring. You thought I was a silly little girl. Well, I guess I was."

"I liked you when you were a silly girl, Lark. When you rode Red Raskall in the race you were the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

Lark was bewildered. "I thought you disapproved."

David looked rueful. "I guess I did, Lark; but when I'm with you . . ."

"You forget Mara," Lark teased, and drew away a little from his arm that was edging around the back of the seat.

David stiffened at once. "You treated her most ungratefully. I want you to come back to Mara's, Lark. She has suggested that she might organize an equestrienne course for some of her young ladies. You would be equipped, she felt, to instruct in that."

"I'm not going back to Mara," she said gently. "I'm happy here."

"Leading a tenant's life, Lark? You don't realize that in Virginia society . . ."

"David, I don't know anything about Virginia society. I've no place in it and I don't want to have any."

"But, Lark, isn't young Withe here, too? Mara pointed out to me how unsuitable it was for you to be staying here without a chaperon. I feel I've failed you. I promised I'd look out for you and I haven't done it. I'm not promised to Mara. I admire and respect her greatly. But, Lark—why, honey, I love you! I don't know why I was so slow in realizing it. Why, when I was driving out here in the buggy this afternoon, even then I couldn't decide. But you knew it all the time, darling, didn't you? You mustn't think you thrust yourself on me, like Mara said, because you didn't."

"Are you proposing to me, David, really telling me that you want to marry me?" Lark's tone was dangerously quiet, but David said with straightforward enthusiasm, "Of course I am, my dear. Surely I couldn't do it in any plainer words. And I'm proud that I've got a good deal to offer you. A thousand pounds from this Matson business, a share in the profits of the company from now on, and a good social position in the respectable society of Norfolk. I'm glad to offer all this to you, my dear."

He rose with dignity and stood smiling, waiting for her promissory kiss.

Lark said, "David, I'm sorry, terribly sorry, but we wouldn't be happy together."

"You mean you're not going to marry me?" David's astonishment was perfectly genuine. "Why, Lark!"

The door opened, and Galt stood in the doorway. "Oh," he said, "I didn't know you had a visitor."

"I was just going." David picked up his beaver and bowed a stiff farewell.

"David wanted you to marry him? Lark, you look so funny." Galt looked at her queerly and said slowly, "That's what you've been wanting always, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"Why, Lark, darling, you're crying!" He put his arms around her and led her from the room. "It's stuffy here," he said. "We'll walk to the stable. You always feel better when Red Raskall is around, honey."

Red Raskall whinnied softly. Lark said, "I'm crying because I was so foolish, so blind. First I wanted David more than I could bear, almost. Then I didn't want him. Then I wasn't sure. Did you ever know such a silly girl, Galt, ever in all your born days?"

"I never knew so sweet a girl, Lark, so dear a one!"

She was in his arms now, and her heart was at home. Red Raskall whinnied softly again, and nuzzled her shoulder.

"Lark," Galt held her close to him—"Lark, I never hope to see a woman . . . as dear . . . as sweet. Oh, Lark, honey, un be so beautiful! Un prides my heart!"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

NOW that there is such good promise of the war's successful completion in the west, attention will turn more toward the eastern theater and the books which chronicle its advance there.

There are three books about war in the Pacific, all published within the past few months, which provide, each in its separate way, good and exciting background material to what will come in the final stage of winning this biggest of the world's wars.

Best of them, and likely the best of the books done to date on the Pacific action, is **The Pacific Is My Beat, by Keith Wheeler.** Mr. Wheeler is a war-correspondent who, luckily for us, was assigned to the Pacific beat the very day of Pearl Harbor.

Keith Wheeler

He flew there, began his reporting at once, sailed on destroyers, carriers, in battle fleets, and flew tens of thousands of miles to cover one of the toughest and most rugged assignments of the war.

Fortunately, too, Mr. Wheeler is a man who knows how to write as well as watch. His description of the taking of Attu will make you think you are there, even while you breathe a thankful prayer that you're not.

The whole book reflects the fine mind of a good reporter and is a primer of the Pacific war that you'll want to read if you are going to understand the unfolding action from now on. It is full of the sound and the action and fury of war, bringing you close to it, at the same time giving you an overall picture.

Alexander Griffin

Published by E. P. Dutton, N. Y. Price, $3.

THE other two volumes in this Pacific trilogy concentrate on action at sea. The first is **A Ship to Remember, by Alexander Griffin,** the story of the famous and gallant Hornet, the carrier which, as every school child will know from this year forward, carried the Doolittle group on the raid on Tokyo, and made history in the tradition of the Bonhomme Richard, the Constitution, and the Essex.

The Hornet's life was short but her achievements were great, and this chronicling of them is one of the stirring stories that make Americans justifiably proud of their naval history.

Published by Howell, Soskin, N. Y. Price, $2.50.

CONDITION RED, by Commander Frederick J. Bell, is a naval man's account of ships at war in the Pacific. Commander Bell has captained destroyers as well as served on carriers. He has seen action on both. Condition Red is the term his own ships used when ready for battle—and it occurred frequently.

Besides his own experiences, Commander Bell's relating of incidents on other commands, his stories about the Navy generally, and his accounts from the "inside" make this one of the top reading experiences of the war.

Published by Longmans, Green, N. Y. Price, $3.

ONE section of Webster's Dictionary which I have often found useful is the pronouncing biographical pages. I am glad to report, therefore, that its publishers have won my further esteem by bringing out a whole volume of such information—**Webster's Biographical Dictionary,** some sixteen hundred pages of facts about the great, living and dead, plus a supplementary section which is another triumph, for this contains tables that will tell you about kings, rulers, presidents, and chefs d'état of practically every country in the world, from as far back as 2200 B. C. Invaluable, all of it.

Published by G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass. Price, $6.50.

A WOLF IS IN
Continued from Page 24

knickerbockers and a black jersey in which I am attired.

"Listen," I says. "Where would this country be today if Paul Revere had failed to spring to horse simply because he didn't own proper riding clothes?"

Connie gives a little shriek. "You mean you're going riding?"

"Correct," I says. "With you."

"Freddy Sandford," Connie says, "this is the silliest thing I've ever heard of. Why, you've never been on a horse in your life."

"No matter," I says grandly. "A fiancé's place is at his fiancée's side."

"Now, Freddy," says Connie, "I will not have you coming up to the riding academy and making a fool of yourself."

I tsk-tsk at her lack of logic. Why does it follow that, because I've never ridden before, I should make a fool of myself? You see, I have this all doped out, with a little help from Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan takes a bunch of dumb Mongols, sits 'em on horses, and overruns the world. And nobody can tell me that all those Mongols were either born riders or took lessons from guys like Avery Peacock. No, sir-ee! They simply used their heads and kept their seats. And I figure that what a dumb Mongol can do, I can do.

"Freddy," Connie is saying, "this is strictly screwball."

"See here," I says. "Have you any objection to my indulging in a bit of equestrianism other than the remote possibility that I might break my neck?"

"No-ooo," Connie says. "Except that . . . well, it wouldn't be so bad if the class for beginners were today. But this morning, Ave—that is, Mr. Peacock—is giving me a private lesson."

"Aha," I says. "Now we get somewhere. Good old Ave. Is this what you meant the other day by your 'private life'?"

The dark-blue eyes narrow dangerously. "Just what are you inferring, Mist-er Sandford?"

"Don't mind me," I says. "I am only a fiancé putting in the golden hours thinking about a wolf. You know, W-O-L-F, wolf? *Canis lupus,* from the Latin."

"Freddy Sandford," Connie's voice is a touch shrill, "you have got a nasty suspicious mind."

"This useless person believes," I says —I am right Chinesey that day—"that he who has a suspicious mind keeps his gal. Shall we take my car or yours?"

AT the riding academy Avery Peacock looks at me like I am something that holes up under a log, then turns to Connie. There is an expression of inquiry on his handsome puss.

"This," Connie says apologetically, "is Freddy Sandford."

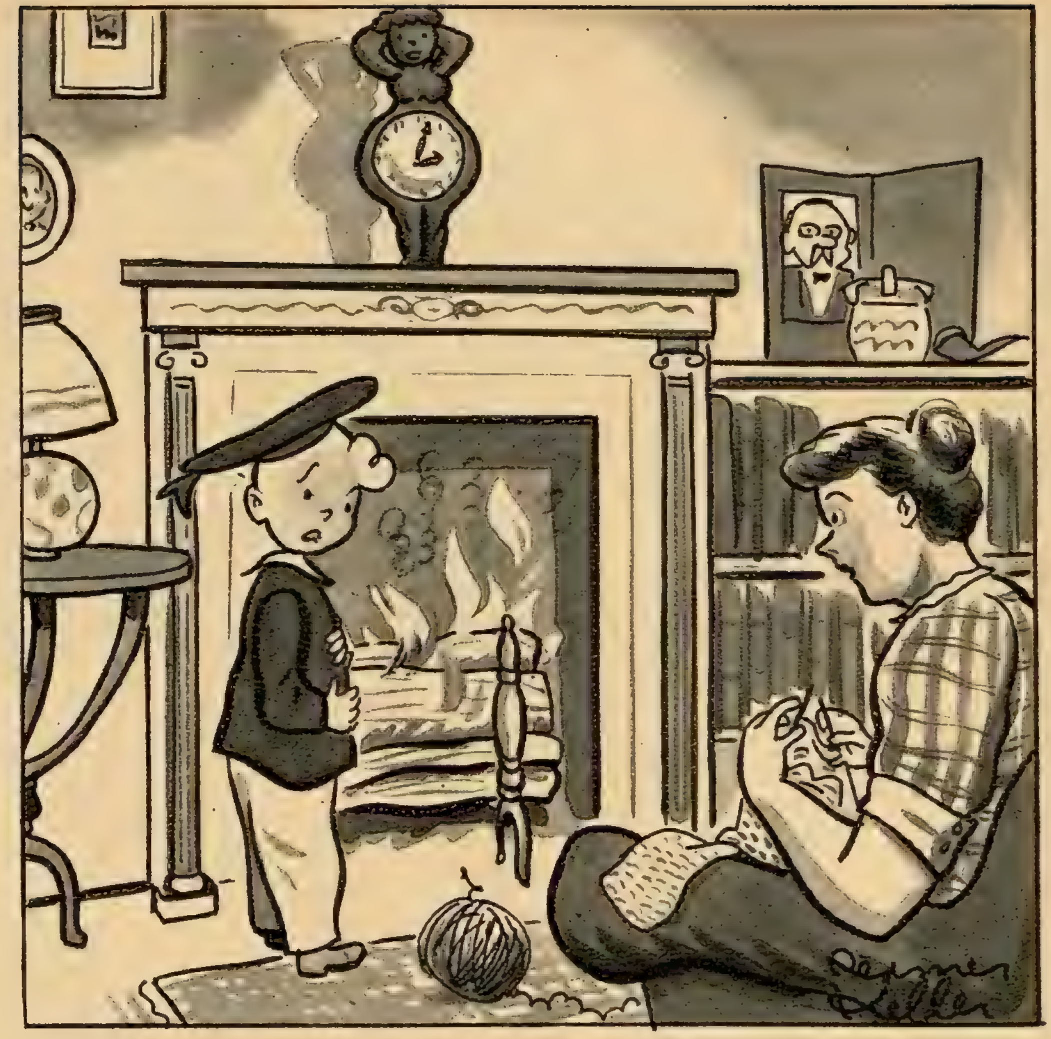
"Oh," says Avery, and extends a hand that feels like a salt mackerel long deceased.

"Freddy wants to ride with us, Ave—er—Mr. Peacock," Connie explains.

Avery's black brows lift. "You've ridden before, of course, Mr. Sandford?"

"Not ever," I says promptly. This is part of my plan. I do not know whether Connie is enchanted with Avery on account of his personal charms or because he is simply an outsize in jockeys. But if it is the latter, I am out to prove that riding is just a matter of keeping your head and your seat, like the Mongols.

HARDTACK



"The clock in *my* stomach says six—time to eat!"

Avery hesitates. Finally he says, "Well, then, I don't think you'd better try it this morning. The only extra horse in the stables right now is Nightmare. And, believe me, she is well named."

To myself I says, Bah! I should fall for a gag like that. It is obvious that Avery is stalling because he wants to be alone with Connie.

"That being the case," I says, "you'll have to bring on Nightmare."

Avery shrugs and goes off toward the stables.

"Freddy," Connie says, "I implore you to give up this idiotic notion."

Idiotic, hunh! So it is idiotic for a fiancé to see for himself just how far his girl has become enamored of a riding master? Oh, I do not hope to learn much. In my presence they will not pursue their nefarious affair to any great degree. But I can get a line on matters from the culvert glances, the nuances and innuendoes that are sure to pass between them. I take a firm stand.

"No," I says. "But definitely, no. Sandford rides again."

Avery comes back in a little while with three horses. He points out Nightmare to me and I take a gander at her. Nightmare takes a gander at me. And it is evident that here is not the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

She is a black horse with a white face. But there is nothing kindly about that face or in the eyes that go free with it. The eyes look upon me with distaste.

I approach carefully, and all at once Nightmare rears up and does some shadow boxing with her forefeet.

"See?" says Avery Peacock. "She's mean."

"Trick horse, eh?" I says, striving for insouciance. "Well, we'll soon fix that."

I put my foot in the stirrup, and right away the brute starts off, but I anticipate this move. Agile like a monkey, that is Frederick. I give a heave-ho and I am up there, looking like the statue of General Custer.

Connie and Peacock exchange glances. And I snort inwardly. Do they think I cannot cope with an ordinary quadruped? The feat gives me a sense of mastery of the situation. It is premature.

"Nothing to it," I says airily. "Giddyap, Napoleon." And I dig my heels into Nightmare's sides.

You have heard of things, bullets, projectiles, cereals, *et al.*, being shot out of guns. That is how Nightmare comports herself then—like something shot out of a gun. One second she is standing in the stable yard. The next, she is fifty yards up the bridle path and going strong, ears back, nose out. And Frederick is with her and yet not with her, if you get what I mean. I am clutching saddle, bridle, and Nightmare's mane all at once. If somebody had shoved a red-hot poker in front of me, I would have clutched it too.

Behind me I hear Connie scream and Peacock shout. I also hear a thudding of hoofs. But I pay little attention. I am too busy sailing through the air, coming down to hit horse, and bouncing back into the air again. Then, all at once, something goes very, very wrong. I give a list to larboard and can't get back in the saddle. And down below me is Mother Earth, getting closer to my chin every second.

I am practically trailing the Sandford countenance along the bridle path when, suddenly, the parade stops with a jerk. Connie is on one side of me, trying to push me upright. On the other side is Avery Peacock, holding Nightmare's bridle and talking soft to her. But what he says to me presently is not soft.

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

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"You fool, Sandford," he says. "Do you want to kill yourself?"

"Th-the horse," I says, and I think maybe my face is a little red. "It took me by surprise. It won't happen again."

"I'll say it won't," Avery Peacock says grimly. "Because, if you insist on riding, Sandford, we walk—with you between us."

I will skip the details of that tedious ride and/or walk. Suffice to say that there is not much conversation. I get the feeling that I have crabbed the party. But definitely. Connie is silent and distant. Peacock rides close to Nightmare, within easy grab of her bridle. And I . . . well, covered with confusion though I am, I get still another feeling.

It concerns the horse. I think the horse has been thwarted and that she is just laying back for me. I cannot account for the sensation. All I know is that I am like a guy sitting astride Mount Etna a few minutes before eruption time.

So, eventually, we plod back toward the riding academy. But, suddenly, fifty yards away from there, Avery Peacock stops us.

"Well, Sandford," he says, and I do not like the way he says it, "you've had a little experience now. Do you think you can take her into the stable yard?"

His voice is smooth, but there is a note of challenge in it. And that is one thing Frederick never blinks, a challenge.

"Certainly," I says. I am scared white, but through my brain rushes that old Mongol slogan, "Keep your head, keep your seat." "Just stand back," I says.

They do so and everything is hunky-dory for about five feet. Then it is made apparent that I am correct. That horse is laying for me. Before I rightly know what is happening, she is up on her hind legs. The next instant she is streaking for the feed box and I am sitting in the bridle path. Crimson is the word for Frederick.

Avery Peacock looks down upon me. "Well, Sandford," he says, "riding is a cinch, isn't it? Maybe some day, with application, you will be able to do it like this." He wheels his horse with a flourish and goes tearing down the path.

Connie's eyes follow him. "Gee!" she says breathlessly. "He rides like a Cossack."

"Yeah," I says. "And I suppose you're figuring on knitting him a balalaika for Christmas."

This brings her attention to me. I am still reclining in soft earth. "Get up, you fool!" snaps Connie. "I was never so mortified in my life."

PRESENTLY our hero comes back. "You know, Sandford," he says to me, "you threw a pretty good bluff this morning. But you didn't fool me. The minute you walked up to that mare, I knew you were afraid of horses."

I have had about enough. Here I am debased in the eyes of the world's Number One gal, and now I am practically accused of being yellow. And by a big jerk who ought to be helping take care of Hitler & Hirohito.

Furthermore—and I guess this makes me sorest of anything—he is one hundred per cent right. I am afraid of equines by now; I know I will never again be able to gaze even upon a clotheshorse with equanimity. Embarrassment and being burned to a cinder make me lose control.

"Oh, yeah?" I yells. "Well, I'll tell you something, Buffalo Bill. I may be afraid of horses, but I'm not afraid to go out and do a touch of fighting for your Uncle Samuel. And that is more than you can say, to date."

Avery Peacock just looks at me. Then, very slowly, he brings out a wallet and produces two pieces of paper.

"I've never had occasion to publicize this before," he says, "but . . . . well, there's a time for everything. Here!"

I take the documents. Connie is looking over my shoulder. The next instant the Sandford jaw drops.

One of the papers is an honorable discharge from the U. S. Marine Corps. The other is a letter from Avery's commanding officer. And what a letter! Glowing. But glowing. According to the C. O., he, Avery Peacock, can lick his weight in leopards, with Joe Louis fighting for the leopards. "It is a matter of great regret [and no doubt will lengthen the war] that Marine Peacock suffers so continuously from hay fever that his discharge is imperative," etc., etc.

CONNIE gives a gasp. "Avery," she breathes rapturously. "Oh, Avery! Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"You never asked," says the ex-marine, with just the proper nonchalance.

Well, how do you like that? The ragweed and the goldenrod double-cross me by throwing this wolf athwart my love life.

That night Connie phones. "I have been thinking it over," she says, without preamble, "and I have come to the conclusion that you must apologize to Avery Peacock. You were very insulting."

Well, I am sore, very sore, in more ways than one. "Apologize?" I barks. "I apologize to that big hunk of hay fever? You should live so long."

There is a pause. Then: "Until you do," says Connie, "you need not speak to me again."

"So," I says. "And if I am induced into the Army before I see fit to crawl on hands and knees to that drippy droop, and vice versa?"

"That," says Connie, "will be your hard luck." And she rings off.

This is the last straw. I go into seclusion. For three days I mope, and Shadow Orchard is without the benefit of Frederick's views on the world and conditions. On the fourth day, as I am sitting on our back steps, head in hands, deciding that once the war is over I will make application to become a Trapdoor monk, something cold touches my fingers.

A dog stands before me.

I am about to shoo it away, wishing to be alone, when I perceive that this is no ordinary dog. It is Ruffles, the wire-haired fox terrier I presented to Connie Parker for her birthday last year.

A monument to Neglect, that is Ruffles. His coat is long, tangly, and infested by burs, stickers, and other vegetable matter. Furthermore, though Nature turns him out a white job with black markings, he is now a dismal shade of brownish gray. To my trained eye, it is evident that Ruffles has been sojourning in every rabbit hole for miles around.

This seems to me an extraordinary state of affairs. In the past, I know, Connie thinks no more of this canine than of the midnight-blue eye on her port side. And she keeps him looking like he is about to step into the ring at the Westminster Show.

Ruffles sits down and concerns himself

with a bur in his forepaw. And I come to a decision. I decide to give Ruffles a bath and comb him out. Not only may this square me a bit with Connie, but it may put her to shame to think she has let her pet go around looking like a neglected grave.

So I dunk our mutual four-footed friend in a tub of warm water in the garage and proceed. And I have just got him covered with a beautiful white lather when the delivery truck from the butcher shop drives up in back of the house. Out of it hops Tim Kelly, the driver, and goes inside with the mainstay of our evening meal.

Now in what Ruffles pleases to call his mind, no doubt, Tim Kelly represents just one thing—chopped meat. You see, Ruffles is a one to hang around the local butcher shop, and when Tim is in there he always slips the pooch a ball of cold raw hamburger. So, at sight of Tim now, Ruffles sets up a yipping and begins agitating in the tub.

"Hold it," I says. "Cut splashing me."

Well, Tim Kelly comes out, gives us a wave, and jumps back into the truck. Off he goes. And Ruffles looses off a disappointed howl, as if to say, "What? No hamburger?" He is put out about it.

So put out, in fact, that the next thing I know a cascade of water smacks me square in the face, Ruffles sails out of the tub in a kind of arc of soapsuds and takes off after the butcher truck. Moreover, he takes off *avec* sound.

Well, here is an upset condition. I cannot let the dog go racing through town sopping wet and making a fool of himself. I do not stop to reflect. I simply give chase.

It is about a quarter of a mile from my house to the shopping center, and I wish to state that during the entire distance we create no little excitement. The delivery truck holds a comfortable lead over Ruffles. Ruffles, baying in a manner to make the Hound of the Baskervilles sound like a tin whistle, holds a comfortable lead over me. I run a bad third, barely in the money at all.

SEEING that I am red-faced and very wet, it is small wonder that people stop to stare at me. Housewives throw open windows and run out on porches. A kid shrills, "Oooh, mama, look at the funny man!" I am the sinecure of all eyes.

The delivery truck turns into the main drag. Presently Ruffles turns into same. At long last I do likewise. And here I gain greatly on Ruffles, when he pauses to pass the time of day with an itinerant chow.

I am about fifty feet away when he starts off again. And suddenly, up ahead, who should I see but Connie Parker and Avery Peacock, laying a course for Al's soda bar? They are in equestrian garb. It is evident that they are just in from riding the range.

At this point Ruffles forgets his original destination.

If there is one thing that dog sets more store by than cold hamburger, it is his mistress—my gal, Connie Parker. He adores the female. Consequently, when he gets a load of her, he bounds toward Al's.

Avery Peacock is gallantly holding the door open for Connie, and Ruffles makes it before it slams shut. A couple of seconds later I arrive and bedlam is going up from within. I enter to perceive commotion.

Connie is standing in the middle of the floor with Ruffles, still pretty sudsy, swarming all over her. Al is behind the fountain, no wise disconcerted. But Avery Peacock is perched on one of the stools, gripping it with one hand as if it were a bucking broncho. In the other hand is his riding crop, upraised.

"Look out, look out!" Avery is shouting. "That dog's gone mad. He's foaming at the mouth."

I guess his shouting disconcerts Ruffles. For suddenly, in his frenzy of playful excitement, the pooch leaves off jumping at Connie and leaps toward Avery. And Avery utters a hoarse sound and takes a furious cut at him with the riding crop.

I am happy to say that Ruffles parries this assault with ridiculous ease. A second later Avery is not so fortunate. He should understudy Ruffles' footwork.

Because Connie Parker lets out a protesting scream, takes a step forward, and suddenly and soundly smacks Avery a beauty right across his Clark Gable-ish face. To me, an innocent bystander, it is a sweet, sweet sound, like mountain music. It is also quite a sock. I bet it shivered the Peacock family tree for generations back.

"Wh-wha—" Avery begins, dumfounded. But Connie cuts him off.

"Avery Peacock," she says, and the dark-blue eyes are mere slits, "I never saw any one do a more brutal and caddish thing in my life. Imagine a grown man trying to strike a little dog. And my dog, too!"

"B-but look at him!" pants Avery. "Foaming. And I didn't know it was your dog. I didn't even know you had a dog."

Here Frederick clarifies the situation. "Sure, he's foaming," I says, "but it's soapsuds. I put 'em on him."

Avery stares at me. "Eh?"

I see my chance to get hunk with this droop. "You know, Peacock," I says, "the plain truth is, you're a whiz with horses, but you're scared silly of dogs. Including toy-size dogs, at that."

"Avery Peacock," says Connie, brushing me one side, "I can't get over your being low enough to strike a dog. And you haven't even the grace to apologize. I—I hope I never lay eyes on you again."

Avery gets off the stool. His face is very red—for more reasons than one.

"I don't expect you to understand," he says, kind of sulky, "but I was bitten by a dog once. As a child, I— Oh, nuts! If that's the way you want it, it's O. K. with me." And he marches stiffly from the soda bar. But stiffly.

Connie wheels on me. She is still belligerent.

"And as for you, Freddy Sandford," she says, "I demand to know why you smeared this poor dog with soapsuds and then chased him around town?"

The injustice of this smites me.

"I was giving him a bath. And why not? I present you with a beautiful animal and you let him run to seed. He came to me today looking like a badly executed hedgehog and—"

"I let him run to seed!" screams Connie. "I gave him a bath the day before yesterday."

"You didn't make it stick," I come back.

Till then Al has been but an interested spectator. Now he clears his throat.

"As a third man in the ring," he says—Al has a way of putting things—"I suggest that you two cool off with a couple of jumbo cherry marshmallows. I'm buying."

Connie sinks down on a stool. She is close to tears.

"TO think," she moans, "that Avery Peacock could do a thing like that!"

"A bad hat," I says. "I could have told you that right off. But you're the easily fascinated type—practically throwing yourself at his head, even this afternoon." I snort in disgust.

She starts to burn again. "Throwing myself at his head! If you want to know, Avery and I have been fighting for the last two hours. And over you!"

"Over me?" I says, amazed.

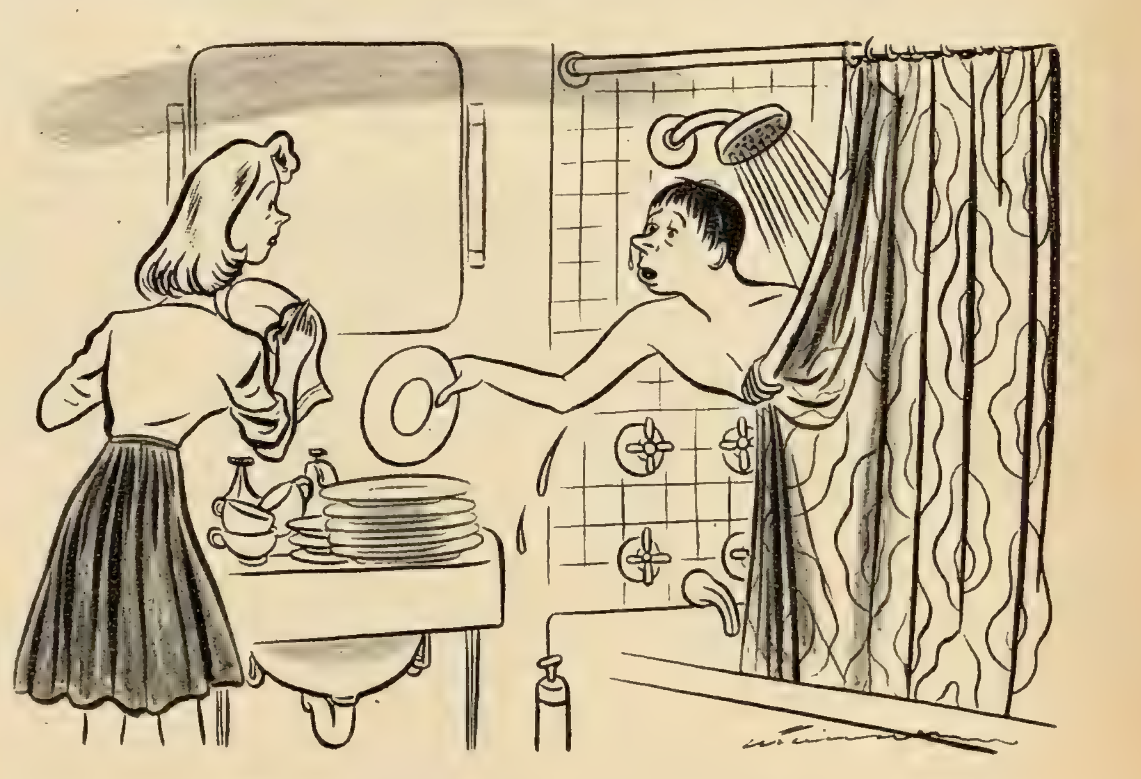
"Yes, you," says Connie. "Because I found out from one of the grooms that there were plenty of horses in the stable the other day. But Avery saw a chance to make you make a fool of yourself. So he lied, and brought out that Nightmare. And I told him it was a dirty trick and I gave him h—Hail, Columbia."

"Well, what do you know!" I says.

"I know," says Connie, teary once more, "that you don't half appreciate me, Freddy Sandford. And I—I'm fool enough to think you're sweet. For doing little things like—well, like washing Ruffles today." She pauses, feasting the wonderful eyes on me. "Oh, Freddy, I'm so glad we aren't mad at each other any more. I—I could almost kiss you."

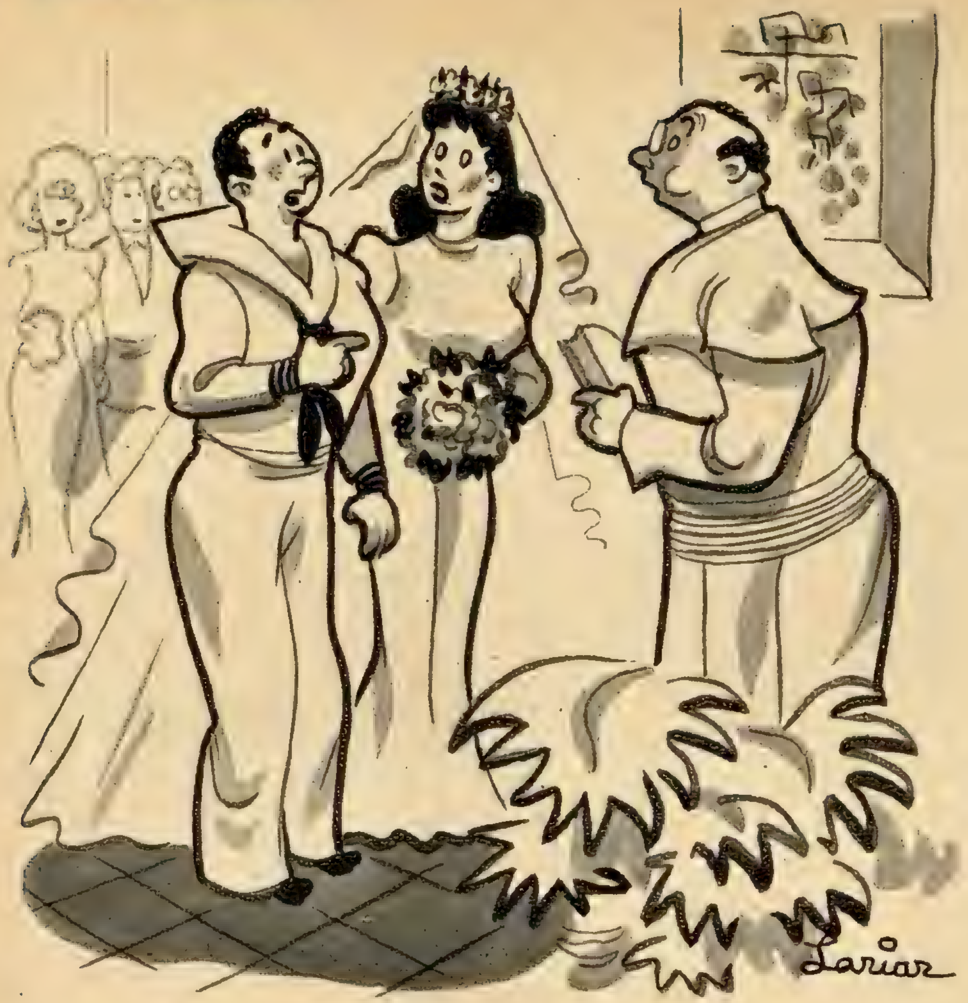
Al pauses in the midst of comesting the comestibles. But he does not look up. Al is very discreet.

THE END



"I wonder how much hot water this saves?"

THE HOME FRONT



" 'Till death us do part'? That's putting it pretty strong, isn't it?"

NO PASSWORD FOR SUSPICION

Continued from Page 15

"Crawl through the grass to the barn. Go in and lie on the hay. Then I will see what can be done about you."

He seized her hand and kissed it. "Thanks, ma."

That sounded more genuine. The sun came over the red barn roof and filled the orchard with hot splendor. There were things of God no tyrant nor any human folly could steal or change. She felt full of the bright light. Another St. George to help and the day of liberation coming.

"I WILL leave you and walk in alone. We seem isolated here, but we are surely watched." She could have bitten off her careless tongue. That was a compromising statement. Was that gleam in the green eyes the joy of the delivered? Or the triumph of the hunter with the quarry within range? She added, "I don't know yet what to do about you. I know nothing of the people who do such things. I must be careful how I find out. Are you hungry?"

"Thirrsty, ma. I had an emairrgency ration."

"When did you come down?"

"The nicht afore last. I spent the day in a field near Malmédy, hiding."

That "nicht" sounded blood-chillingly German to Suzanne. She heard the tinkle of a cowbell far off. Old Elizabeth Delbois was turning out her one remaining cow to pasture. She was the last Delbois left since the work "requisitionings" in December. Deaf and half blind, she could neither see nor hear. But a neighbor's child might be up helping her.

"Keep down and move slowly. Don't worry if it takes a little time to get help for you. Cover yourself with the hay in the barn if you hear any one."

Returning to the farm to change her apron and get her bicycle, Suzanne walked in her accustomed deliberate way, pausing to sniff the nutty fragrance of the fruit blossoms.

She made no haste either with the bicycle. She pedaled slowly under the blazing green of the trees to the game warden's cottage below the waterfall. There was only one occupant there now. The warden's old mother. The warden himself was another work slave in a German factory.

Suzanne rapped hard with her knuckles. The brass lion-head knocker had gone in the hectic metal salvage of the occupiers. After a long wait Mme. Nihant opened the door a cautious crack. Her gray locks were neatly pinned back and she wore a man's threadbare overcoat over her nightgown.

"Oh, la, Suzanne! What's afoot? So early! I thought I had done something to annoy the Gestapo."

"Perhaps you're going to. Let me in." Suzanne walked into the clean bare cottage bereft of its gleam of copper pans and old pewter. She sat on a kitchen chair still scrubbed, but with sand instead of soap. "I have a guest from the sky," she said, "and I need you to help me."

The old woman went gray like wax and sat down suddenly. "Oh, my fool! After what they tell us in Le Patriote?"

"You've had a long life, Fernande. You have to die sometime."

"I don't want to hang or die of a bullet. I'll have nothing to do with him."

"What runs in those old veins? Milk? Water? Or the brave blood of Belgium?"

Red patches stained the weathered cheeks. "You're a hard woman, Suzanne. Why not go to Pierre? Cécile? Jacques?"

"Because you alone can tell if he's a trap. He says he comes from Glasgow, Scotland."

The old woman stared at her mottled brown hands, thin as claws but still steady and useful. Suzanne left her to make up her mind in peace. Fernande Nihant was a self-opinionated, decisive old woman of seasoned experience and some knowledge of the outer world. She had been a refugee from German terror in the last war, taken in and sheltered by a British doctor's family. She had remained as housekeeper for several years after the armistice. The home of that family was in Glasgow, Scotland.

"What is your own opinion, *ma fille?*"

Suzanne shrugged strong square shoulders. "I do not dare to make one. He is very like the Welsh boy. But he is also like some of our parasites. His accent frightens me. I met a Scotsman from Aberdeen in Spa one summer. He did not speak this way. This sounds like German."

"That is bad, Suzanne! Very bad. Turn him over to them."

"But no, my old! I could be wrong. Do we deserve freedom if we refuse a little risk to succor our fearless liberators? Where's that Patriote?"

MME. NIHANT bolted her door, drew the ragged muslin curtains across the windows, and went to the fireless hearth. She pulled a string which drew down a bag hidden in the soot of her cold chimney. Suzanne studied the photograph of one of the decoy airmen.

"Nothing like him, Fernande."

"They wouldn't use this one after his face is known. And there are others."

"It is necessary to burn this paper."

"It is true! But where are matches?" The deft old hands put the paper back in the bag and concealed it. "If he is a trap we are caught whether we help him or whether we don't help him. He will see that we are willing to help and only refuse if we cannot be sure of him. That is enough for some wholesale execution in this neighborhood."

Suzanne drummed square fingertips on the immaculate table top.

"Not if he is the one who is executed. Jacques and Pierre are old men. They should be weak with malnutrition but, on the contrary, they are strong with hate. If the boy is a friend he will trust us. If he is false, he must play his part. He will have to allow us to change his clothes and then we will disarm him."

Mme. Nihant's intelligent mouth was grim. "Formidable! But this is genius! What would we do with his body? Who could light such a fire? Who could dig a grave without a heiling devil on a motorcycle turning up to know the wherefore?"

Suzanne's mouth was grim too. "Your wit fails you, my old! The body is a present to the Gestapo as proof of our quisling collaboration. 'Come to my barn, my honored masters, and see the surprise that awaits you.' "

Mme. Nihant cackled. This pleased her mordant humor. "That would be formidable! Then they would say, 'Hands off the precious foreign airmen —By Order of the Reich.' I will come. It is my duty."

Suzanne assisted her to dress. It was a skillful business to appear well covered in clothes which would now hardly hang together and could not be repaired with nonexistent thread nor moored in place by that extinct friend of woman, the humble safety pin.

A fraying tape broke under Suzanne's hurrying hands, and the string had to be taken from the treasure bag up the chimney. The old woman made ribald jokes about the state her wardrobe would come to if the Allies did not break through soon. She would glue herself if she could get any glue, and let the leaves of the forest drift down and clothe her.

"We will all come to it," she said. "Then these diabolical numskulls will have to paste the village with a new law. *'Achtung!* Beloved citizens of the Reich, in order to avoid the confusion of more confusion, it is *verboten* to appear as trees walking. By Order of the Reich. One land, one folk, one leader.'"

Suzanne laughed, tied the string in a double knot, thrust the ends through the rusty black placket and folded it over.

"I am nervous. There is something I have not told you," she said.

She told Mme. Nihant the curious circumstance that the airman had turned up in her orchard after landing near Malmédy, without knowledge of the country and without contacting any member of the underground to guide him. "He was looking for a barn with a goat on the weathervane—the goat that Victor carved. Now what do you make of it?"

The old woman collapsed on the nearest chair as if her knees gave under her. "I knew it! That was my hunch, Suzanne. He made no parachute jump. They are wise to you, *ma pauvre fille.* They have set a trap for you. I do not go—nothing will get me out of here."

Suzanne had a hunger in her beside which the hunger for enough food was nothing. Night and morning she prayed that the good God would give her a sign that her son was alive.

She sat on the opposite side of the table and took one of the insubstantial brown claws in her firm warm hand. "We've been through so much together, my old! You wouldn't refuse this little thing now? All you have to do is to listen to him."

"And all he has to do is to look at me, and I don't own one dress good enough to face a firing squad."

"Now I know you are coming. Don't you see what Victor would do if he got to England? He would tell the boys he knew where the farm is so that if any came down in the district they would bring me a message, and get news of us all for him."

Mme. Nihant shook her grizzled head. "No, Suzanne. Victor is a smart boy. Over there they know all that is happening to us. He would never risk the knowledge that you have a son bombing the Reich getting to the wrong people—if he ever got out of this concentration camp of a country. No! No! Victor is missing. There is speculation. Their pigs' ears gather all. It is a trap for you."

"If I were half sure of him, Fernande, I would ask this boy."

MADAME rose from her chair and drew herself up straight as a little tree. "If he knows, he will not tell you, for how can he know if you are the rightful owner of the Sanglier farm? How will he know that you are Suzanne? And if he is one of these devils, what then? They must know we are wise to their decoys now. They see the Patriote. So they'll have to plan some special tricks. You made more fuss about them leaving Victor's weathervane than you did about your walnut bedroom suite that went to Germany. So you let them know your maternal instinct was the chink in your armor. No parachute! He never had one. Tchk! Tchk! I don't like it. My poor little cabbage, I don't like it."

"Bien! Then I am alone. If you do not choose to help me I will hurry back to the farm."

"Bon Dieu," groaned Mme. Nihant, "if you get sentimental you cannot be trusted with this situation. I had better come after all."

At the old woman's shrewd suggestion, Suzanne rode on her bicycle to inform Jacques and Pierre of what was afoot so that they would be ready for trouble. Mme. Nihant started slowly down the road after Suzanne had set off, putting on a convincing act of feebleness which necessitated the support of a stick for every step.

When Suzanne joined her in the barn she was sitting on the straw questioning the anxious aviator.

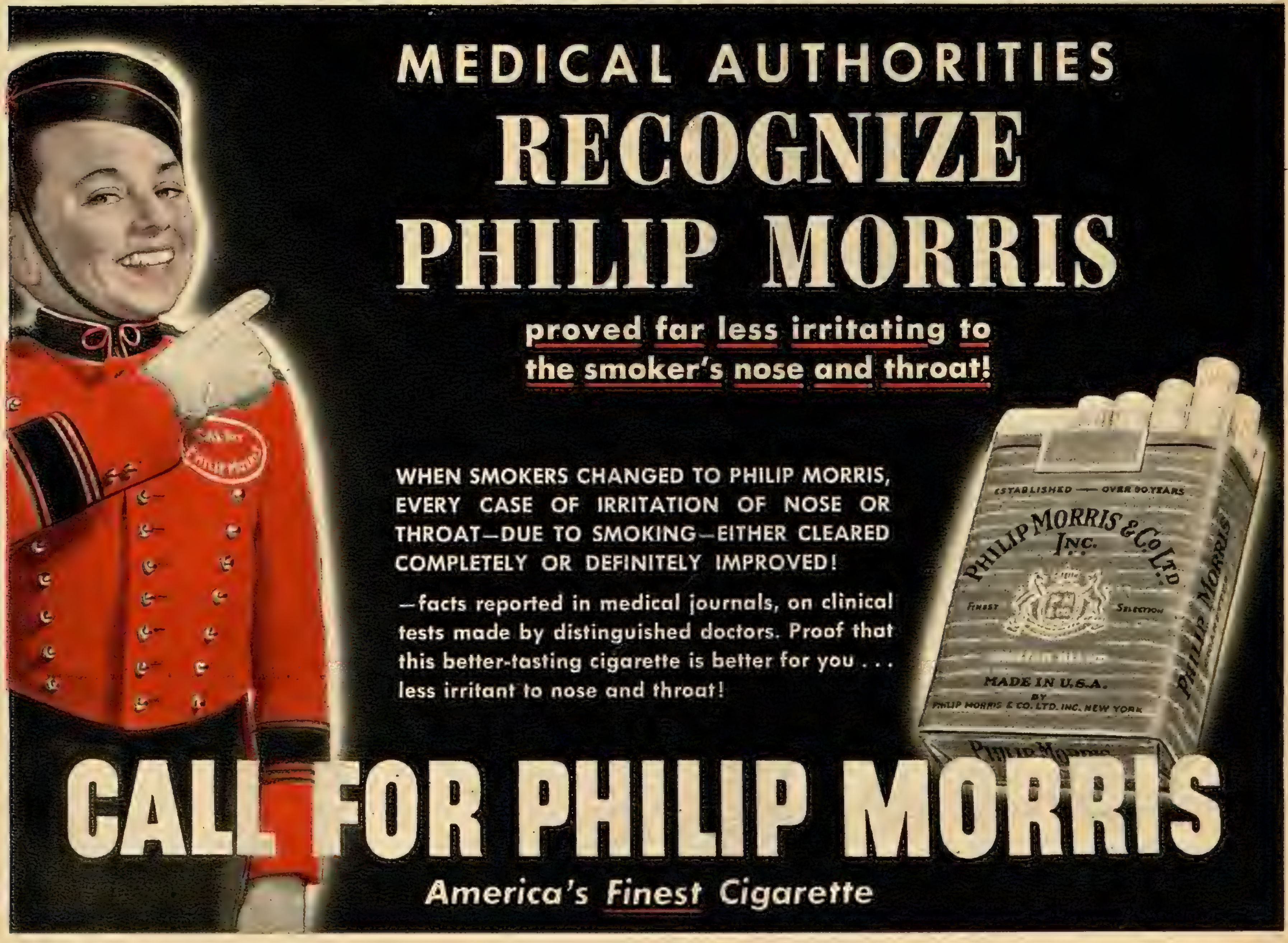
"He has a true Scottish accent, Suzanne. He knows Robbie Burns by heart. His home is in Bearsden, Glasgow. Before the war he sold socks and ties in a haberdashery on Sauchiehall Street."

She made the V sign with her gnarled fingers and the boy grinned and made it back. Mme. Nihant said, "Let her hear the sweet speech of a free people, my friend."

The boy's grin widened. He quoted a line from an old music-hall song: "'If ye can say it's a braw, bricht moonlicht nicht the nicht, ye're awricht, ye ken.'"

Suzanne could not share their laughter. The accent rang that alarm bell in her again. "It sounds too much like German to please me."

But Mme. Nihant patted the airman's big smoke-stained hand. "Courage, my son. We will contrive your escape for you. With my own hands I will prepare your meal. I can make to perfection the oatmeal bannocks, the short-



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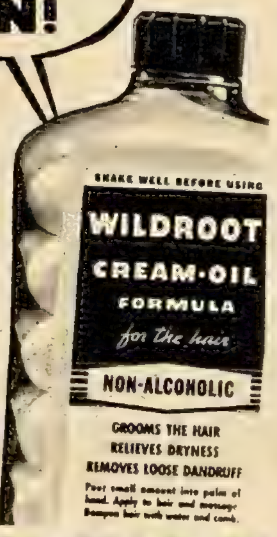

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bread, the soda scones, the potato cakes, the haggis of your native country."

Suzanne's mouth watered. Had the old woman gone mad? She spoke of food as if it rained from heaven.

"He is welcome to all I have," she said, "but unfortunately that all means very little."

"I'd prefairr not to rob ye o' yer food," said the keenly attentive airman.

"Ye'll dae as ye're tellt," snapped Mme. Nihant in a speech of long ago, "or we'll hand ye ower to humankind's big brithers."

They got their guest safely into an upper room to wash and change his clothes. Suzanne showed madame the supply of food, which looked ridiculous in the huge stone larder built for hanging carcasses and cooling massive crocks of milk.

"I baked this loaf yesterday. That's all the goat's milk they left me. That egg was a miracle. The brown hen waited till the thieving collector had been round before she laid it. Lisa Delbois gave me the pickled herring for a piece of laundry rope. I picked the dandelion greens—"

Mme. Nihant chuckled and exclaimed, "It is a feast! It is formidable. It is adequate."

Suzanne carried the unpromising materials to the kitchen and watched Mme. Nihant take the flesh from the herring bones, fashion it into a ball with bread, moisten it with beaten egg, and cook it in the double boiler over the charcoal for lack of frying fat.

"This is haggis, a famous Scottish dish," said the cook, continuing to chuckle to herself.

Suzanne was amused and slightly disgusted. "The Scots must be a queer race," she said.

"They are a great race. Their native food has a lot to do with it."

The airman carefully descended the stairs, holding the guard rail. Suzanne watched him unseen through a mirror that reflected him through the doorway. His back still hurt him, or, fearing observation, he still pretended it hurt him.

He was friendly and grateful. The clothes he had changed into were tight on his broad frame and it was obvious he had now no weapon on him. Friend or foe, he was now armed with his wits alone.

He had brought down his crushed cigarette pack. He offered them to the women. Mme. Nihant took one with glee. Suzanne noted they were a British brand. That meant nothing. They could have been taken from another airman. The old woman shrieked with joy when the boy produced a box of safety matches.

SUZANNE brought a glass of goat's milk while madame and the boy divided the matches and halved the lid to strike them on.

Madame then set the fish ball in its chipped blue dish on the red-checked cloth.

"There it is, your haggis, *mon ami.* I made it for Dr. Duncan every week for seven years. Now you will see the blue-ribbon chef I am, my son."

She looked at Suzanne with her salty smile. "It is an art to make haggis—not easily learned."

The airman was eating it slowly, and Suzanne thought his air of epicurean relish masked a very definite distaste. But he looked up at madame, smiling, said in his appalling French, "Wee! Say vray! It is the best haggis I have ever eaten in my life. It is the master work."

Suzanne's thick eyebrows drew together in a thoughtful frown. Something very queer was happening that she couldn't quite fathom. Mme. Nihant was no fool. The old woman watched him eat her *chef d'oeuvre* to the last crumb and he saw she was watching him.

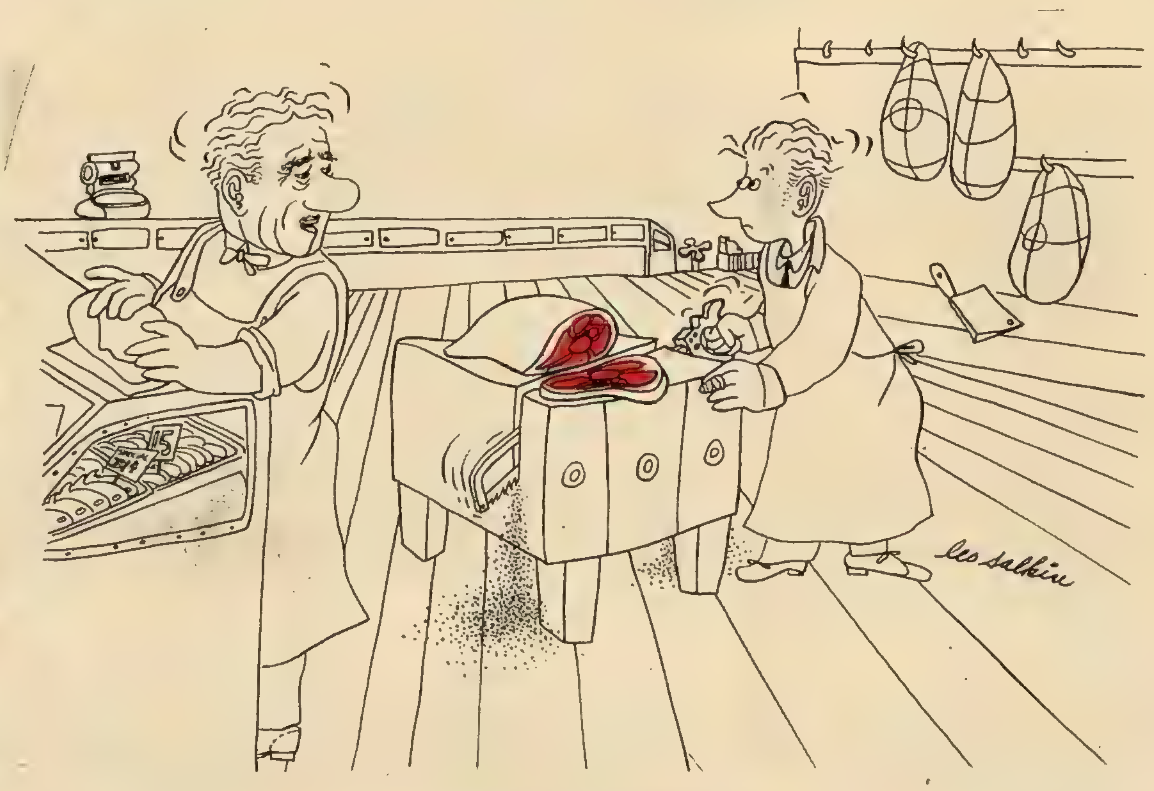
Suzanne wanted to discuss him. "Let him sleep now," she said. "He can rest while we make the arrangements. He will need strength for his difficult journey."

The guest was willing. He wanted to know if the house had a cellar. He suggested it would be safer for him to stretch out in the parlor so he could go quickly down there if they heard any one coming.

He trusted them completely. Too completely? Suzanne took him. She thought, They must know by now about this dreadful decoy trick. Must have warned the boys that we would suspect them. If he's real, why doesn't he say something? But if he were false he surely would.

He was looking round her parlor with eager interest and his eyes paused to salute an old friend—the wax flowers under glass.

"Ma grandmither has yin like yon."



"That's far enough!"

"And what else?" inquired Mme. Nihant behind them.

He described the dried bulrushes, the bouquets of tasseled grasses, the rosewood corner whatnot filled with Goss china and souvenirs, the somber steel engraving of Landseer's Stag at Bay.

Mme. Nihant nodded her head with reminiscent smiles, but Suzanne grew chill with doubt. This was more like inhuman German thoroughness than the careless nature of a boy. Her Victor wouldn't be able to describe her parlor to his captors in detail should any one require it of him.

"Noo, laddie," said Mme. Nihant, blatantly enjoying this excursion into her past, "whit's yer name?"

"Angus MacPherrson," he said with credible pride.

"A braw name too. Suzanne, that's a true Scottish name."

Too true to be safe, thought Suzanne, and the boy saw her lips as she thought it. "Maybe I cud talk wi' some o' the folks whose lads got oot and ower the Channel to fly for England."

Suzanne felt her cheeks go ice cold and she turned to the cedar chest to hide their whiteness. The blankets were all gone to the Russian front, but she produced a patchwork quilt to cover him.

"There are no such folks hereabouts," said Mme. Nihant, "or they aren't telling. Confiscation of property and kidnaping for forced labor in Germany is the answer to any folk whose boys have guts enough to get out and strike a blow for their country. Friends are loyal in Belgium, but Gestapo methods of getting information don't spare any one—not even children—not even octogenarians."

"The dirrty dogs!" said the flying MacPherson. "Jist get me oot and I'll be back wi' load after load till they're blasted to hell oot o' here."

"Lay ye doon, laddie," said the old woman. "Ye'll need your strength back. You'll be oot o' here the morn's morn or sooner."

THEY left him and returned to the kitchen. Suzanne was sweating with that sudden heart-punching fright. "Bulrushes! Wax flowers! Be sure those were honest facts," she whispered. "For evil they have unbelievable genius."

Mme. Nihant's withered face was now blazing with rage. "I know it. After dark we take him to Jacques and Pierre," she said starkly. "Not to help him, but to kill him."

Suzanne at once experienced a violent revulsion of feeling. Her stalwart heart shook. Both Victor Sanglier and Angus MacPherson had that aura of devil-may-care bravery than which there is no quality more attractive.

The Nazis had toughness and an implacable brutality, but their strength lay in the unarmed weakness of their victims—not in this spirit of fearlessness. Could any one fake the semblance of this?

"Are you sure, my old?"

"I have no doubt," pronounced the old woman. "If he did not hope to victimize more of us by biding his time, he would be off to denounce us now. A Scotsman would have ridiculed that haggis as an imposture. Haggis is a sausage made of innards of sheep ground with suet and oatmeal. In the whole world there is nothing in the least like it. No one could be reared in Glasgow and not know it."

"It is a dirty world," said Suzanne bitterly.

"You speak the truth, Suzanne. Now

GOT A COLD?

Go after it – not only with temporary relief measures, but by doing these 5 *basic* things that physicians advise to help your system *throw off the infection.* Lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

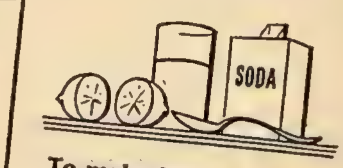
If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.



To make lemon & soda
pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

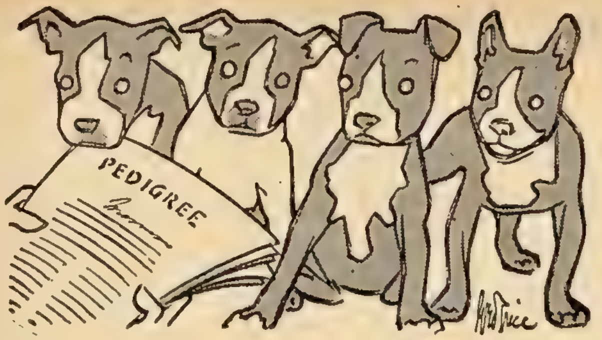
Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LITTERATURE: Pedigrees.

TAKE-NIQUE: Proficiency in shoplifting.

TATTWO: Ships on the chests of Siamese twins.

DAM-PHIBIAN: A beaver.

CANDYDATE: Office seeker with a (taffy) pull.

SUMPLICITY: Two plus two.

MINNOWCENCE: Age of purity in young fish.

PAJAMAZON: A six-foot woman ready for bed.

IDOLLARTRY: Excessive attachment for dough.

SIRVANT: A man's valet.

I will go to Jacques and tell them to prepare for this evening."

Suzanne watched the brave old warrior go through the white gate and tap down the road with her stick, assuming twenty years more weariness as she did so.

"My good God," Suzanne prayed, "let not the weakness of my heart betray us all—but don't let us make a mistake about this boy—don't let us make a mistake."

She went to the parlor and opened the door very softly to see if sleep had unlocked the tongue of the airman. The Norwegian had talked in his sleep. So had the Welsh boy.

But MacPherson was not asleep. He was standing at the round walnut table looking at the wax flowers, but Suzanne had seen the flash of red in his hands as he shut her plush photo album. He looked embarrassed, but her limbs felt as if they had turned to water.

They measured each other for a tense moment before Suzanne spoke. "Do all Scots eat that unpalatable haggis?"

The boy grinned and relaxed. "Yon's a guid auld body, an' I'd dee afore I'd humiliate her afore her freens, but yon was no haggis."

Suzanne's heart gave a great leap.

HE put his hand to his back and returned to the sofa. Suzanne tucked the quilt round him, but her mind was on the photo album. There were no recognizable photos of Victor in it. The only portraits in that book showed him as a baby.

"I suppose you have airmen of the occupied countries flying with you."

"Aye, that we have. Poles, Frrench, Belgians, Dutch, Czechs—also from New Zealand, Canada, and Austrralia."

His voice was friendly but his green eyes watched her face, narrowed and vigilant. A good sign, if he knew Victor. Her hair was red as the rising sun. Her son was olive and dark like his father. She tried another opening:

"Is this the first time you had to bail out and get home through the underground?"

"No. Yinst in Holland." His eloquent eyes roamed the comfortable room. "All the folks had been robbed o' their furniture."

"This isn't what it seems," she assured him quickly. "In here, in the kitchen, in the room you changed in I collected all that they left me. The rest of the house is stripped bare. Also my linen, my blankets, my table silver, my men's clothes, my winter coat, my cows, my chickens. When I milk the goats, the milk isn't my own, neither the fruit when it grows. I'm here because I'm a good goat farmer and they want the milk. Till the day you boys liberate us I live in my own home on sufferance."

"Whit's yerr ither name, Suzanne?"

"Sanglier. My husband Raoul was killed in the invasion. Probably my son Victor also. He was missing."

He was silent, and she waited, feeling a cold dew in her palms. He turned over and his eyelids began to droop. She couldn't bear not knowing. She believed he was genuine. A light broke in her and she could have laughed. Suppose he were not and he got away. She would be shot for succoring him. So what difference if they knew about Victor?

"You could not use a map in the dark. If you happened to be looking for this farm it was very clever of you to get here."

He tapped his head with his finger. "This is where I carried my map."

"This is where I carry my boy's picture," said Suzanne. She laid her hand over her heart.

Angus pulled himself up and rested his chin in his hand. "I'm no feelin' like sleep the noo. Sit ye doon and tell me whit gangs on in these parts."

Suzanne pulled up a chair and sat down beside him. Twenty minutes later Mme. Nihant opened the parlor door where Suzanne talked with the airman and remarked with grim simplicity, "All is arranged for his departure." Suzanne went out to join her in the kitchen. She took the plush photo album from the table as she passed. Two closed doors of thick oak and the width of the front hall lay between them and Angus MacPherson, but madame spoke in a breathy whisper.

"Jacques and Pierre are making preparations and will come here singly after dark. They will take him away. They think the crossroads for Spa and Malmédy would be a good place for the dogs who sent him to find his body. You are a brave woman, Suzanne. I was afraid for you."

"There was no cause for fear, my old. Angus is not a spy. He ate the mess you made because he thought you had been boasting to friends and he did not want to expose you."

Mme. Nihant cackled with a wry twist to her seamed old mouth. "You gave him some hint, I'll vow. A Nazi can smell the way the wind will blow next week. Nothing on God's earth can match their devilish cunning."

"I have proof that satisfies me that Victor got to England and that Angus knows him, so you sit and rest while I ride to tell Jacques and Pierre to put the way of escape in operation."

Madame's knowing old face went grim. "But where is the proof for my satisfaction? What is to stop him saying he knows Victor? How can he prove it? He can get a description from any one. Every one here knows that Victor is missing."

"YOU said Victor was smart, my old. He is smarter than either of us. Angus just told me a story. He said the boys in his flight learn of one another's backgrounds by exchanging stories of their childhood. One of them used to get up before daylight when he was a little boy to carry milk for a neighboring farm to earn money to help his family. It took his father a long time to recover from the wounds he got in the last war. The farmer who hired him was having a bad time too. The child worked three months before they paid him his first wages.

"It was near his mother's birthday and the boy had the wonderful idea to buy her a present with the first money he ever earned, so he concealed the fact that he had been paid at last. He played truant from school, went to the near-by town and bought her an imitation leather bag in a cheap store.

"It caused a domestic uproar. His father was a thrifty man, harassed by misfortune and scared to spend money. He beat the boy for his wanton extravagance, returned the gift to the store, and retrieved the precious money. The mother, however, wanted to keep the present forever. And so she did to this day. Now a thing that is kept and returned at the same time is too rare a circumstance for even a Nazi to hit upon."

Mme. Nihant's gray head moved slowly to and fro in her bewilderment. "How one keeps and returns a thing at the same time is altogether beyond me."

Suzanne opened the photo album and pointed to a very unusual picture—a woman's handbag leaning against a potted fern on a table. Underneath it was written: "Souvenir. This was my first present from my son Victor, bought with his first wages earned when he was eight years old."

Comprehension lit madame's eyes and with it a shining joy.

"Sacré nom! It is our boy he knows and he is alive! Also his wits are still working. Belgium will not die while there are any living Belgians. Angus can tell them that when he goes back."

Suzanne's eyes brimmed. She held out her arms to her old friend and the two women embraced, kissing each other on both cheeks. Their tears mingled. Strange women, both. Neither had wept for fear nor loss, humiliation nor hunger, physical pain nor bitter grief. The spring of their tears was touched by a son who was free—by a friend who had come in the guise of a stranger.

THE END

". . . NOR IRON BARS A CAGE"

Continued from Page 23

Australian nurse, Elizabeth Kenny, is now being employed in many hospitals. Large pieces of wool are soaked in boiling water and put through a wringer. They are then wrapped around the afflicted limbs of the patient. As soon as they cool a bit, new compresses are applied.

This goes on for twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The pain, which used to last about two weeks, is diminished by this treatment to only a few days. But the treatment continues for weeks after the pain has ceased, for the main purpose is not to kill the pain but to alleviate the spasms of rigidity in the limbs.

Some physicians prescribe large doses of vitamin B_1 during this period. This method of internal relief (for the vitamin is said to be helpful in giving the attacked nerves new strength to combat the disease, as well as aiding them in recuperation) is advocated by many doctors who lecture on the Kenny method of treatment.

Depending on the severity of the attack, Johnny continues to be treated by the Kenny method for some time. Then, gradually, starts a process called *muscular re-education.* Johnny is taught, slowly but surely, to try to use his affected muscles once more. Chances are that after a while—perhaps months, maybe even years—he will learn to walk again.

But if Johnny's case is exceptionally severe and cannot be effectively treated by either hydro-, physical-, or psycho-therapy, then surgery may work. Surgery has proved an excellent treatment in many cases.

* * *

There are two ways of being happy: either augment your means or diminish your wants.

—Benjamin Franklin.

* * *

The statistical outlook for Johnny's recovery is far from hopeless. Of one hundred children who contract the disease, ten succumb, forty-five recover spontaneously and completely, twenty-five recover with only minor aftereffects. The rest are more or less disabled. Of these remaining twenty, some may undergo surgical operations, or use canes, braces, and the lil . Only one out of thousands is so extensively paralyzed that complete immobilization ensues.

But all the various treatments now employed—even though they are godsends at the present time—are not the ultimate goal and aim of medical science. What scientists are looking for in laboratories all over the country is not a *treatment,* but a *prevention* or *cure:* a vaccine which would establish immunity in every child in the country, just as vaccines have been found to prevent smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever; or a drug that would kill the polio virus before it could do its devastating harm.

To date, hundreds of different laboratory tests have been made, and as many formulae experimented with, in the search for a preventive or cure. So far, none has been successful.

One side of this work, and an important one, involves experiments with rhesus monkeys. These little animals have to be shipped from India. For a long while they and man were the only two animals known to be susceptible to the disease. Both presented obvious difficulties to the research worker.

Finally, and not long ago, a well known scientist of the U. S. Public Health Service happened to experiment with the cotton rat, a species of rodent that runs wild in the southeastern states of this country. One of the rats developed symptoms of infantile paralysis. The process of elimination had reached rock bottom when the cotton rat arrived in the laboratory, in the nick of time. Overnight these little animals became as popular as mink or chinchilla.

The trouble with cotton rats was their obdurate refusal to breed in captivity. When pairs of them were put into a cage, the next morning usually found only one survivor. Instead of mating, they either fought to the death or lived happily ever after in a platonic fashion.

Animal psychology was brought to bear. The difficulty was solved by dipping both animals in a creosote bath. Once their odors were alike, they mated, and now laboratories are supplied with healthy cotton rats all over the country.

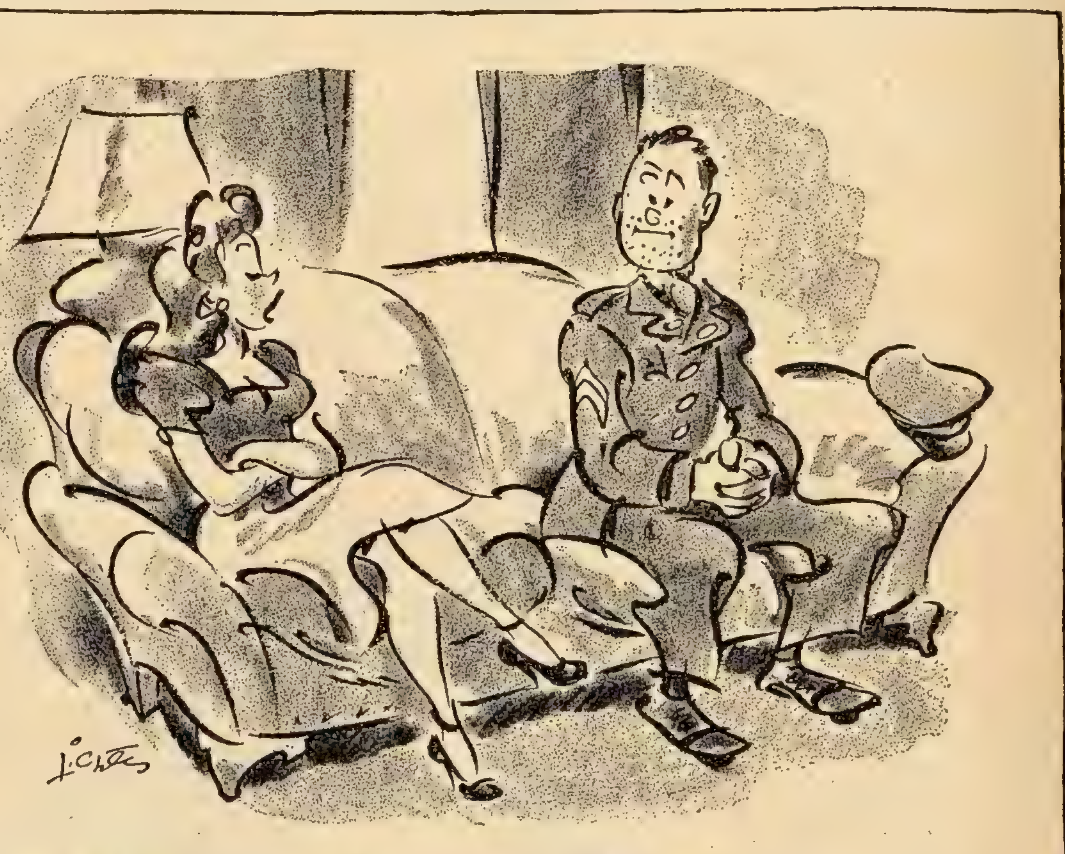
On these animals tests and experiments are being performed constantly. Rhesus monkeys are used more than ever before, for their reactions are much more like human ones. The rats are used for those experiments with drugs and vaccines wherein large numbers of animals are needed.

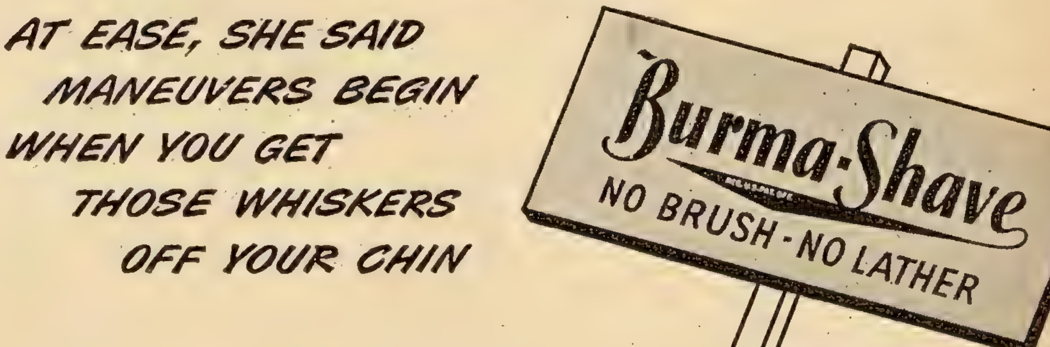
America is the only country that has really organized to fight this disease. We have The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, known to millions through its annual campaign, the March of Dimes. It was the National Foundation which sponsored Sister Kenny, established her in Minnesota, gave her the wherewithal for her work, and later trained hundreds of nurses, doctors, and physical-therapy technicians in her methods.

BUT the main factor in the organized fight of the National Foundation against infantile paralysis is laboratory research. The National Foundation places funds at the disposal of many laboratories to facilitate their intricate and expensive experiments. This work is absolutely vital and essential to the ultimate discovery of a preventive or cure.

Perhaps 1944 will see the final victory of science over this enigmatic disease. No one knows. But the constant search goes on.

THE END





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Back the Attack! . . . Buy More War Bonds!

HOOK ON! STAND BY! GO!

Continued from Page 30

be running through sand, brush, and rocky terrain for as much as an hour and a half without rest! Some fall by the wayside before the first three weeks are up. The unceasing, heartbreaking grind turns into a survival of the fittest.

There is tumbling, too—a bruising but essential part of training. The student is taught how to "hit the deck," tumbling to absorb the shock. An improper landing risks broken bones.

There is a popular fallacy that the danger in parachute jumping lies in the possibilities of a parachute not opening. While such danger does exist, the Marine Corps has yet to have a man "spin in"—fall to earth without having his fall checked by one of his chutes. The thing to be most feared is the landing.

The type of parachute in use by the Marine Corps has a 28-foot diameter and a normal rate of descent of sixteen feet per second. This rate is based on a load of 185 pounds plus a certain percentage of humidity and still air. A Marine with full battle gear weighs closer to 200 pounds. Suppose the day is dry and windy. He may fall as rapidly as twenty-two feet per second while moving several miles per hour in a horizontal direction.

No, a parachute landing is not an easy one. It calls for legs of spring steel and the balance of a cat. That's the reason for those 300 knee bends.

During those first three weeks the Trooper learns to pack his parachute a step at a time, with gradually increasing speed. Finally he is able to pack in a half hour or less, and he has gained complete confidence in the Navy type chute, knowing that it can be packed 90 per cent wrong and still function perfectly. It's as close to foolproof as anything can be.

At the end of three weeks the student trains on the captive and flyaway towers, learning to handle himself in the air. He gets the "feel" of the air and learns how to make tree, water, and deck landings, how to make turns, how to slip in the direction he wants to go.

Sometime during this week he gets a few lessons in wind drag and learns painfully to handle his chute on the ground. An artificial gale inflates the chute and lifts him into the air, sends him tumbling head over heels. Before he gets the knack of collapsing the canopy in a hurry, his clothes have dug up a peck of new dirt, he is scratched and bruised, and he needs a new set of dungarees. As one Trooper wryly remarked:

"If they had this thing when they dug the Panama Canal it wouldn't have taken so long."

At the end of the fourth week the class gets an "indoctrination flight." A transport carries them up to 1,000 feet, and they take turns standing in the open door, looking down. It makes them think, that ride. The plane lands, and the jumpmaster breaks the painful silence with a cheery "Well, that's that! Next time you go up you'll come down the hard way."

The students retire to the packing tables to pack for service. A rigger stands by, inspects and approves. Once a Marine rigger has initialed a packing card, no Trooper would hesitate to use the chute.

Culmination of the four weeks of hard work comes in the early dawn. Trucks carry the students to the airport. They put on the 28-foot back chute and attach the smaller emergency chute to rings on their chest straps. They wear zoot suits—thigh-length coveralls with a multitude of pockets. For this first jump they may wear soft leather helmets. Later they will jump with steel helmets.

The motors rev up, faces turn pale. The jumpmaster takes over as the plane leaves the ground. He hasn't much to say. Just a brief review of commands. One thing is stressed: When you go, go fast!

Afraid? You bet they are! And not a man but will admit it. The instinctive fear of falling that is deep-rooted in every man battles with the common sense that says the chute will surely open. They don't want to jump, but they will. Seldom does a man refuse.

The orders come in rapid succession: "Hook on—stand by—*go!*"

And the student goes. He dives into empty space. There is no sensation of falling, or even of motion. It's an indescribable feeling to find yourself apparently suspended in mid-air; there is no other thrill to use as a basis of comparison.

THEN comes the sensation of being hit by a falling safe as the big canopy inflates. Later the student probably won't be able to recall anything that happened between the command to hook on and that shock.

Strangely, it is not the first jump that's hardest. One veteran explains:

"The first time, you go out because you don't know any better. The second time, you go because you want to see what happened the first time. The third time, you know what the score is and you don't want any part of it. But you go."

The student makes six jumps before he qualifies as a Marine Paratrooper. Up to his last jump he has the option of refusing. Such refusal means only a fast transfer to a replacement outfit and the loss of $50 a month jump pay ($100 for officers). It's no reflection on his courage.

Sometime during the six jumps a hedge-hop may be scheduled. The transport approaches the objective wide open, skimming the terrain, then suddenly zooms up a few hundred feet. The jumpers go out at the top of the zoom while the plane is in a near-stall. It's a nerve-racking business.

Once out of school, proud possessor of parachute wings, a pair of boots, and a parachute emblem for his sleeve, the Trooper really goes to work. Like all Marines, he has had instructions in many weapons, notably the rifle. He studies them over again along with new weapons—mortar, machine gun, different types of rifles, pistol, and grenades. He learns the deadly judo, how to fight with a knife, bayonet, or just a pointed stick—learns how to kill with any weapon that may come to hand, or with his bare hands.

Gradually he becomes proficient, the finest type of specialized fighting man. He chafes at inactivity; he wants to fight.

Such is the Marine Paratrooper's training. And how good a warrior does it make him? There's just one answer to that: long before he started jumping, he was a Marine.

THE END

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

LET'S go to bat on four subjects that have brought in a flock of questions:

NONCOMS' ALLOWANCES

There seems to be confusion over a provision in the new allowance and allotment act relating to enlisted men in the upper three pay grades. Prior to last November 1 men in these grades were not entitled to government dependency allowances at all, since their pay was higher than the lower grades and they were entitled to approximately $37.50 a month to cover the cost of dependents' quarters.

But since November 1 noncoms in the upper three pay grades may *take their choice* between the old dependents' quarters allowance and the new government allowances, whichever is more advantageous. A married man with no children is entitled to a $50 government allowance for his wife, of which $22 comes out of his pay. Hence he gets $28 net, and would be better off with the old dependents' quarters allowance of $37.50. But if he has one child the government allowance comes to $80, or $58 net, and he'd be money ahead if he chose that instead of dependents' quarters.

OVERSEAS DUTY

"I am physically fit, single, and just praying to get a crack at Jerry or those little yellow-bellies. How can I get overseas?" asks Sergeant W. H. S., an antiaircraft instructor.

I could fill a barrel with letters like his. But the answer is still the same. The War Department cannot consider requests for overseas duty, or for transfers to units on their way overseas. Too much reshuffling of the Army would be involved.

About the only thing you can do if you're itchin' for action is to tell your C. O. about it, in hopes that he will come across an opportunity to transfer you to a fighting unit. All such transfers, of course, must be for the convenience of the Army, not for the convenience of the individual.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

Soldiers and sailors fill my mailbag with queries on how they can sharpen up their education while in the service. The best way I know is through the U. S. Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wisconsin. This is a correspondence school run by the University of Wisconsin in co-operation with other colleges.

Ask the Special Services officer at your post, or write to the Institute, for a list of the subjects offered.

INSURANCE BENEFITS

"If a soldier carries National Service Life Insurance, does that protect him if he should be killed by an automobile while away from camp, or if he should die a natural death?" asks Mrs. D. L. of Buffalo, New York.

The answer is yes. He is protected. Many servicemen and their families have the wrong idea about "G. I. insurance." They think it pays off only if the serviceman is killed in action. The fact is, a National Service Life Insurance policy pays off if the insured dies from any cause whatever while his policy is in force. Thus death from illness, accident, or natural causes, whether on duty, on pass, or on furlough, is covered by the serviceman's insurance.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again—it's a good investment.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

We have a difference of opinion here at Percy Jones Hospital concerning Captain Clark Gable. The issue is: Was Gable graduated from O. C. S. as a first or a second lieutenant?

1st Lieut. R. L. B.,
Percy Jones General Hospital,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Gable was no exception to the general rule. After graduation from O. C. S. he was commissioned a second lieutenant.

* * *

Why is a gun fired at sundown in connection with the retreat ceremony?

Pfc. A. L., Camp Upton, N. Y.

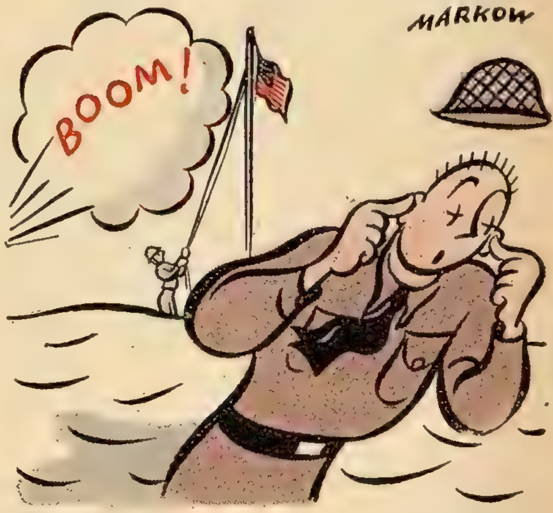
The custom goes back to an old superstition. A loud noise at twilight was supposed to frighten away the evil spirits of darkness.

* * *

I am puzzled about the meaning of "limited service," Sarge. Some say it has been eliminated, and yet I know of men fit for only limited service still being drafted.

How about throwing a little light on the subject?

A. McD., St. Louis, Mo.



Sundown

In the Army itself the term "limited service" has been eliminated and all men taken into the Army are classified for general duty. However, at the induction centers 5 per cent of the daily quota may be filled with men who are physically fit for limited service only. They are still classified for general duty, but when the Army screens them later on they are as-

On November 23, 1942, we inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers. The thoughts expressed in it are even more important today than they were when first published.

MONEY TALKS

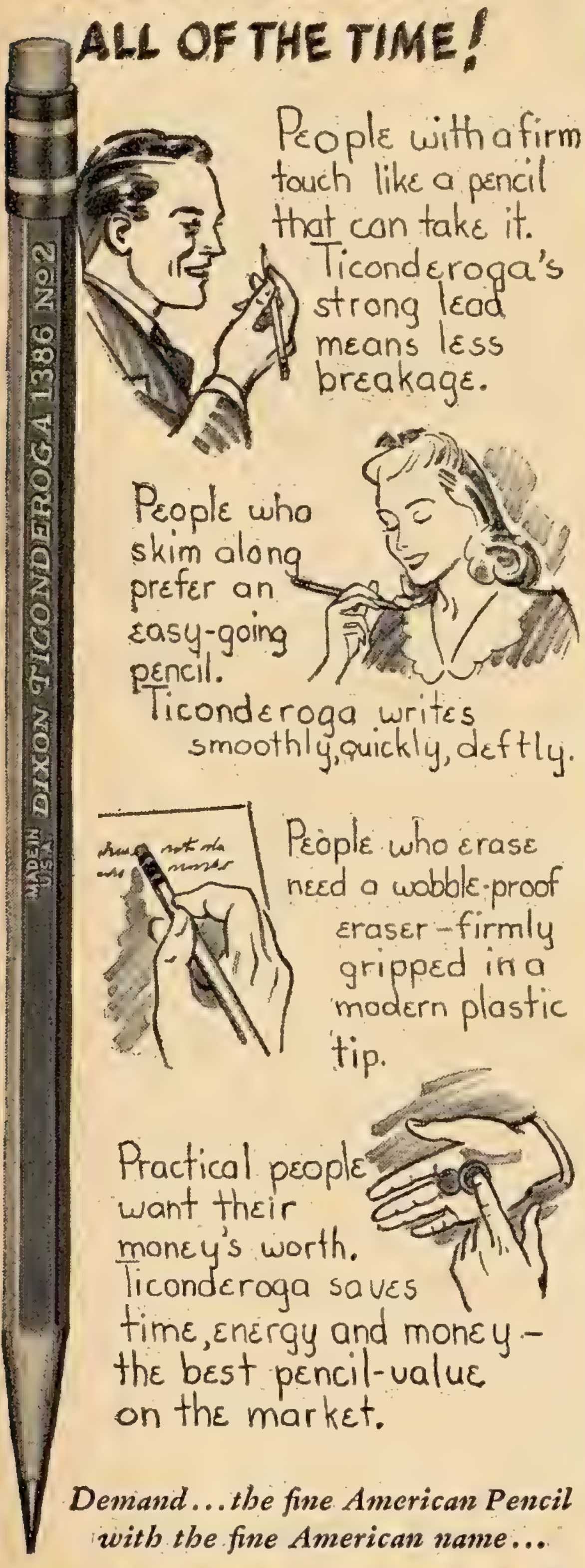
Make it speak the only language the Axis understands:

THE RUMBLE OF TANKS
THE ZOOMING OF PLANES
THE CRACK OF RIFLES
THE ROAR OF CANNON
THE BURSTING OF BOMBS

BUY WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

TICONDEROGA PLEASES ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME!

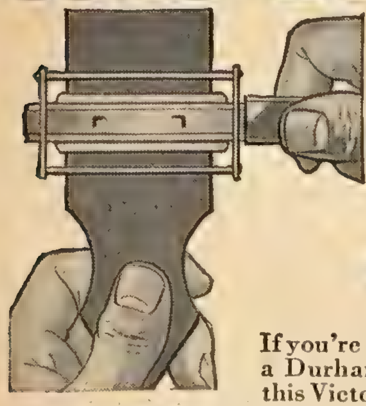

People with a firm touch like a pencil that can take it. Ticonderoga's strong lead means less breakage.
People who skim along prefer an easy-going pencil. Ticonderoga writes smoothly, quickly, deftly.
People who erase need a wobble-proof eraser—firmly gripped in a modern plastic tip.
Practical people want their money's worth. Ticonderoga saves time, energy and money—the best pencil-value on the market.
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 No2
MADE IN U.S.A.

Demand... the fine American Pencil with the fine American name...

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J1, Jersey City 3, N. J.

THIS STROP gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES



If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

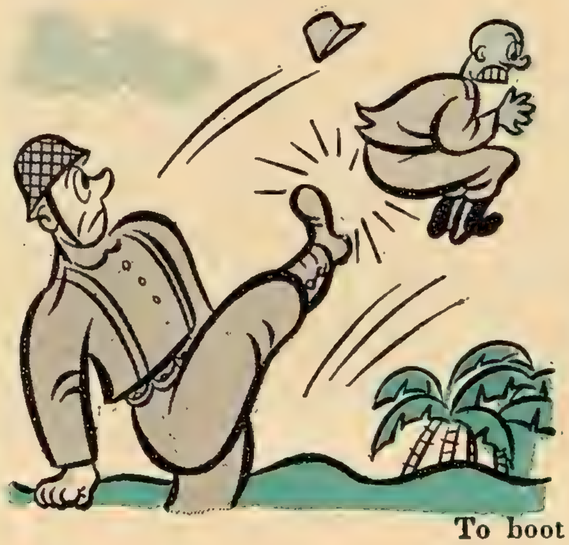
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.

signed to jobs which they are fully capable of doing.

I'll admit it is a baffling arrangement. Maybe you'll have to read the above paragraph twice to get the drift.

* * *

A Jap who thought he was cute
Sneaked a punch at a tough Marine's
snoot.



To boot

The Marine could not eato
Till he got Hirohito
And all the rest of the Japs to boot.
Henry J. Moynihan, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Moynihan is the father of Seaman James J. Moynihan, now serving aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. I certainly like his sentiments, though I doubt if any Jap could get close enough to punch a tough Marine's snoot.

Any more limericks in the audience? Let's have 'em.

* * *

In November 13 This Man's War you answered a question on why a second lieutenant is called a shavetail. Well, Sarge, your answer was pretty good, but when I joined This Man's Army in 1933 I heard a different version. As I got it, a second looey was usually pretty broke by the time he received his commission, and he could save some dough by keeping his EM shirts.

All he had to do was add the officer's shoulder straps by cutting some material off his shirttails and sewing it on the shoulders—therefore the expression "shavetails."

Pfc. L. A. Shanley,
Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.

I've heard that version, too. The one I gave was about the closely shaved tails of Army mules, and how second looeys often resembled these creatures in obstinacy and unpredictability. Between you and me, I think your version sounds more logical. Thanks.

* * *

I am an ex-serviceman, having been discharged from the Regular Army in 1939.

I am expecting to be inducted soon, and would like to know if there is any way I can get back my old serial number.

G. G., Watertown, N. Y.

Bring your discharge papers with you when you report for induction. You may then ask for your former serial number, using your discharge papers to prove that it is your number.

* * *

Why don't the smug and complacent girls and young women of this country wake up and join the WACs or Waves or get into war work? I have heard several girls say, "I'm afraid I'm not the type." Well, there are a lot of young men drafted who aren't the type, either.

Women have so long hollered about their equal rights—well, how about equal responsibility?

I would like for any woman to tell me why women should not be drafted, for they have just as much at stake as the men have.

Sgt. T. L. B.,
Rice Army Air Field, Rice, Calif.

I know just how you feel, Bud. Women sure are awful creatures. That is, unless a pretty little brunette in the Army Nurse Corps happens to save your life sometime.

* * *

Does an enlisted man who has won the Congressional Medal of Honor rate a salute from every one in uniform, even generals?

I say no, and if that's correct I'm planning an additional bond purchase with my winnings.

1st Lieut. R. M. A., Camp Hood, Tex.

Start buying that bond, lieutenant. You are correct. There is no regulation entitling the holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor to a salute from his superiors. However, if he is wearing the medal and a high ranking officer wishes to express his admiration by saluting first, that is merely a matter of courtesy.

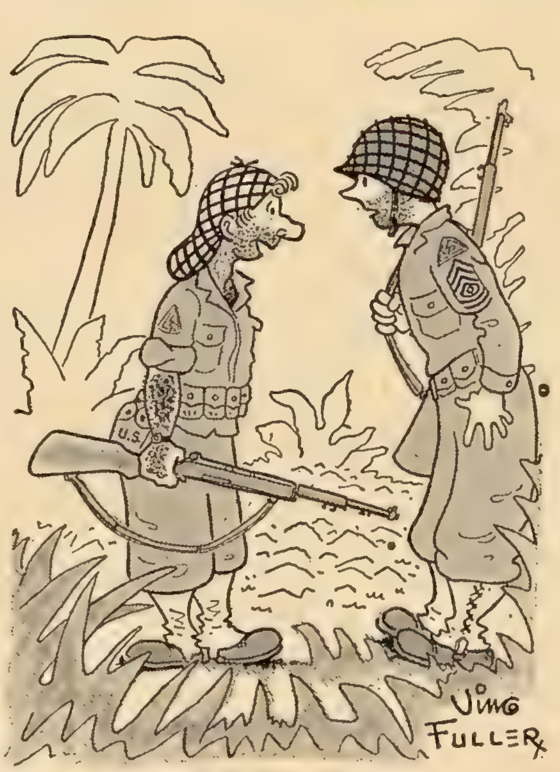
* * *

Myself and many other members of the WAC prefer to wear our utility bags hanging from our left shoulder. Is this permitted?

Cpl. M. E. F., New York, N. Y.

I've seen a good many WACs wearing the utility bag in that manner. But, according to War Department regulations, the bag should be worn with the strap on the right shoulder, crossing the body diagonally to the left.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



"I lost my helmet!"

G. I. JACK

Continued from Page 17

of his commander, added a few lines of chatter. The chatter went over so well with the audience that when the war ended Jack decided to try it in vaudeville. There he worked out a method of comedy that today is paying off big dividends.

"Even in those days," he says, "I always liked to have a legitimate reason for introducing the next act or for telling a joke. I didn't like gags; I wanted continuity. And I always tried to be the cheap conceited ham whom the other fellows picked on."

Jack often wonders if he didn't make a great mistake when he created for himself the reputation of being America's greatest miser and pinchpenny. The radio audience never fails to laugh at his stinginess, but he himself finds it both embarrassing and extremely costly. He is so afraid that some one will think he is really cheap that he bends over backward to tip lavishly. A couple of years ago, when Mary was in Honolulu he wanted to send her a cable one night. "I'm Jack Benny and I want to send a cable to Mary Livingstone at the Royal Hawaiian in Honolulu," he told the operator. "Well, then," she said sweetly, "I suppose that *you* will want the message sent out on the *deferred* rate, won't you, Mr. Benny?"

As a matter of fact, Jack *had* intended sending the message deferred, as that only made an hour or so of difference in time and it wasn't important in the first place. But the way she said it cut him to the quick. "No, no!" he shouted. "Send it straight!"

Waitresses at Warner Brothers, Twentieth Century-Fox, and Paramount, where Jack makes his pictures, say of him, "Mr. Benny doesn't just overtip. He *over*-overtips."

JACK'S staff of writers and actors are the best paid in radio, despite all cracks to the contrary on his program. They get regular raises on already good salaries well above what their options call for. With the exception of one former writer (who is responsible for the rumor that Jack is at the complete mercy of his gagmen, and for the remark that "Benny couldn't ad lib a belch after a Hungarian dinner"), Jack is on the friendliest terms with the people who work for him.

Unlike most of his fellow comedians, he is never the life of a party. On the contrary, he is the greatest audience in the world. He breaks himself up laughing at other people's jokes and never tries to top them. He is one of the few actors in Hollywood who actually listen when some one else is talking.

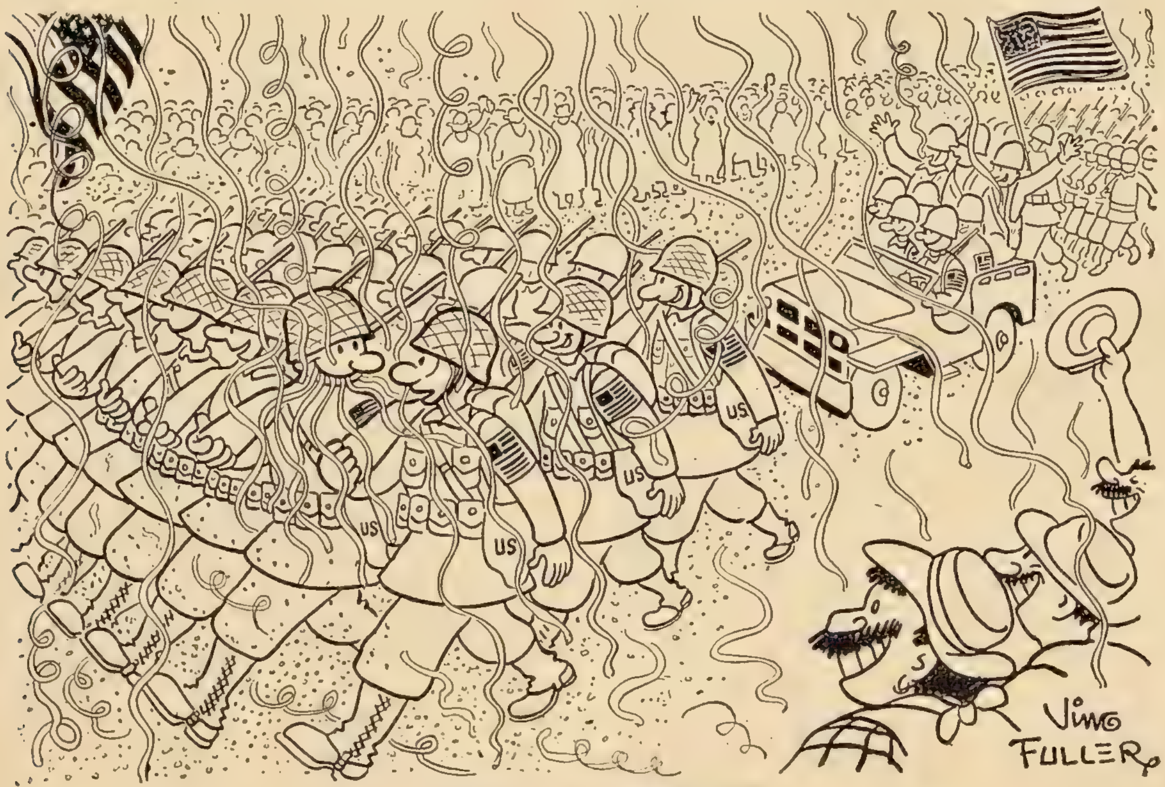
He has a wonderful but annoying habit of refusing to gossip about other personalities—one of the chief indoor sports in Hollywood. "When I first married Jack," says Mary, "I was young and sensitive and I hated everybody. But at the end of the year Jack had talked me into liking everybody."

MARY claims Jack isn't a worrier. But she is the first to admit that when he is thinking about next Sunday's broadcast he's worse than the absent-minded professor. Only recently the Bennys were retiring on a Saturday night, with the Sunday broadcast only a few hours off and Jack still not pleased with certain lines. "Jack," said Mary, pulling up the covers, "put out the lights over my dressing table." "H'm-m-m," said Jack, as he turned on the main switch, flooding the room with light, and pulled up the windows and got in bed. Mary waited for a few minutes to see if he would notice anything. "Jack," she said, "the lights. They're on." "Are they, dear?" said Jack, and went right on thinking of a new line that would make an audience laugh.

Jack has always worked so hard that he has never had time to acquire a rich man's hobbies. He has never been on a horse—except at Santa Anita. He's indifferent to golf. His gin rummy is the despair of little Joanie, his daughter, who can beat him with one of her eyes closed.

He doesn't ski and he doesn't sail. He likes to wait on himself, even to shining his own shoes. "I can do them in three seconds since I was in Africa," he says proudly.

Jack's a born tourist, and in the "good old days" before gas rationing, at least once a year he drove his car cross-country from Los Angeles to New York, or vice versa, stopping at all the local sights and never missing an Indian village—where he loaded up on beaded moccasins for Mary and Joanie. So,



"Confetti? No, spaghetti!"

The Inside story of Constipation

Do your intestines work like a clock?
Do you know about "bulk" laxatives?
What about "roughage," oils, seeds, chemicals?

Write for a physician's interesting, revealing report, "The Inside Story of Constipation." See Free offer below.

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NO SPRINGS

Especially if you're reducing

If you are on a reducing diet you may not eat all the "bulk" you should have and constipation may result. Many physicians believe in adding *laxative* bulk to such diets with *SARAKA.*

This is SARAKA

One teaspoonful of these tiny granules has the bulk-producing ability of *twenty* teaspoonfuls of bran! And Saraka bulk is more than bulk alone—it is fortified with a gentle laxative ingredient. Saraka is sold by druggists everywhere. Caution, use only as directed.

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FILTER in ROYAL DEMUTH makes pipe function superbly

FILTERS FOR WDC ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

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Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER

Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y. 3

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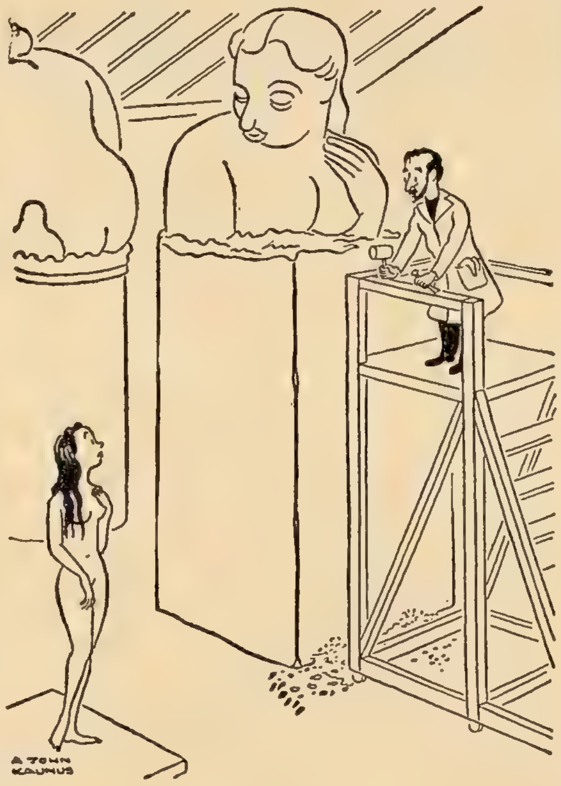
naturally, when he was in Morocco he was the pigeon of the native bazaars. The night he came back to Hollywood a few of his friends—Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Ann Sothern, Mervyn LeRoy, and the William Goetzes—gathered at his home to welcome him and hear about the trip.

"I have presents for every one," announced Jack importantly, and rushed downstairs with his arms full of gifts. He spread a python skin across the floor while Mary screamed, "Take it away!" Jack took it away, mumbling, "But it makes such beautiful shoes and bags."

Then he presented every one with a bracelet, cigarette box, or other tourist's knickknack. These were greeted with cries of "Where did you get all of that junk?"



"Something just occurred to me, Hilda. Have you been dieting?"

("You could tell," Claudette said later, "that Jack had probably spent an entire afternoon at the native bazaars—those places where they ask ten dollars for something; you offer twenty-five cents; and they settle for fifty cents. Jack, you can be sure, had failed to bargain with them.") "Well," said Jack, crestfallen when he discovered he had no takers for his presents—"well, I just wanted to show you the kind of work they do over there."

And he piled up all his stuff and took it back to his room.

For the last few years Jack's main ambition has been to enter into the production end of pictures. Last year he formed his own production company, arranged for the release of his pictures, and was all set to make a switch in his career. Then he took his trip overseas. His film production unit is now off for the duration. He's fully convinced that he can serve his country best by continuing his radio programs and his comedy pictures. (Right now he's working at Warner Brothers on The Horn Blows at Midnight.) "Next spring I'm going overseas again," he says. "I'm going to visit as many camps in as many out-of-the-way places as the U. S. O. will let me. I'm looking forward to it like a kid counting the days until Christmas."

THE END

DON'T LET THE BIG WORD SCARE YOU

Continued from Page 19

flat feet or had been wounded. One unhappy psychoneurotic boy, when his sister exclaimed, "Oh, what will the neighbors think!" affected a limp. Another talked quite freely about his 4-F status on grounds of a weak arm, but trembled lest any one discover the weakness was caused by a slight physical injury in his brain and people would think he was a "mental case." After all, we're an inextricable combination of the physical, mental, nervous, and emotional, and shortcomings of one kind are no more shameful than shortcomings of another.

Sometimes, you'll find, it's hard to get a boy to talk about his diagnosis or his feelings. Don't nag, but do get him to open up to some sensible person in whom he has confidence—minister, family physician, or friend. The least emotional member of the family will do, too. It's wonderful what a relief it can be just to get things off your chest and to express vague or specific fears.

Similarly, don't force him to work—and, above all, make no threats! Make it quite clear that nothing has happened to keep him from doing his part in the war effort. It's misplaced sympathy to let a man idle and brood. The more he sits and thinks about himself, the faster he's heading for a real breakdown.

If after a fair trial you can't arouse him from his depression, it's time to call in medical help!

Most important, look upon the rejection or discharge not as a calamity but as an opportunity. Most of these men were going along, but none were hitting on all four. The Army didn't make them what they are. It simply brought to light their weaknesses, their need for bolstering, their vulnerability to shock. Now is the time to do something about them.

It's a great opportunity, too, for you to take stock of yourself and your part in forming your rejectee's or ex-serviceman's personality. And that goes especially if you're a parent. As a father, did you give your boy a sense of inferiority by making impossible demands upon him? As a mother, did you create a psychoneurotic by babying your boy until he was unable to stand on his own feet, by encouraging him in his feelings that he was always getting bad breaks, or by dominating him so consistently that he's almost incapable of independent action?

Perhaps now is the time to do something about yourself, too. Perhaps you'd be a 4-F!

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Petty Officer Second Class R. J. Welborn, at his base in Pensacola, Florida, recently received the following telegram:

"Our boy, weighing 4 pounds 12 ounces, arrived at 7.40 this morning (pause but do not stop); his sister, who got there three minutes later, weighed three ounces more (pause but do not stop); the second sister, greeting the world at 7.45 o'clock, weighed 4 pounds 7 ounces. STOP."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

Continued from Page 29

ing they'd left somebody aboard. Suppose there was a stowaway aboard, and no one knew it."

"Why didn't he disclose himself to you? Why doesn't he come forward now?" Mr. Abernethy wanted to know.

"It could be," said Johnny, "that he has some notion of blackmailing Flavin. Or he may be a wrong guy, on the run for something he's done. He could be some one the police are looking for."

Mr. Abernethy sighed. "There are so many ifs. I'd like about a dollar's worth of evidence to cement them together. What are you going to do, Johnny?"

"Look for Mike Flavin and the boys he had working for him," Johnny said. "You can't keep a sailor quiet long. He's got to spend his money, shoot off his mouth. That's what I'm counting on. I'll be listening places. Mr. Abernethy, I'm not going to quit listening until I find somebody who was aboard the Quincy when she left Dakar. . . . Why did you come back here?"

"They aren't satisfied, Johnny."

"Who aren't? What about?"

"The police, the Lloyd's people. About your grandfather—that he's dead," Mr. Abernethy said, troubled.

"You mean," said Johnny slowly, "they think my grandfather worked a gyp aboard his own ship?"

"They think it's a possibility."

"Do you think it is, too?"

"This is painful to me, Johnny," Mr. Abernethy said, "but your grandfather was a formidable man. The police make much of that. They insist he was about the last skipper afloat to lose his ship to a mutinous crew. There's something to what they say, and this business of some one hiding in that cabin isn't going to help. Especially with you bringing the Quincy in."

"What's wrong with that?" Johnny said coldly.

"They think it's well—odd."

"Do you?"

"I elect to regard it as a coincidence."

"Thanks," said Johnny bitterly. "Thanks a lot! If it isn't a coincidence, you'd have to figure on the Isabel Putnam and Captain Hart, and that would be taller still."

"You mustn't blame people too much. Aside from the Marie Celeste, nothing like this ever happened before. It's picturesque and bizarre. Our Havana friends are enchanted." Mr. Abernethy reached for his umbrella. "We're to see the police again tomorrow. There's a man coming down from Washington."

"YOU haven't told me why you came back yet."

"This Flavin you're counting on—some years ago he worked for a man named Sam Jewell, didn't he?" Mr. Abernethy asked.

"During prohibition," Johnny said, "Jewell had a fleet of rumboats. Flavin was one of his skippers."

"Bad egg?" Mr. Abernethy asked.

"Both yolks. There are two of 'em—Sam and Paul."

"I ran into Sam Jewell today," said Mr. Abernethy. "He asked me what I knew about the Quincy. He said he thought a lot of Flavin, and that he was worried about him."

"Sam Jewell here in Havana?" Johnny shouted.

"He runs the Jewel Box," said Mr. Abernethy.

"In Buenos Aires," Johnny amended. "There's a Jewel Box here, too."

"I didn't know that!" Johnny exclaimed, and Mr. Abernethy tossed him a match folder with a green cover. Johnny regarded it thoughtfully. "The Jewel Box might be a good place to do some listening," he said at last.

With apparent irrelevance, Mr. Abernethy observed, "Old Mr. Gustafson is on his deathbed."

"He's a pretty old man," said Johnny.

"He was very fond of your grandfather. Captain Angel was one of his first skippers, and the Quincy was one of his first iron ships." Mr. Abernethy shook his head. "What's going to happen to the line when the old gentleman's gone? You are acquainted with Mr. Gustaf Gustafson?" Before Johnny could answer, he continued bitterly, "What a name for a viking's son—and the son afraid of the sea!"

Johnny hadn't laid eyes on Gustaf Gustafson for fifteen years, but in the days when old man Gustafson used to send his son to sea on the Emmaline Quincy, in the hope of making a viking out of him, Johnny had seen a good deal of Gustaf. He'd been just old enough to realize the futility of Gustaf and to feel sorry for him.

Anger flushed Mr. Abernethy's cheeks. "Gustaf marries a piece of fluff from a New York night club. She carries on under his nose, and he hasn't the guts to wallop some decency into her. She's just back from Buenos Aires with her fancy man. Did Gustaf bring her back?" Mr. Abernethy jabbed the floor with his umbrella. "Not Gustaf! Gustaf hates the sea! His coming into ownership of the line is a piece out of my heart, Johnny."

"Who's the other man?"

"Sam Jewell." Johnny gave a low whistle. "He and Mrs. Gustafson got back here a week ago!" said Mr. Abernethy savagely. Johnny was still turning this over in his mind when the other continued, "Johnny, do you believe Sam Jewell capable of organizing the sort of deviltry that appears to have happened?"

"Capable and willing!" said Johnny harshly. "Before he got his own outfit he was trigger man for the old Violet gang—that was back in the '20s. Since then he's got himself a big smile and a load of swank, but that only means he's smart. Those gorillas never civilize. They can't. Show him the dough, and he's still a trigger finger with the itch."

Mr. Abernethy got up to go. "Don't let him get you in his gun sights, Johnny," he said earnestly. "Drop in and see me tomorrow."

He left then. Johnny went into the bathroom and started the hot water gushing into the tub. He stripped and shaved, whipped up a meager lather in the bathtub with the salt-water soap, toweled himself dry, and dressed in his best blue suit. Outside, it looked like rain again. Banners of mist were drifting across the lights on the other side of the harbor. You could almost hear the lights hiss as the mist put them out.

JOHNNY caught a cab on the water front.

Fifteen minutes later he sat down at a table in the dim bar at the Jewel Box. The bar was quiet, and Johnny had an unrestricted view of the dining salon. The marimba band was pouring on a rumba. Chico gunned his drums, his face a black full moon rolling on heavy shoulders above the foam of his ruffled white shirt. A short thick man in a white coat came up to Johnny. His nose

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"Okay on th' Pepsi, Sarge, not a bottle busted!"

was bent sidewise and his mouth reminded Johnny of marine life in a glass tank.

"Hello, Mr. Angel," he said. "You remember me? I used to be on the Quincy. I'm Biggsy."

"I remember your nose," said Johnny. "Pushed it this way, didn't you?"

"I'll push it back any time you say."

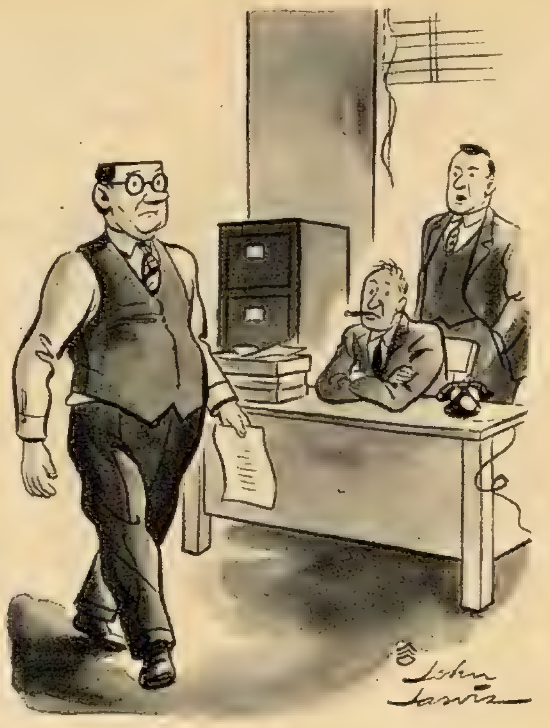
"Always the card, ain't you!" Biggsy wiped the table with a swish. "What'll you have?" Johnny said bourbon. "Your grampa hymn-singing them boys from the Quincy some place?" Biggsy asked.

"Maybe I'd better fix your nose right away," Johnny said.

"No offense, Mr. Angel." Biggsy spoke as if trouble was the last thing he wanted. "Bourbon. Yes, Mr. Angel. Right away."

JOHNNY sat thinking. Somebody wanted information. Sam Jewell? Johnny thought so. But suppose Jewell had all the information but wanted Johnny Angel to think otherwise! Johnny didn't know the Jewells, either of them, personally, and, aside from the Flavin connection and the Mrs. Gustaf Gustafson run-around, he had nothing to back up his hunch. But the Jewells had a record. It was long and dirty. It was corrupt and violent. If the Quincy dish had been big enough to interest them, they were a likely pair to have sunk their hooks into it. And if they had, they were quite capable of giving it the works.

At that moment his conjecturings were rudely shattered. Two couples were sitting down at a table in the dining salon on the farther side of the parquet, near the band. At first Johnny really saw only one of the four—not the blonde in the flame dress with the emerald at her throat, but the other girl, the dark-haired one in the green dress. "Scoop," he'd called her! Well, she'd scooped him good and plenty. He'd told her about the Flavin-Jewell connection, and she hadn't reciprocated by telling him that the Jewells had a place in Havana. But Johnny didn't remain mad for more than twenty seconds. He liked a girl to have an independent mind, and this one was smart besides. She had a story by the tail, a bear cat too, and she'd given him the business. Well, it was his turn to dish out the business now—in a nice sort of way, he told himself elatedly. Biggsy came back then.



"Take Hogarty—now there's a level-headed chap!"

"Whose is that party over there?" Johnny asked him.

"Mr. Jewell's—Mr. Sam," Biggsy said. "The short gentleman's Mr. Jewell. Built like a buffalo, ain't he? Nobody monkeys with Mr. Sam. The tall feller's Mr. Ricardo. He's in the sugar business." Biggsy tittered. "I guess the girls are in the sugar business, too."

Johnny's elation had turned sour. All she knows is her cockeyed story! he told himself exasperatedly. Does she think that torpedo is going to lay it in her lap? Disgruntled and uneasy, he left his bourbon untouched, aware, as he crossed the hall, of the scrutiny of a man with a top-heavy forehead whom some one called "Mr. Isherwood." But as he entered the dining salon his mood mellowed. The music looked like a waltz, but was a bit more complicated. The right party in his arms, Johnny thought he could manage it himself. The nearer he got to the Jewell table the more expensive it looked. That dress Scoop was wearing, soft green stuff up over her shoulders and no back to speak of.

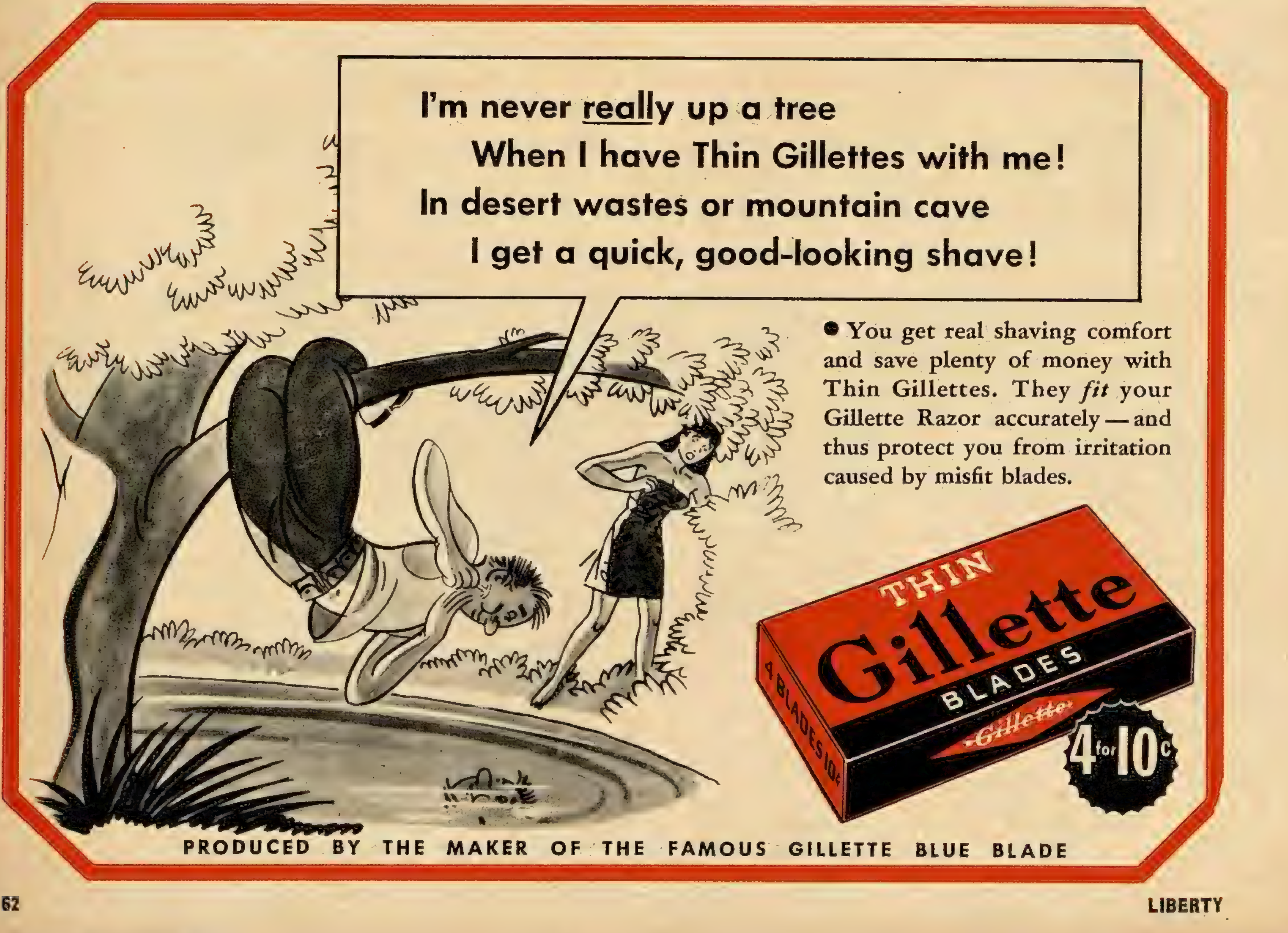
"WHY, Johnny Angel!" she said faintly.

"I thought I'd say hello," he said.

Her eyes for a moment were panicky, he grimly observed. Well, they'd a right to be, with that howitzer sitting at the same table. Then they were so no longer, and the cool amusement with which she was now regarding him baffled Johnny into wondering if it hadn't really been there all the time. She began the introductions.

"Mr. Angel, Mrs. Gustafson—"

Lilah said she was enchanted and let Johnny hold her hand while she ap-


I'm never really up a tree
When I have Thin Gillettes with me!
In desert wastes or mountain cave
I get a quick, good-looking shave!
THIN Gillette BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10¢

● You get real shaving comfort and save plenty of money with Thin Gillettes. They *fit* your Gillette Razor accurately — and thus protect you from irritation caused by misfit blades.

PRODUCED BY THE MAKER OF THE FAMOUS GILLETTE BLUE BLADE

praised him the way she did every healthy male who swam into her orbit. So this is the canary Gusty married! This pair of scissors would keep Gusty's hair cut.

"Mr. Angel, Mr. Ricardo."

The latter was big and glossy, smooth as an olive. He said it was a pleasure, curiosity in his amberish sugar (quotation) eyes.

"Mr. Angel, Mr. Jewell."

"SIT down, Mr. Angel." Sam Jewell's smiling eyes and the synthetic heartiness of his handshake did nothing to mitigate the predatory instincts behind them, and probably weren't intended to. Once a wolf! Johnny told himself warningly. He was good-looking for the chunky kind, though; around forty, smart, and formidable as a buffalo, as Biggsy had said. Johnny remembered seeing him aboard the Quincy, wearing an old trench coat, and his suspicions began to take on solidity. He let go of Jewell's hand abruptly, the core of hate in his heart potent enough to burst it open. One thing he knew—when he walked out of here Scoop walked out with him! "I've been wanting to talk to you," Jewell was saying. "How about a Bacardi? They aren't bad here."

Johnny said "Thanks," and a waiter eased a chair under him, across from Scoop and between Lilah and Ricardo.

"Ann, where on earth did you find him?" Lilah trilled.

Ann! That was so much.

"You tell them, Johnny," said Ann.

"It's a long story," Johnny said.

"Then save it," said Lilah. "We're dying to hear about the Emmaline Quincy. What *could* have become of the crew, Mr. Angel?"

"Help yourself to a guess, Mrs. Gustafson."

"Guessing's too much trouble. I always want to know the answer right away. Do you know Gustaf? You do, because he's spoken of you—those summers old Mr. Gustafson sent him to sea to learn to be a sailorman!" Lilah seemed amused. "Mr. Angel, you've become a celebrity. The whole town's talking. And I didn't bring my autograph album!" Lilah mourned.

"Mr. Angel can autograph our handkerchiefs," Ann said.

"All right, girls, lay off Mr. Angel." Jewell winked at Johnny in a way that said, "Just a couple of floozies ventilating themselves." The refreshments came then, and after they had been served, Jewell looked at Johnny blandly. "A man who used to work for me was on the Quincy. Mike Flavin. Mike was a nice boy. I'd certainly like to know if he's all right."

"So would I," Johnny said.

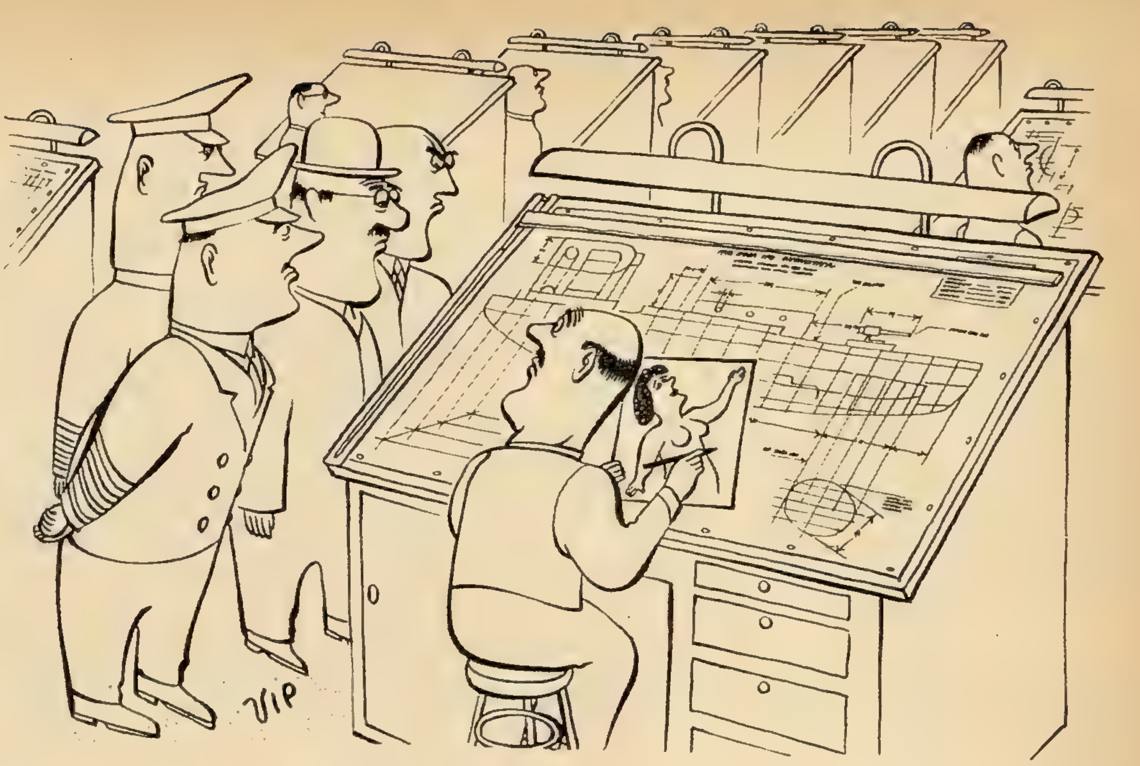
"Your grandfather, too, I guess," said Jewell lazily.

It took Johnny a moment to smother the anger which he suspected this permanently smiling sinister man was deliberately trying to provoke in him. "Yes, my grandfather," he said carefully.

Jewell's laugh didn't help, either, but Johnny let that pass, too. They all talked about the Quincy some more, but nothing that was said went in the right direction. The talk drifted.

Then Ricardo said to Jewell, "Your fine cruiser—the Hornet, is it not? What beauty! What speed! I missed it at the club yesterday. Do you still have it?"

Sam Jewell's expression altered slightly, and the stem of the glass which Ann had been twirling between her fingers snapped. The two halves tinkled against the table.



"How stupid of me!" cried Ann in confusion. Her cheeks were pale. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Jewell!"

"No wonder I don't make a dollar!" Jewell chuckled. "Waiter!"

The waiter was a middle-aged man with a sensitive, intelligent face that contained the imprint of recent tragedy. He seemed awkward at his work. As he reached for the broken glass, he knocked over Ricardo's *refresco*. The fruit-juice drink stained the tablecloth and splashed the sleeve of Sam Jewell's mess jacket. Jewell's grin faded out and a dull flush crept up his muscular neck into his fleshy face, concentrating in a wine-colored blotch on either cheek. He didn't speak. And only his right hand moved. It was heavy, blunt-fingered, and powerful, and it closed abruptly over the slender hand of the waiter, forcing it down against the table and cramping the fingers in upon themselves agonizingly. The waiter took on a corpse-like pallor. Ann sat frozen. Ricardo frowned uneasily. Lilah looked frightened.

"M'SIEU," the waiter gasped, "my fingers!"

Jewell's grin began to come back. But Johnny, not the waiter, was favored with it, although Jewell retained his crushing grip of the man's hand, and it suddenly occurred to Johnny that Jewell's vindictiveness toward the waiter had become an act of intimidation, not of the waiter, who didn't count, but of Mr. Johnny Angel, who did. A heavy water glass stood at Johnny's elbow. He wrapped his fingers round it as if it were a baseball.

"Let him go," Johnny said distinctly.

Jewell's grin, as he released the waiter's hand, Johnny interpreted as meaning that he'd made his point, and that any time Johnny wanted trouble he could have it. Johnny was sitting on the edge of his chair, his feet drawn up, staring at Jewell. Then he let go of the glass. Jewell laughed.

"Bring a fresh cloth, Louie." The waiter shuffled off, massaging his hand, humiliated and angry, and Jewell went on, "That punk used to buy caviar in my spot in Paris. He was a journalist on the Paris Soir. His wife and kids are still over there." Jewell got up, in the best of humor. "There's some one I want to see," he said. "He's just come in."

"A man about a dog?" Lilah asked, her voice brittle.

"About a horse, maybe," he told her affectionately.

"Oh, Sam!" she pressed his hand. "You mustn't."

His grin expanded. "Mr. Angel, suppose you stay for dinner, and give Ricardo a hand with the girls. They're one too many for him."

"Suits me," Johnny said coldly.

JEWELL went away then, and Lilah said hurriedly, "Sam wants to give me a horse. An adorable two-year-old chestnut." Another waiter came up. He had a fresh cloth and menus. "I want *huevos al nido*," said Lilah. "They're wonderful here. . . . Ann?"

Ann gave a little shiver, and it seemed to Johnny that she came back from a long way off as she said, "The same, please, Lilah."

"You mustn't mind Sam," Lilah said. "He's impulsive."

"Why would I mind him?" Ann replied evenly.

Johnny thought, She's O. K. She's swell. And he said, "I'm contemplating a two-inch top sirloin and mushrooms." Nothing more had been said about the Hornet, he recalled.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Mr. Angel!" Lilah chided. "This is Cuba. Park your wings under the table and be a man. If you don't, you'll be sorry when you see our eggs-on-the-nest. Tell him about *huevos al nido*, Mr. Ricardo."

"*Delicioso*, Mr. Angel!" extolled Ricardo, glossy again.

"I'll buy," said Johnny.

Chico's drums were conjuring up a rumba. Lilah wanted to dance. "Please!" begged Ricardo and swept her away.

"Why didn't you tell me Sam was in Havana?" Johnny asked Ann abruptly.

"You didn't want me in your hair, Johnny."

"Let's forget that. That guy Jewell is the king of the carnivores—you've just seen that for yourself. You can't buck an outfit like his alone. Throw in with me."

"I'm sorry, Johnny."

"Why not?"

"Oh, for several reasons." She was considering him warily. "I have a job of work to do. There's only one way to do it. Your way wouldn't be my way. Besides, you're too emotional."

"I'll be an iceberg," Johnny said. "Is that all?"

"It isn't all," said Ann, "but it's enough."

"How come the glassware broke when Ricardo brought up Sam Jewell's Hornet?"

"My foot slipped," Ann said lightly.

"You're a stubborn hussy," said Johnny sourly; but he admired the finesse with which she had eclipsed her shocked consternation at Jewell's behavior. "How about breaking down and telling me the rest of your name?"

"Ask Mr. Jewell," suggested Ann. "Ask Lilah."

"Wouldn't I look a dope!" He studied her intently for a moment. Her eyes were smiling, but he sensed tension behind them. "O. K., if you want it that way. How about some dancing?"

"I'd love it! Can you rumba?"

"My grandfather was a jungle chief."

THE floor was crowded, with a lot of pleasant hilarity going on in the good old Cuban manner. Everybody looked at Ann when they weren't looking at Lilah, and at Lilah when they weren't looking at Ann.

"How'm I doing?" he asked.

"Do you have to wiggle your foot that way?"

"It's my big toe. I have the biggest big toe in Cuba."

"Not to change the subject, do you like my dress?"

"It stuns me," said Johnny.

"It's Lilah's. They wanted some one for Mr. Ricardo."

"That makes me feel better right away," Johnny said. "What about Lilah?"

Ann was glancing off over his shoulder. "She's just back from Buenos Aires. She's staying at the Hotel Consul-General, in case you're thinking of something else."

"I'm thinking of my old shipmate, Gustaf Gustafson." Johnny felt a tremor pass through her body. She didn't answer. He put her into a spin. "Scoop, what do you know that I don't know?"

"Oh, practically everything, Johnny."

"Swell! Who was the lug in Mr. Johanson's cabin?"

"You take me too seriously."

"I'm a serious guy. The music's stopping. That glass door back of the band—where's it lead to?"

"The garden, probably."

"Fine. Let's go look at the moon."

"It's raining again, silly."

"Then I'll look at you instead."

"In the rain? Not in this dress, you won't!"

"There'll be a balcony we can stand under," he pleaded.

"What's back of all this?" Ann wanted to know.

"I've got to kiss you again right away."

"We'll stay right here, Mr. Angel!"

"Here or outside," Johnny said. "I'm a desperate man. I'll count ten. One—two—three—"

"You fool! If anything happens to this dress—"

It *was* raining again, a swooshing downpour that fell in level solid sheets shot through with yellow light from the tall glass doors through which they passed. Above the red-tiled terrace was the balcony which Johnny had said would be there. The garden was pungent with the washed essences of earth and stone and foliage. Ann took a deep breath. It was funny, Johnny thought. A man could be one way with a girl, brash and full of his own noise. Then something happened, the way she looked at the rain, and the easy words were gone and everything was different.

"It is lovely out here," said Ann. "How did you know?"

"I didn't—until I saw you looking at the rain."

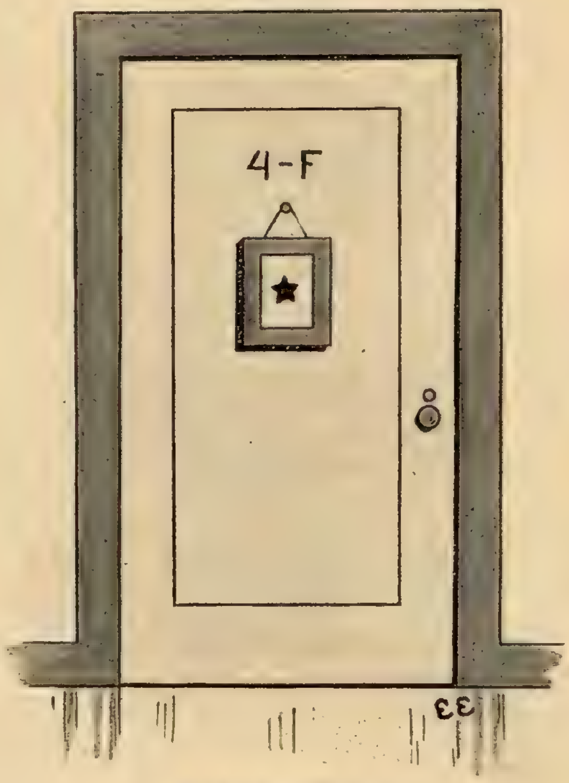
The laughter left her face, but the warmth, the important thing, remained. "It is beautiful, Johnny."

"It's honest, too. It comes down in straight lines. Let's be like the rain, you and me."

"Johnny, please! You've got things to do. So have I."

"The same things, Scoop. We'll do them together." His earnestness was calculated to push down walls. He took Ann's hands. "We've kidded long enough. This business is real and dirty. A lot of people have died. Others may—you and I, Scoop!—unless we are smart. These guys are killers. They'll shoot the works to keep what they've got—if they've got it."

She cried out suddenly, "Do you think I don't know that? After what I've seen, do you suppose I don't know there isn't anything they wouldn't do?" He was baffled by the reversal of her mood and the passion with which she had spoken. He thought doggedly, She knows something, and I've got to have it. Her voice as she went on seemed to come up out of some deep well of anguish. "It was so unspeakably abominable—" She stopped abruptly.



DER TAG

How wonderful will be that day
When won and over is this war!
When things like 4-F and I-A
Mean only some apartment door!

—ERIC ERICSON.

"Scoop," Johnny said, "get into your clothes, and we'll get out of this joint—it could come down on our heads."

She wasn't listening. She was staring over his shoulder, toward the end of the terrace, to where just enough light from the glass doors penetrated to reveal a stair with an iron balustrade that led up to the balcony. "What is it, Scoop?"

"There's some one standing on that stair." Her voice was low and queer. "Act as if everything were all right."

"Isn't it?"

"No." Her hands were cold on his.

"Who is it?" She didn't answer. "Quincy?"

He could feel her fear flow from her flesh into his. "I—I'm not sure."

Quincy! she had implied. Johnny shook off her hands and shoved her back against the glass door.

He plunged along the terrace. On the stair, a third of the way up, he saw the fellow: a tall man in a raincoat with a dark felt pulled down over the whitish blur of his face. The man started up the stair again, then stopped irresolutely. He must have realized that he was trapped, for he suddenly started down the stair at a rush. Johnny began reasonably:

"Hold it, guy. All I want—"

They collided. The impact threw Johnny against the balustrade, but he bounced back and hooked an arm round the man's neck. The man pivoted. He had a gun in his hand. Johnny saw the barrel coming toward his head, and ducked, taking the blow on his shoulder blade. It rocked him, but he managed to clamp his left hand round the fellow's gun wrist. They milled for a moment, then bright yellow flame pushed the dark back and the flat crash of the shot absorbed the bonging of Chico's drums. Johnny broke the guy's grip on the gun. It hit the terrace tiles. Before Johnny could recover his balance the man shook himself loose and veered off into the garden. The downpour blotted him out. Scoop was all right, Johnny saw, as he swung off into the garden.

The rain hammered his head and shoulders. He stumbled about on slick flagstones in soggy earth. He made out an iron gate set in a high stone wall. The raincoat was pushing through it. The gate clanged shut.

A HALF minute elapsed before Johnny could get it open. The alley outside was about two arm spans wide. Water sloshed about his ankles as he ran. He came out into a narrow street of shops and tenement dwellings. Well down the street a lamp diffused a pale radiance. He saw the raincoat vanish beyond the lamp and took after it in long, loping strides. He came abreast of a narrow crooked street that wandered off in the unpredictable manner characteristic of the old city.

The street bent again like a rabbit's hind leg. A stone arch spanned it. Beyond the arch a patch of light came from a lamp bracketed over the door of a cigar vender's shop. But here the street ended in a stone wall too high for any one to scale unaided. It was funny, though. It had looked as if the guy had *had* to come up here.

Lettered in faded gilt on the cigar vender's window was the name, M. GONZALES. The light within came from a drop bulb covered by a reflector that directed the light upon a table littered with Cuban leaf, freshly rolled cigars, shears, a knife or two, cigar boxes. At the table sat a man with a green shade over his eyes.

He looked up as Johnny entered. He was a big man, but his head and shoulders were well above the concentrated light from the drop bulb, and this, together with his eyeshade, prevented Johnny from sizing him up, except for his hands, which he saw were large and smooth and a light-bronze color. The disposition of the light had the effect of detaching the man's head from the rest of his body. A half-smoked cigar smoldered in an iron hand brazier.

"Good evening, señor," the man said.

"Did you happen to see a man outside just now?" Johnny asked. "I thought he came up this way."

"In this weather?" The man placed his syllables carefully. "At this hour?"

"I was sure he came up here." A pool was forming at Johnny's feet. "You're working late," Johnny said.

"Times are hard, señor," the careful voice replied. "I am Manuel Gonzales, should you ever need good cigars. My trade is select. I use only the best leaf."

He seemed to be waiting for Johnny to go, and after bidding him good night, Johnny left. As he passed the window he saw that the man was pressing cigars into a box with his large smooth hands. . . . Johnny had got as far as the arch when a nagging dissatisfaction halted him. The fellow's hands, his large smooth hands with little gold hairs on them. That guy was putting on an act! he told himself. He never rolled a cigar in his life!

Just as he reached the lighted window again the light went out. He pulled up sharp. The man inside had probably heard him, but that was all right, he'd taken care of the guy's gun. The door wasn't locked. Johnny entered the shop and shut the door behind him. The darkness lay about him in soft folds, like velvet. There was no sound whatever in the shop, but Johnny knew the fellow was standing there, probably beside the work table. Johnny placed his back against the door.

"HOW about turning on the light, Mr. Gonzales?"

There was a long pause before the man answered; then he said, "I am about to close my shop. Be good enough to leave."

"I won't keep you long—if everything's all right."

"What could be wrong, señor?"

"Turn on that light, or I will."

"If you approach me, señor"—the voice shook oddly—"I shall protect myself. I request you to leave."

Ann's reactions on the terrace began to take on significance in Johnny's mind. She knew that some one had hidden out in Johanson's cabin, and her reticence had suggested that she had uncovered information which she wasn't yet ready to disclose. To suppose that her information concerned this guy who wasn't M. Gonzales was a fair assumption, in view of her reactions. Suppose this was the man who had hidden in the cabin, and Ann knew it, never mind how right now! The notion was logical and exciting. Johnny remembered then those thin razor-edged knives he'd seen on the table. This fellow wasn't Manuel Gonzales, but he could swing a knife. The thing to do was to keep on talking, then jump him when the right moment came.

"YOU certainly made a nickel cigar out of me," Johnny said. "Twice. Yesterday and tonight."

"Yesterday?"

"Me hollering for my grandfather," said Johnny mildly, "and you hiding in Mr. Johanson's cabin. I guess it wasn't pretty, what happened, was it?" Johnny was speaking conversationally. "Where's Flavin? What's Sam Jewell's angle?" The man's teeth came together sharply. "What were you doing on his back stair?"

"You are misinformed about me."

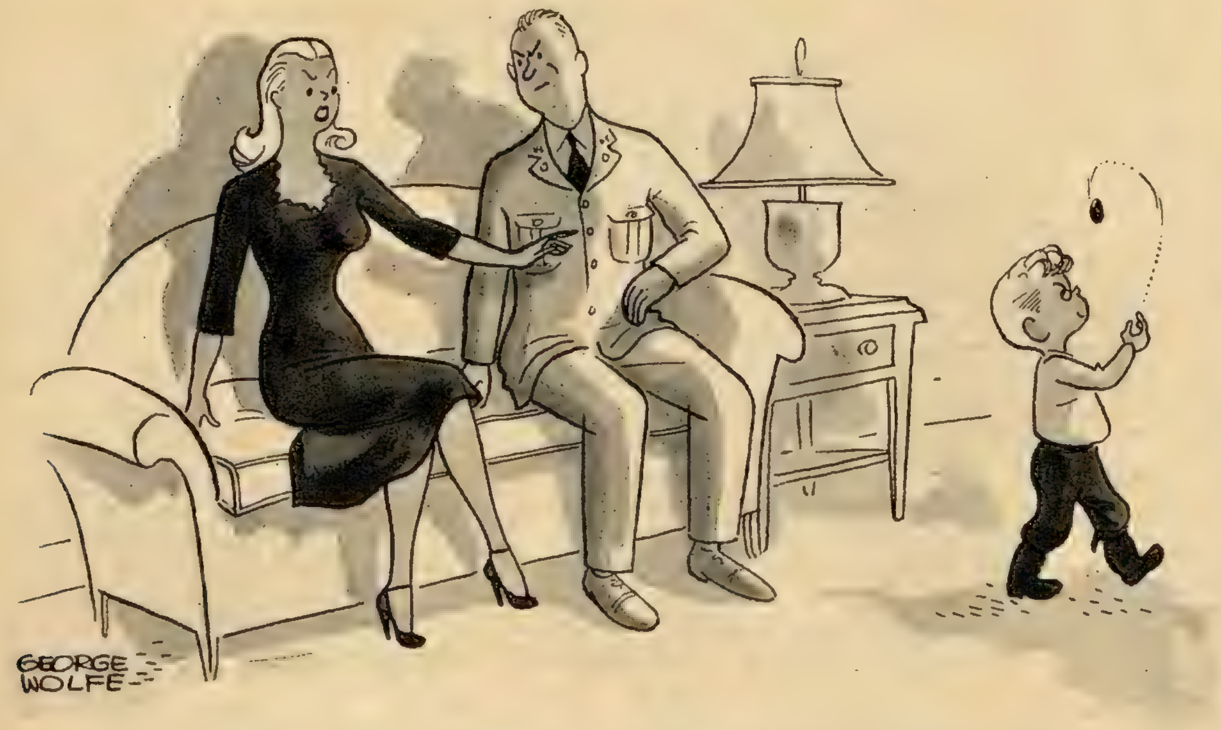
"No, I'm not," said Johnny. "Let's not kid any more. You were in Mr. Johanson's cabin. Why didn't you show your face? What do you want? I'm a reasonable guy. Let's go out and buy us a cup of coffee and talk it over."

A floor board creaked. *Here it is, Mr. Angel!*

The impact of their bodies was soft and wary. Johnny threw a left jab that was neither wary nor soft. The fellow grunted. He had a solid body with no fat, heavier than Johnny's, but this kind of close-in work wasn't his dish. The glint of metal at the end of his swinging right made Johnny do a half pivot. The knife ripped his sleeve. Johnny closed rope-calloused fingers round the thick wrist above the knife. A hand felt for his throat. Johnny pulled his neck down into his shoulders and exerted bone-crushing pressure on the wrist. The knife fell. Johnny's fingers climbed upward. The fellow's throat was muscular, slick with sweat. They maneuvered for surer foot leverage, the quietness with which they fought as lethal as a vacuum. Johnny threw his weight forward.

The table turned over. They crashed together between its legs. A foot against Johnny's stomach heaved him backward. Then a metallic object crashed against the side of his head. . . . He heard the door slam, but there wasn't anything he could do about it. The pain inside his head was making him feel like a Fourth of July celebration.

Presently his groping fingers located



"Teddy, return the quarter to the gentleman and hang around."

"I'M TOO YOUNG TO FEEL SO OLD"
MISERABLE FROM
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There's only one Soretone—insist on it for Soretone results. 50¢.
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MUSCULAR PAINS
due to colds

*Though applied cold, rubefacient ingredients in Soretone act like heat to increase the superficial supply of blood to the area and induce a comforting sense of warmth.

"AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

the droplight above the table. The light swung back and forth, pushing the dark about. He righted the chair and leaned on it while he gently eased his head about on his neck. The brazier lying on the floor looked as if it might have been the weapon with which he had been slugged. The shop ran back quite a way. He saw a couch and a pair of feet were sticking out of the darkness.

This was Manuel Gonzales, all right. He was little and withered and he'd have scissored up into good Havana filler himself. He had lean fingers, smooth at the tips, the horny nail of one little finger overlong, for trimming leaf. A liver-colored lump stretched tight the skin over his left temple. Johnny got him up onto the couch, found rum and forced some of it between his teeth, figuring out what must have happened as he did so.

The man in the raincoat had had four, maybe five minutes. He had clouted Manuel Gonzales and shoved him into the dark. He had shed the raincoat, put on the cigar-maker's eye-shade, and sat down at the table. Johnny's reflections were bitter. I couldn't hit a bull astern with a bass fiddle. The sooner he had some conversation with Ann the better.

MANUEL GONZALES' lips moved. His questions were due to begin in about a minute and a half, and Johnny was in no mood to answer them. He shut the door quietly. The rain had become a thin drizzle.

The light from a street lamp reminded him of the condition he was in, and he pulled up sharply. He hadn't a dry stitch on his body. His coat sleeve was ripped down to the wrist. He couldn't possibly walk in on Scoop like this. He'd have to go back to the Quincy and clean himself up. But that would take him half an hour at least, and Scoop would be worrying about him—he hoped! He'd telephone her, but he didn't know her last name. It occurred to him then that he could reach her through Lilah Gustafson. He located a café with a telephone, and called the Jewel Box. He got Lilah, then Ann.

"Are you all right, Scoop?" he asked her.

"Of course. You?" She sounded breathless.

"Good and sore. He got away. I'm a mess. I've got to go down to the Quincy and clean up. Don't run out on me again, will you?"

"I'm ready to leave now, Johnny."

"You mustn't!" His voice vibrated. "Stay right there till I get back—then I'll know where you are. I've got to talk to you. It's important. That guy—"

"Johnny!" Her peremptory tone stopped him. Lilah's there, he thought. Ann continued firmly, "I have a cab waiting. Don't worry. I'm used to getting around. I'll get in touch with you in the morning, at the Quincy."

"Is that straight about the Quincy, in the morning?"

"Yes. Good night, Johnny." She rang off.

Worried and disgruntled, Johnny arrived back at the Quincy. The police officer at the rail looked at him with polite curiosity.

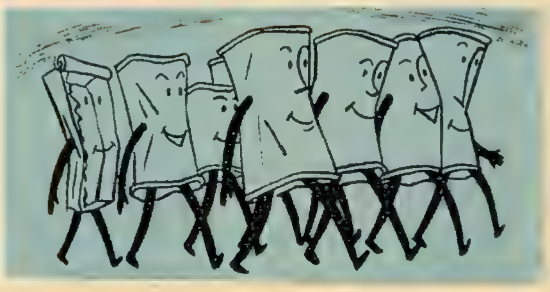
Johnny pushed into his grandfather's cabin. Sam Jewell stood beside the desk, going through a packet of letters.

While Johnny deals with Sam Jewell, Ann is in terrible danger at the Jewel Box. Next week's Liberty will tell of the gallantry of a lonely, frightened girl.

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

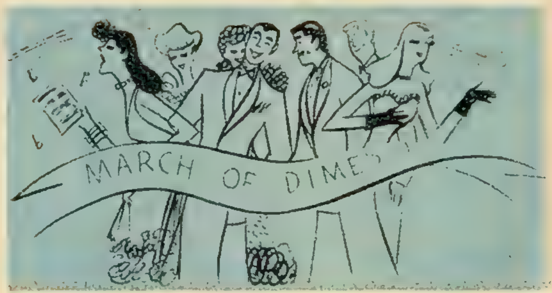
IN PRAISE OF CANS: Before Pearl Harbor the American housewife discarded millions of cans a day. Today the patriotic citizen carefully prepares what few empty cans she has for salvage, taking off the tops and flattening the works. For the can is vital to our armed forces. Light, strong, easy to ship, store, and handle, the can resists the onslaughts of salt water, shellfire repercussions, and poison gases. They carry not only foods but life-saving plasma, smoke to patch wind holes in smoke screens, smoke grenades, "anti-dim" to rub on goggles, fluorescent paint to throw on the ocean from lifeboats, which renders them visible to rescue planes 10,000 feet above. Other cans incase the fuses that ignite block-buster bombs. First-aid kits travel in cans; there are even canned blankets for men adrift at sea, also cans of distilled water, and canned smoke flares with which to signal planes. The U. S. Army and Navy, co-operating with the Can Manufacturers' Institute, entertained a large group of editors and writers at luncheon in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel, and let them see for themselves how vital the can is in waging war. Guests got their food in true Army style—stew, salad, and pie in Army mess kits, with coffee in tin cups. Coxswain William Street, interviewed by Lieutenant Commander Douglas Gessfor, told what fun it was to be torpedoed by Jap subs. After floating in a rubber tire some fifteen hours, Coxswain Street, with eleven other men, managed to board lifeboats, and found that the Japs had taken their sails, food, and charts, leaving only cans of water and pemmican. With the help of a piece of tin can they caught a shark, which they ate raw. "We didn't care what part we got, just so we got something."



The conservation of a can
May help to save a fighting man!

WOMEN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE: Women continue to branch out. They're in the driver's seat of many a Washington, D. C., trolley and Railway Express truck. And in Indianapolis, women direct traffic. They carry pistols and wear uniforms consisting of blue slacks, knee-length blue jackets, Sam Browne belts, and overseas caps. . . . Miss Mildred Justice, director of women personnel at the Todd Erie Basin Dry Docks, says waitresses and beauty operators make the best welders because they are used to spending long hours on their feet. Originally, their age limits for welders ranged from twenty-one to thirty-eight, but the upper limit was discontinued when a fifty-three-year-old Danish woman proved to be an expert welder. Using a standard height-and-weight table, Todd hires women up to twenty-five pounds overweight or ten pounds under. One look at the girls scampering up and down with welding equipment, and excessively heavy women withdraw their applications.

STAGGERING STATISTICS: More than half the 108,000,000 radio receiving sets in the world are in the U. S. A. . . . The collective financial holdings of American women exceed $210,000,000,000. . . . The average soldier is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 144 pounds, and wears a 9½-D shoe when inducted, according to the records of the Quartermaster Corps. A few months in the Army, and he has gained eleven pounds, expanded his chest, increased his shoe size to a 10-D, but his hat size remains a No. 7. Apparently the Army doesn't foster swelled heads. . . . Idleness, because of strikes, cost the U. S. 975,000 man-days last October as compared with 243,756 man-days lost in October, 1942. Coal-mining stoppages from October 13 to the end of the month accounted for about 40 per cent of the total number of workers involved in strikes, and for more than half the total idleness. We have yet to hear of a soldier striking when called on to go into action.



BIRTHDAY AHEAD!—Frank Sinatra is chairman of the American Youth Division for the annual fund-raising appeal of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. He will be heard singing over 925 stations soliciting contributions to the March of Dimes celebration of the President's birthday. Eddie Cantor is serving his sixth consecutive year as chairman of the March of Dimes of the Air. His network show will run a full hour, and feature many Hollywood stars. The campaign will extend from January 14 to 31.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND: Samuel Carollo of Rome, New York, took his better half along on a deer-hunting trip, but parked her in the car when he took off to do his stuff. He returned an hour later, empty-handed, to find the little woman inspecting a buck she had bagged as it was running past the car.

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Presented by M.G.M.

With a brilliant supporting cast, Henry Travers, Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Elsa Basserman, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, C. Aubrey Smith, Victor Francen, Reginald Owen, Margaret O'Brien • Screen Play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau. Based on the book, "Madame Curie" by Eve Curie. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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INSIDE JAP-HELD SHANGHAI

Continued from Page 13

On the tug were representatives from the Swiss Consulate and the American Association, the body officially designated to handle the affairs of American nationals. All Americans were registered at the Association's headquarters and aid was extended to them if needed. On the tug we got the glad tidings that funds would be allotted to us through the Swiss, and when the American Association representative, Mr. Henry Kay of the American President Lines, told us that we would be free, it seemed too good to be true.

All six members of Newspaperman's Row made a beeline for the Palace Hotel as soon as we got off at the Bund. Russ Brines and I shared a room, and together we sat down to the first steak dinner we had had since before the fall of Manila eight and a half months previously. Then there was a nice hot bath, also something I hadn't enjoyed in all the time of my internment. It was a pleasure just not to have to stand in line for the toilet or the bath, and to sleep with only one other person in the room instead of twenty-five, as we had in Manila.

The following day I called on an old friend of mine, a wealthy neutral. What he told me about conditions in Shanghai was appalling. The cost of living was rising inexorably, and the poor Chinese in their massed millions were hit the hardest. Their wages were almost static while food skyrocketed in price. With the Japanese Army and Navy continually confiscating large portions of the produce, the Chinese farmers produced only sufficient for their own immediate needs. Eggs, which a year or two before could be bought for a cent apiece Chinese, were then about 90 cents each (a year later they went to $2.50 each); rice rose from about $75 a picul to over $500, and other prices were up similarly.

THIS friend of mine told how the Japanese were absorbing the great economic interests built up by Americans and British in China over the years. The technique was simple. Jap supervisors had been placed in every public utility, every bank and insurance company, every business concern of any importance at all, and the supervisors forced the Americans and British in charge to "teach them the business." Those British and Americans who had expected to be interned immediately and to have their properties confiscated outright soon realized that their expressions of relief had been premature. The Japs were simply using them.

Many Americans closed up their businesses at once and did everything in their power to hamper the Japanese; others followed the line of least resistance.

The Japanese civilian population had increased alarmingly from about 20,000 a few years before to 130,000. They were active in all phases of the city's life and occupied all the best hotels and apartment houses, having moved out of Hongkew, the section of the city traditionally reserved for them.

The days following my arrival at Shanghai were very busy and interesting. It was an amazing contrast to Santo Tomas. There were good meals—soup, meat, two vegetables, coffee, and perhaps pie or ice cream; there were clean beds. It was strange to be able to visit any one I wished, to converse without fear of being overheard, to be free to listen to American radio broadcasts. We wondered at the Japs' consideration—until we realized that it was part of the Jap strategy to give us, the enemy, plenty of rope as long as they felt they could make some use of us.

Several of my Chinese acquaintances told me what their people were thinking and doing about the Japanese infiltration. Despite the frenzied propaganda of the Japs, the bulk of the Chinese were as loyal as ever to their own and the Allied cause. Most of them regarded the Wang Ching-wei puppet government as a joke—if a disastrous one. Many were heartily ashamed of him and disdainful of his treacherous acts. As one of my acquaintances expressed it: "When the time comes for China to drive out the little bad devils of the island kingdom across the China Sea, we are all sure that Wang, the traitor, will sing another song. He will come over to our side. Of that you may be sure."

A PROMINENT Chinese business leader told me: "While the Chinese common laborer and worker generally do not understand politics or government, their only interest being whether they can fill their bellies with rice, still there are few who do not remember Shanghai, 1937, and the terrible things the Japanese have done to our people in hundreds of cities and villages throughout our country—the looting, the burning, the raping, the murders, and the terror! We are not so stupid as to be taken in by the new tune the Japanese are now playing for us—that we are to be their 'brothers' and share with them in the 'Co-prosperity Sphere.' We know what that means—prosperity for the Japs and enslavement for us."

Several times I saw Jap gendarmes beat and kick Chinese coolies into bloody insensibility, sometimes for no reason at all. Once I witnessed the beating of an old Chinese woman peddler because she had failed to bow deeply enough to the sentry standing at Garden Bridge. There are hundreds of authenticated cases of incredible Jap brutality by the Army, the naval landing group, the Jap police and the plain-clothes ronin, and, above all, the hated gendarmerie with their Gestapo methods.

In December and January the Jap authorities carried out a complete and compulsory listing of all property belonging to Americans, British, Netherlanders, and other enemy nationals. It was the handwriting on the wall. We knew complete confiscation would soon follow. Months later, when we were interned, the Japs did take over everything. Some of the houses and offices were sealed, but whenever it suited their purposes the Japs would break the seals and remove furniture, equipment, and machines. Shanghai was being methodically gutted from the time of our internment.

Until February, 1943, we still had radios and I could listen to our own news broadcasts from America, as well as those from Japan. Subsequently all radios were seized and severe punishment imposed for possession of a receiving set. The Japs had taken over daily newspapers in English, the Shanghai Evening Post Mercury and, of course, the Shanghai Times, which they had subsidized for many years. These newspapers carried the official Domei Agency news and also dispatches of Transocean, the German agency. Figures of American losses, one could safely estimate, were exaggerated by from 50 to 75 per cent. The figures on Japanese losses generally represented only 5 to 10 per cent of the actual damage. A typical dispatch read: "Fifty American planes have been shot down in the recent action, and only one Japanese plane has failed to return. It is presumed that it dived and crashed into its objective, the noble pilot choosing a glorious death."

The local Red Russian newspaper printed Tass official bulletins and it was most instructive to read their little one-page English edition, called War Cry, telling of Russian successes and outstanding victories in the Stalingrad areas, and then to read of the same battles and engagements in the Jap-controlled newspapers telling, under Berlin date lines, of German victories.

On October 1, 1942, the Japanese issued orders to all "enemy nationals" that henceforth they must wear red arm bands lettered A for Americans, B for British, N for Netherlanders, and X for all others. No one with an arm band was allowed to go to the movies, night clubs, or similar public places. Generally this was no hardship, because money was scarce and the rising cost of living made it impossible to do anything but subsist on the loans made by the Swiss Consulate. And if it was the intention of the Japanese to humiliate us, the scheme boomeranged; for, as one Chinese said the day I first wore my arm band:

"Ah, I am very glad about this armband business. The Japanese are fools to do a thing like this. Now we Chinese know who our friends really are."

And it was true! The Chinese would smile at us sympathetically on the street, and in the stores they would serve us first.

At frequent intervals during the entire time I spent in Shanghai there were Chinese "terrorist" outbreaks. These were, of course, engineered by Chungking men, who constantly infiltrated into the city. A few bombs would explode; a few Chinese traitors would be assassinated. This kept the Japs busy. They would sound alarms and throw cordons of police and soldiers around the area.

NO one was allowed to move past the barbed-wire barriers the Japs so love to string about the cities they conquer. A house-to-house search would invariably ensue, and perhaps some innocent Chinese would be hauled off to the Gendarmerie Headquarters to be roughed over. I was caught in several of these raids, and waited patiently and gladly at the barriers, knowing that the Chinese were active against the Japanese power.

Several of the department stores had large window displays of Jap propaganda. There were pictures of American soldiers represented as being drunk and playing around with and kissing girls. There were also photos of American war prisoners. The intent was to humiliate the Americans in the eyes of the Chinese. There were, too, shots of Japanese victories, of soldiers in action, of sailors and ships "overcoming the American forces."

It was all to little avail. The Chinese would look at the pictures, smile guardedly at one another, mutter some contemptuous remark, and move on.

During my first week in Shanghai I had paid a forced "courtesy" call on Lieutenant Kazumaro Uno, Jap Army spokesman and editor of the Shanghai Evening Post Mercury and the Asiana magazine. I had also visited Lieutenant Matsuda.

Uno was born and brought up in Salt Lake City, Utah, and to hear him speak, without seeing him, one would think he was an American. He warned me explicitly:

"Covit, I advise you not to try to escape, because if you do you'll probably be shot to death."

He also wanted me to write for him. There was a threat in his voice—an "or else." I looked across at him and gave him my best smile.

"You're not serious, are you?" I said. "Look here. If I were sitting in your place behind that desk and you were in my chair, and I asked you as a Japanese to write for me against your country, what would you do?"

He scratched his head; then he smiled and replied: "O. K., I understand. You don't have to worry. But remember, now—don't try to leave Shanghai, or it will be just too bad for you. You're not to leave as your fellow correspondent 'Pepper' Martin did."

He was referring to the spectacular escape of Martin and Pat MacDougall from Shanghai on December 25, 1941. Coolly and boldly they walked out of the International Settlement and through the Chinese underground, and made their perilous way to Chungking, 1,800 miles away.

Lieutenant Matsuda, who had graduated from Princeton and was deputy Navy spokesman, likewise threatened me with death if I were captured in an attempt to escape. The amusing part of our interview was that, at the end, he invited me to attend a "sukiyaki party," where I would meet "friends." I declined, pleading urgent social engagements elsewhere.

On January 21 I received notice from the Japanese, through the American Association, that I would be interned along with all the other British and American nationals resident in Shanghai. They had no further use for us. The Japs had "learned the business." I was to go into a men's camp in Pootung, an industrial section just across the river, with the first batch of 350 British, Americans, and Dutch. We assembled at the Cathedral House near the Bund on Foochow Road. Literally thousands turned out to see us off. There were, of course, the Chinese and Russians, mostly beautiful girls, friends of the Americans and British. They made a gala affair of it. There were shouts of encouragement, snatches of song, and cheers. The streets were lined with people, and Jap photographers took innumerable shots of the "prisoners."

WE walked down to the river front, staggering under our bags, and boarded a tug that took us across the river. It was a ride of only five or six minutes, but it seemed like a trip of a thousand miles into a strange and difficult life—a journey from comparative freedom into imprisonment under harsh Jap rule. Those of us who had come from Manila were well acquainted with that—miserable food, crowded quarters, and privations of many sorts.

It was because we were Americans that it had to be, and somehow that thought alone sustained us and gave us courage and fight. We could take it! And since it eventually led to my return to America, I can say it was well worth taking.

THE END

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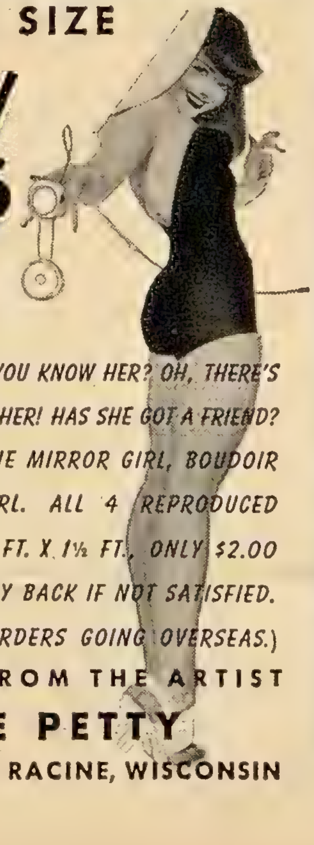

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BY HARRIET GOULD

General Lee's horse offers scant shelter from a Washington rainstorm.

STANDING ROOM ONLY

Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Edward Arnold *(Paramount)*

THE "madhouse" reputation of Washington in wartime has already been worth two Class A farces, and though the idea is getting a bit thin from overuse, Paramount has managed to squeeze the last bit of humor out of the subject to make this last one—Standing Room Only—stack up as a very funny movie.

The More the Merrier made the housing situation seem quite hilarious. Government Girl lampooned Washington's maze of red tape. Standing Room Only clears up the last problem worth kidding by concerning itself with the servant shortage.

Fred MacMurray and his secretary, Paulette Goddard, brave Washington's alphabet factory in search of a war contract. Unable to get hotel accommodations, they spend their first night in town in a park—under the statue of General Lee. Desperate for a place to sleep, Paulette finds them a job as a sleep-in butler-cook combination for Roland Young. But, though the cooking is bad and the buttling worse, everything works out fine because the bureaucrat they've been trying to see steals them from Roland Young for his own household. Before they will serve his dinner they barricade him in his bedroom until they talk him into a contract.

Sometimes the humor sinks to the custard-pie-in-the-face level, but you won't mind because, all in all, Standing Room Only is an amusing, sophisticated dish.

The plot (and the sauce) thicken. Last dinner—and still no contract.

What a Woman

WHAT A WOMAN—and how! Rosalind Russell proves once again how superbly funny she can be in light comedy. She's a theatrical agent in search of a male star for the movie being made from the best seller Whirlwind. When she finally finds him in the scholarly small-town college professor who wrote the passionate tome, the fun begins. The story is fairly feeble, but Russell, Brian Aherne, and Willard Parker couldn't be better. (RKO.)

The Woman of the Town

IN spite of the title, Woman of the Town is about Bat Masterson, the famous gun-toting marshal who cleaned up rowdy Dodge City in the 1870s. The woman in the case is Claire Trevor, charitable church-singing dance-hall hostess—and the twain certainly meet. Woman of the Town is a high-class Western with a good cast. Albert Dekker is fine as Bat, and Barry Sullivan, Henry Hull, and Porter Hall give him ample support. (United Artists.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CRY 'HAVOC' (M-G-M). Margaret Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern. Drama.
DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners). Cary Grant, John Garfield. War Drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. Comedy.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.

INSIDE Paramount
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Paramount joyfully shouts the news of what we believe is one of the funniest comedies ever made. It's called—

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There's no Creek in it . . but there's lots of Kockenlockers, including Pistol Packin' Papa Kockenlocker (William Demarest), and Kockenlocker's cocky daughter (Diana Lynn).

But there *is* a Miracle . . . and what a miracle! It couldn't happen to anybody—but it happened to **EDDIE BRACKEN,** the 6-F Miracle Man, and **BETTY HUTTON,** who kissed the boys goodbye—regiment by regiment.

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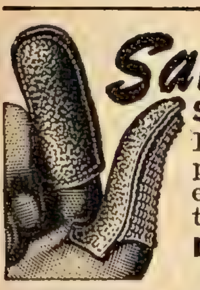

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OUR WOMEN WARBIRDS

Continued from Page 27

Forces. Margaret Wandelin, of Seattle, lost her husband, a naval officer, at New Georgia. Helen Richey, an air-trail blazer, set the women's endurance flying record of nine days, twenty-one hours, forty-two minutes over Miami, Florida. She had ferried planes in England with the original group, and was at Avenger to learn how to fly the Army way. Frances Green of Galveston, an ex-civil aeronautics pilot, had flown the coast patrol. Her twin brother is in the A. A. F., another brother is in the Seabees overseas.

There was Geraldine Hardman of Nevada, whose brother, an A. A. F. pilot, is missing in action in the South Pacific; Dorothy Webb of Bakersfield, a young mother whose husband was killed in action and whose brothers are with the Navy and the Coast Artillery out in the Pacific; Joanne Garrett from Oklahoma City, who was at Avenger Field because her husband, Lieutenant Malcolm Garrett, is overseas. "Half the battle around here is to show the men that we can do it," explained Joanne. "We're not tomboys, either. We're proud of being feminine."

Although all the pilots in the school had at least thirty-five hours flying experience when they entered training, they started at scratch at Avenger Field, learning to fly the Army way. The training staff at Sweetwater was teaching men to fly when the word came that the A. A. F. had turned Avenger Field over to the women. They heard the news with dismay. "We soon got over it," declared Flight Director Elmer Riley. "The girls got in there and plugged harder than the boys. They observe rules, don't zoom or buzz towns. They are as good as men, except for physical strength. For cross-country flying you can't beat them."

NEAR the Commanding Officer's office is the wishing pool where each girl tosses a coin and makes a wish before taking her final check. "It's always the same wish," explained Mrs. Deaton. "An up-check." When she has passed the check, the happy trainee is sometimes tossed in the pool, clothes and all, while her exuberant classmates ring the fire bell. Before she gets her wings after twenty-four weeks in training, every woman has completed 190 hours in the air, has had 60 hours of navigation, put in 50 or more in meteorology, done 60 hours of work on aircraft and engines. She has learned to send and take code at eight words a minute, has flown both day and night test navigation flights over a 250-mile cross-country course entirely on instruments. In school she is paid $150 a month. As soon as she becomes a full-fledged WASP at work her pay is $250 a month, with $6 a day while away from base on flights.

In the using agencies the WASPs are divided up into squadrons. Each squadron has a leader. In the ferrying end there are at present four squadrons, each with a commander, and with Nancy Harkness Love, executive officer on the staff of the commanding general, Ferrying Division, Air Transport Command, as chief squadron leader. Mrs. Love's husband, Colonel Robert Love, is deputy chief of staff for the A. T. C. The WASPs in the Air Transport Command are assigned to four major ferrying bases: Long Beach, California; Dallas, Texas; Wilmington, Delaware; Romulus, Michigan. Their first jobs are delivering P. T.s (primary trainers) and B. T.s (basic trainers) to A. A. F. flying schools.

After five trips with each type of craft they are qualified for the next most powerful plane, working up eventually to the Air Forces' "hot ships"—Lightnings and Thunderbolts. Already the Ferrying Group of WASPs has flown seventeen types of Army planes, including all but the heaviest bombers and transports. At Camp Davis with the Third Air Force, two squadrons are located in barracks and do target towing and other similar work. The ferrying work in the Air Transport Command was started first and the public has therefore heard more about it, but the other uses fast developing are of great importance, not only because of the types of heavy aircraft flown but also in releasing men pilots.

THE life of a WASP after graduation continues to be strenuous. Her day still begins at 0600, which is 6 A. M. in civilian terms. She has no private life, few days off. WASPs live in officers' barracks, enjoy officers' privileges, though they are still civilians with civil service status. In the ferrying branch their B-4 bags are always packed, because a woman ferry pilot seldom knows in what direction she will be pointing the nose of a plane an hour hence. One pilot spent only four nights out of six weeks at the home base. While flying the WASPs wear leather jackets, radio headsets, and parachutes.

At their bases the WASPs in the ready rooms awaiting assignments hit the books or gather in seminars, boning up on meteorology, navigation, radio communication, engines, new flying techniques. Instead of first names, they go by last names now. "Batson, Fulton, Nelson, Gillies, Sharp," booms the loudspeaker. Books slam shut. The detail reports to the operations room, collects orders and maps, adjusts chutes, climbs into planes, and roars into the horizon. Ferry flying is done by day. (In other using agencies than ferrying, there are night missions also to perform.) The pilot who can't complete her flight by sundown lands at a designated airfield, sends an RON (remaining overnight), finds a bed in a hotel or barracks, pushes on next morning at daybreak. Returning to base, she travels on crowded buses or trains to the nearest air line, catches a commercial plane back.

At the Army airfields the women flyers were received with mingled astonishment and amusement when they first dropped out of the skies. The A. A. F. put them to work with no fanfare or advance notice. At most bases their initiation was like that at one Texas field when the control-tower man swore excitedly one day that he heard a woman's voice ask over the radio for landing instructions. He gave them, and a light bomber bearing the A. A. F. insignia glided in, rolled to a stop.

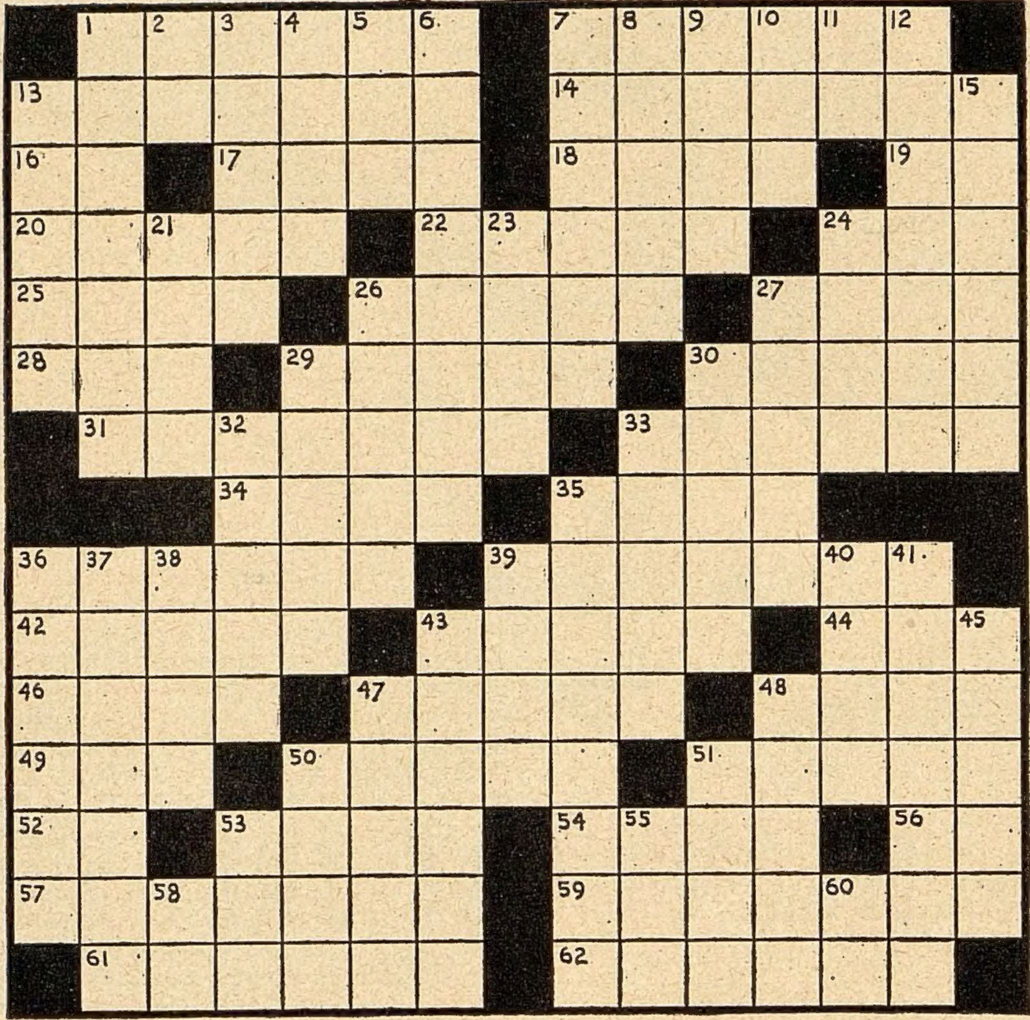
"Well, I'll be!" he exclaimed as the pilot stepped out. "I thought so! A woman!"

The women warbirds know they are flying as an organized group on a wholesale basis for the duration only. Jacqueline Cochran has told them repeatedly, "Women may not have any big role in postwar commercial aviation, but there's a job for us to do today, and we must exert every energy to do it well."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of bottom found on armchair strategists
7 Park Avenue pansy
13 World's largest icebox
14 Resembling a bargain sale
16 Make a connection with this
17 Best thing to do on approachin a tree on skis
18 Preposition
19 LT's conservative sidekick (abbr.)
20 Home of the brave
22 Poor man's poetry
24 Man's nastiest habit
25 Malay seaweed guck
26 Sardine suffering from inflation
27 I'd like a gold one for Xmas
28 Col. Screwloose is one
29 Squirted actinics
30 Mothers' cries (pl.)
31 Baby's cries
33 Loud squeakers
34 No one should be allowed to take his during the war
35 Toothpick that made good
36 Aerial death blossoms
39 Cow surgeon (beastly cut up)
42 Kick in the pants
43 Handouts
44 This out is out in most American cities
46 It's never rong
47 What women sit under and cook their beans
48 Little highbrow kids don't wash; they do this
49 Indolent Mexican Eggilators (abbr.)
50 A handy thing to have near your fingers
51 Something you run without moving the feet

■WARD■INDIANA
CANOE■BOURBON
RT■CAYENNE■BO
ITS■FORCE■BED
PEAT■LIE■HALE
PALOOKA■TON■■
SUITES■PORTIA
■■EER■WARDENS
CONS■SIN■ERIS
APT■ATLAS■STE
NE■ACOLYTE■IS
DROSHKY■ARRAS
YANKEES■RAIL■

Last week's answer

52 Crosseyed Applesuckers (abbr.)
53 Coupon needed to get new doghouses
54 Outstanding things to pick up the dirt
56 A common French article
57 Gesundheit! (pl.)
59 What Mr. Mazuma just did on what Mr. Morgenthau left him
61 Good word from the draft board
62 Garand burp

VERTICAL

1 He knows all de ansiz
2 Expert on the great saltitudes (abbr.)
3 Result of cold
4 The port the Scotchman sent for
5 Goebbaloney
6 The better to hear you with, my dear!
7 Technicolor raven
8 A quick dunk and a squeeze
9 Coosy love nest
10 Hot, but mixed up
11 X
12 He daren't keep his nose to the grindstone—he'd lose out in the end
13 A hell of a guy
15 Member of the pressure group
21 Wig chassis
23 Dinged the dingdong
24 Aerial transport operated on a prayer
26 Broom used in the brush off
27 Time piece
29 Pant (fem.)
30 Flats
32 It can be broken by a wild party
33 He fills himself with loathing and hisses
35 Jackass jockey
36 Home of the hippo
37 A burning question in California (leaves me cold)
38 This Smith, a mighty dame is she!
39 These are constantly asserted to be boys
40 Cheese; made backwards
41 Mrs. Sippy's wet little youngster
43 Superlative kind of reading Prof. Dusty likes most
45 Dished out
47 Sag inside the skin
48 The dumb cowboy wanted to see the movie: ——, Come Home!
50 Word often used for who
51 You can grasp this (handy, isn't it?)
53 That Haggard dame again
55 This time Turkey may give it to the Axis
58 A yard followed by a kiss
60 Fighting president with fighting relatives (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A Few Drops At First Sniffle or Sneeze

Specialized Medication
Helps Prevent Many COLDS From Developing

The instant you put Vicks Va-tro-nol in your nose it goes to work—right where most colds start. It aids nature's defenses and helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time . . . WHAT'S MORE—when a head cold stuffs you up, Va-tro-nol relieves distress 3 ways—(1) shrinks swollen membranes, (2) relieves irritation, (3) helps clear clogged nasal passages. You'll like the results! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILDREN'S COLDS

To relieve miseries—rub VicksVapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!

VICKS VAPORUB

THE SIGN OF A CONNOISSEUR
Unfailing sign of one who knows good drinks.
Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS
JANUARY 14-31

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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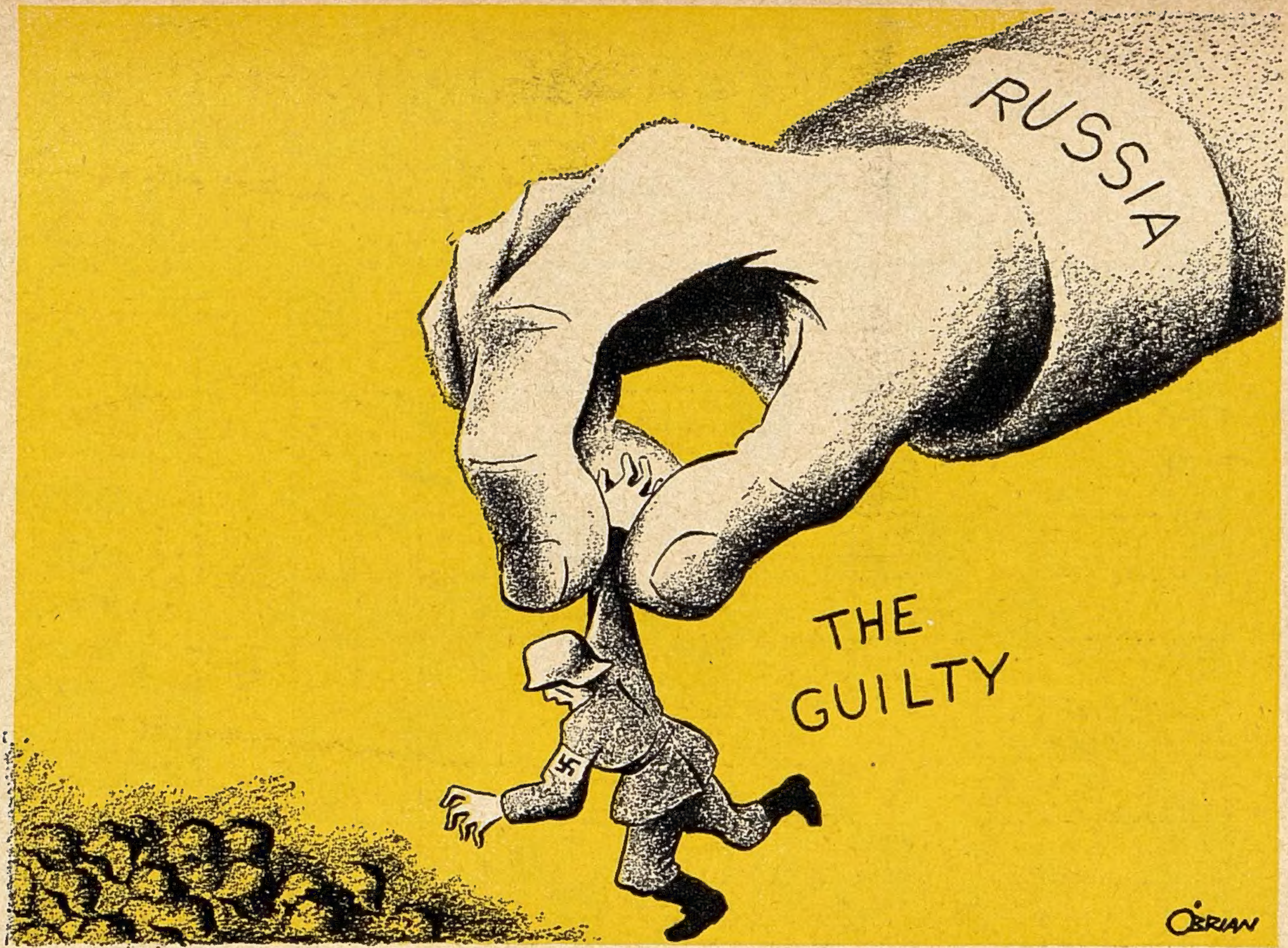
Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1224, Detroit 4, Mich.

JAN. 29, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



THE RUSSIANS MEAN WHAT THEY SAY

THE recently concluded war-atrocity trials in the Russian city of Kharkov serve to point up again the supreme directness of the Soviets.

It was announced at the Hull-Eden-Molotov conference in Moscow that those found guilty of war crimes would be punished. Ergo, the Russians punish them. As soon after the Moscow conference as they could lay hands on some war criminals, a trial was held, a verdict rendered, and a public execution carried out within twelve hours thereafter. There was no holding the accused under arrest for trial at some future date. Upon conviction, the execution of the sentence was not postponed in order to go through the type of legal mumbo-jumbo which is sometimes overdone by ourselves and the British. No! The criminals were brought to trial, confessed their guilt, were sentenced and executed, all with neatness and dispatch.

Thus it is again borne in upon us that the Russians say what they mean and mean what they say. They don't make a treaty unless they intend to stick to it. They don't threaten punishment just for the sake of the sound effects. They have never yet been caught bluffing. They are supreme realists and act the part.

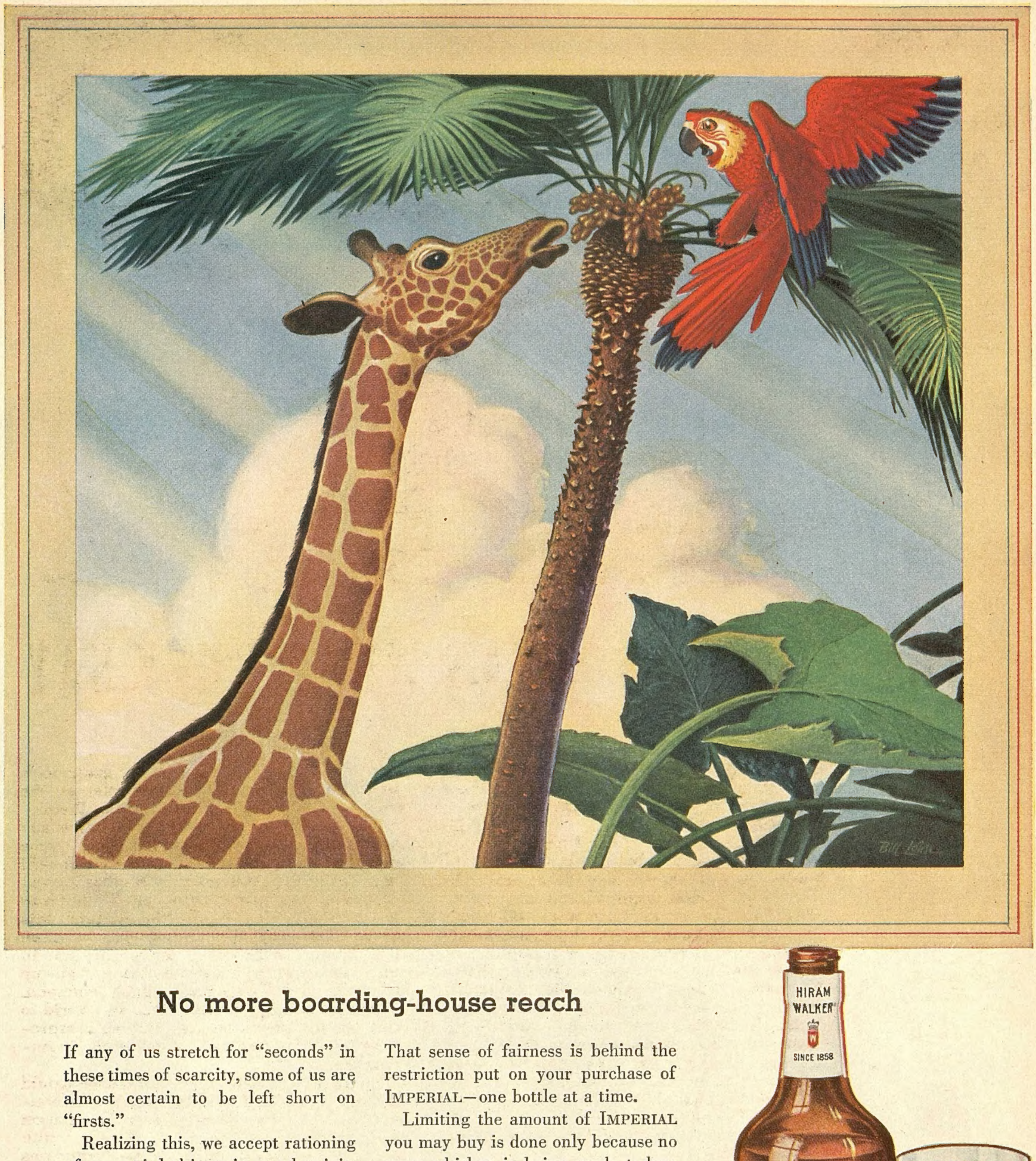
There are many in our country who are still of the opinion the Russians pursue their purposes by devious and indirect means and always suspect some sort of underhandedness in Russia's dealings with the rest of the world. Doubt is still expressed in certain quarters that the Russians will stick with us in this war to the bitter end. Yet, on the record we have no reason to doubt them.

The atrocity trials ought to remove any suspicion that Russia contemplates some compromise peace with Germany which will leave us in the lurch. During the trials great care was exercised to bring out the truth as to where the blame lay for the inhuman acts of the Nazis against the Russian civilian population. The Russians did not hesitate to uncover a trail of evidence leading right up to Hitler and the German High Command. It was spread on the record for the world to see. Having done this, any future compromise with Hitler and his generals is impossible.

So in dealing with the Russians we would do well to use directness ourselves. We cannot deal with these people by circumlocution and double talk. When we all place the cards face up on the table, as apparently was done in both the Moscow and Teheran conferences, we get somewhere. When any of us try to keep aces in the hole, nothing is accomplished. And, after all, isn't it better for all concerned when the whole game is played open and aboveboard?

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



No more boarding-house reach

If any of us stretch for "seconds" in these times of scarcity, some of us are almost certain to be left short on "firsts."

Realizing this, we accept rationing of essential things in good spirit. Everyone must get his share. And self-restraint is our weapon against want.

This goes also for things less vital which are not rationed. Let your sense of fairness help spread these as well.

That sense of fairness is behind the restriction put on your purchase of IMPERIAL—one bottle at a time.

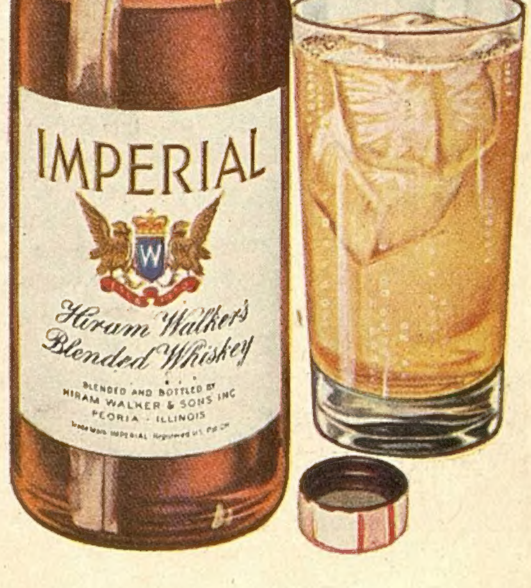
Limiting the amount of IMPERIAL you may buy is done only because no more whiskey is being made today: every distillery is producing war alcohol. The supply must be made to last longer than originally intended.

"Half a loaf" for everybody is better than a "whole loaf" for a few.

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IMPERIAL ..."velveted" for extra smoothness

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

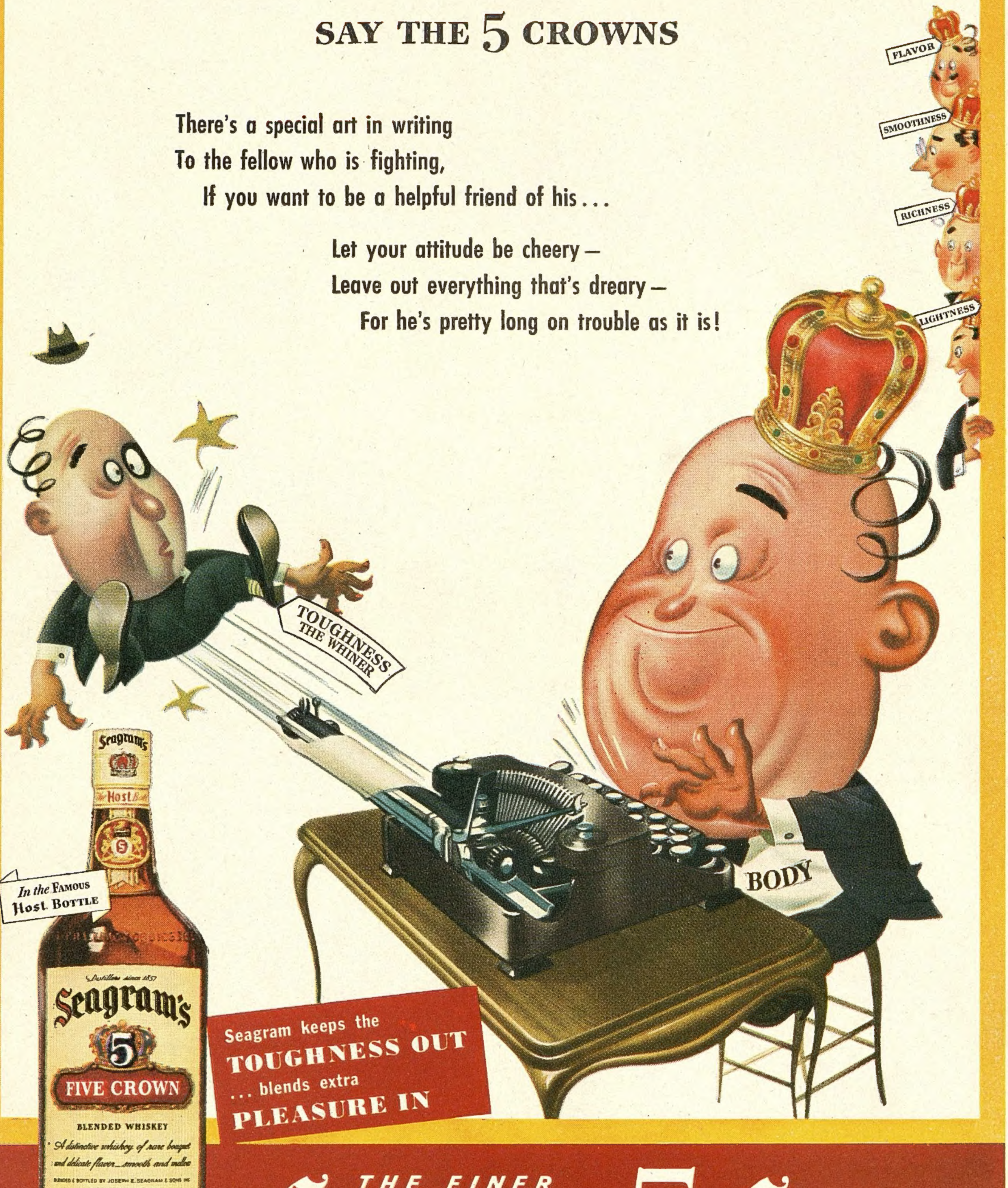

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

"DON'T TYPE YOUR TROUBLES!"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

There's a special art in writing
To the fellow who is fighting,
If you want to be a helpful friend of his...

Let your attitude be cheery—
Leave out everything that's dreary—
For he's pretty long on trouble as it is!


FLAVOR
SMOOTHNESS
RICHNESS
LIGHTNESS
TOUGHNESS THE WHINER
BODY
In the Famous Host Bottle
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG INDIANA

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York